

"THE CHANDOS CLASSICS."

THE
LEGENDARY BALLADS
OF
ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY
JOHN S. ROBERTS.
(EDITOR OF THE CROWN EDITION OF BURNS' WORKS.)



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PREFACE.

John Shachtel

WHEN I assigned to myself the task of editing a collection of "Legendary Poetry," the time at my disposal would not have admitted of my doing more than simply gathering into a garland the best readings of the more meritorious ballads. A period of enforced leisure, under circumstances which made it very desirable to forget in some genial employment many things which were extremely painful to me, led to my attempting something of greater magnitude and responsibility. Under any circumstances, in view of the many able men who have preceded me in this field, I would have hesitated before dealing with the subject at all, had not the early ballad poetry of my country been familiar to me from boyhood. Born in a rural district, where books were not plentiful, the cottage library consisting, in most cases, of a Brown's "Commentary and Dictionary of the Bible," a "Book of Devotion," a "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Works of Robert Burns," and "Ralph Erskine," a miscellaneous collection of songs in small books or in broadside, and a variety of the then popular "chap books," such as "Wise Willy and Witty Eppie," "Leper the Tailor," "Simple Jock Sandeman," "Geordie Buchanan, the King's Fool," &c., the long winter evenings were frequently spent in story-telling, &c. Even then, after the publication of "Scott's Minstrelsy," "Motherwell's" and "Buchan's" collections of Legendary Poetry, &c., many of the Ballads existed in the district in a traditionary shape (the printed versions, or even the fact that they were printed, being unknown), to be utterly forgotten by the humbler classes when the aged people to whom they had been known from childhood had passed away.

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I can only indulge in vain regrets that I cannot now remember a hundredth part of the old stories, ballads, and songs with which I was then familiar. Removing early in life to a town, and living in a society where the modern newspaper, the "Waverley Novels," and the literature these had called into being, were the subject of universal attention, the humble Tales and Ballads which had delighted the fire-sides of the Forfarshire cottages had almost passed from my remembrance, until a wider acquaintance with books surprised me into the

knowledge that many of them had become part and parcel of our literature. Snatches and stanzas of old and inedited rhymes still cling to me, but although I have made anxious inquiries in my native district for complete copies, or even presentable fragments, of Ballads which have never been printed in any collection, I have not succeeded in securing anything worthy of preservation, the spread of education, and the interest taken in cheap books and serials among the lower classes, having driven the unprinted literature which delighted their ancestors out of existence.

Several years ago it began to be whispered in certain literary circles that the bulk of our "Legendary Ballad Poetry" was of no earlier date than the beginning of the last century, and Mr. Robert Chambers gave this heresy form and substance by the publication of a paper * on the subject in 1860. According to Mr. Chambers, the better known romantic Ballads, such as "Sir Patrick Spens," "Gil Morrice," "Edward Edwards," "Edom o' Gordon," "Young Waters," "Mary Hamilton," "The Gay Goss-Hawk," "Johnnie o' Braidislee," "The Douglas Tragedy," "Young Huntin'," "Burd Helen," and several others, were in all likelihood composed by Lady Wardlaw, of Pitreavie, who died in 1727, and who for a time had succeeded in palming a Ballad entitled "Hardyknute" upon her contemporaries as a genuine antique. This Ballad, though highly spoken of by Sir Walter Scott and others, is a clumsy and laboured performance as compared with the Ballads Mr. Chambers endeavours to ascribe to her, on no stronger plea than that certain phrases in these occur in "Hardyknute." In his zeal he fails to notice that, as the authoress was avowedly imitating the antique Ballads, she would naturally adopt their phraseology and style. He further argues that, because expressions occur in the Ballads which could not have been in use beyond the commencement of last century, they must have been composed since, forgetting that, as they existed only in a traditionary form, the language would necessarily change with the altered habits and speech of the people.

The best evidence as to the genuineness of our Ballad Poetry is the fact that they were current in various forms all over the country, incidents and names of heroes and heroines being altered to suit the locality of the reciter. That one or more writers during the last century produced these Ballads, and that the manuscripts passed from hand to hand, until they became thoroughly rooted in the memories of an entire people, and that more than one version of each—as many as four, five, and six of some—should exist simulta-

* "The Romantic Scottish Ballads, their Epoch and Authorship." By Robert Chambers, F.R.S.E.

neously over the country, is one of those impossible theories which need not disquiet the most timid believer in the traditional origin of our Ballad Poetry. That many of the Ballads have undergone some considerable tinkering before being printed need surprise no one. The compilers of the various original collections were mostly poets, and the temptation to help a halting stanza, and complete a fragmentary specimen, was too great to be resisted; and to one thoroughly familiar with the subject it would be easy to point to many instances where this has been done. One thing is certain, that no spurious Ballad has escaped detection for any great length of time: there is a ring about the genuine metal which cannot be imitated, although many an adept at Homer's craft has tried his hand at it.

In collating the various Ballads, I have, so far as my judgment could guide me, expunged all modern interpolations, and no Ballad which exists in more than one shape has passed from my hands into those of the printer until the various versions were thoroughly considered. To the composition of some of them as many as five versions, all differing in some respects, have contributed; and if it be conceded that all the copies had one common origin, the propriety of collating them, when the work of collection is finished, will be at once admitted. Professor Aytoun, in the Introduction to his admirable collection,* has so thoroughly defended the propriety of collating the various versions, that I may safely consider the question settled, the only point of moment to me being whether I have executed my self-imposed task with judgment and success. Anyone who is at all acquainted with this kind of work will readily understand that, if conscientiously performed, it is no light duty, and that to the merely critical reader it will be easy to find fault with much that I have done, or left undone. I can only claim to have entered upon and carried through my task in a tender and loving spirit, doing nothing without anxious deliberation, the work of one day being frequently undone by that of the next, after a more careful examination of the existing authorities.

Many readers may miss old favourites, and may quarrel with the appearance of others less worthy. The space at my disposal was prescribed from the first, and within it I have included all those Ballads I held most worthy to appear in a "Popular Collection" which might lay claim to a completeness not hitherto attained by any publication of the kind issued in this country. I have to confess my obligations to Mr. Francis James Child, of Boston, U.S., who, by the publication of his "English and Scottish Ballads," † has laid the lovers of Ballad

* "The Ballads of Scotland." Edited by William Edmonstone Aytoun, D.C.L. 2 vols.

† "English and Scottish Ballads." Edited by Francis James Child. 8 vols.

Literature under a deep debt of gratitude. Besides giving all the versions of each Ballad of any value, his volumes contain references to every known version, and to Ballads and traditions of other countries which are similar in incident to those of our own. Mr. Child's volumes have been a ready index, guiding at once to the page of the various collections where the Ballad under treatment occurs.

Some modern editors and writers can still afford to look with contempt or patronage on our Ballad Literature. I have heard of one living editor who boasted that he had compiled his collection, &c., within the space of a fortnight; and another more recently, in his Introduction, made merry over the care and trouble his predecessors had taken in providing materials for his use. No one who has any knowledge of the subject can afford to speak lightly of the value of the labours of such men as Percy, Herd, Ritson, Scott, Motherwell, Buchan, &c. &c.; the service they have rendered in collecting, and illustrating them, is not to be estimated. The popular novel or poem of this year may be forgotten the next, or may have the good fortune to live for a generation, but the bulk of our early Ballads must claim a more than passing attention as long as our Language and Literature endure.

I have endeavoured as far as possible to explain all phrases which may not be understood by the general reader, and in doing this I have been more anxious to give the meaning conveyed by the context than the mere arbitrary rendering. No arrangement of the Ballads into classes has been attempted; indeed, they are purposely printed without any arrangement, with the view of giving variety and interest. I have reproduced many Ballads which can lay no claim to Legendary origin; the phrase, through frequent use or misuse, has become elastic enough to cover any kind of popular ancient poetry, whether preserved to us by tradition, or through the medium of the printer.

JOHN S. ROBERTS.

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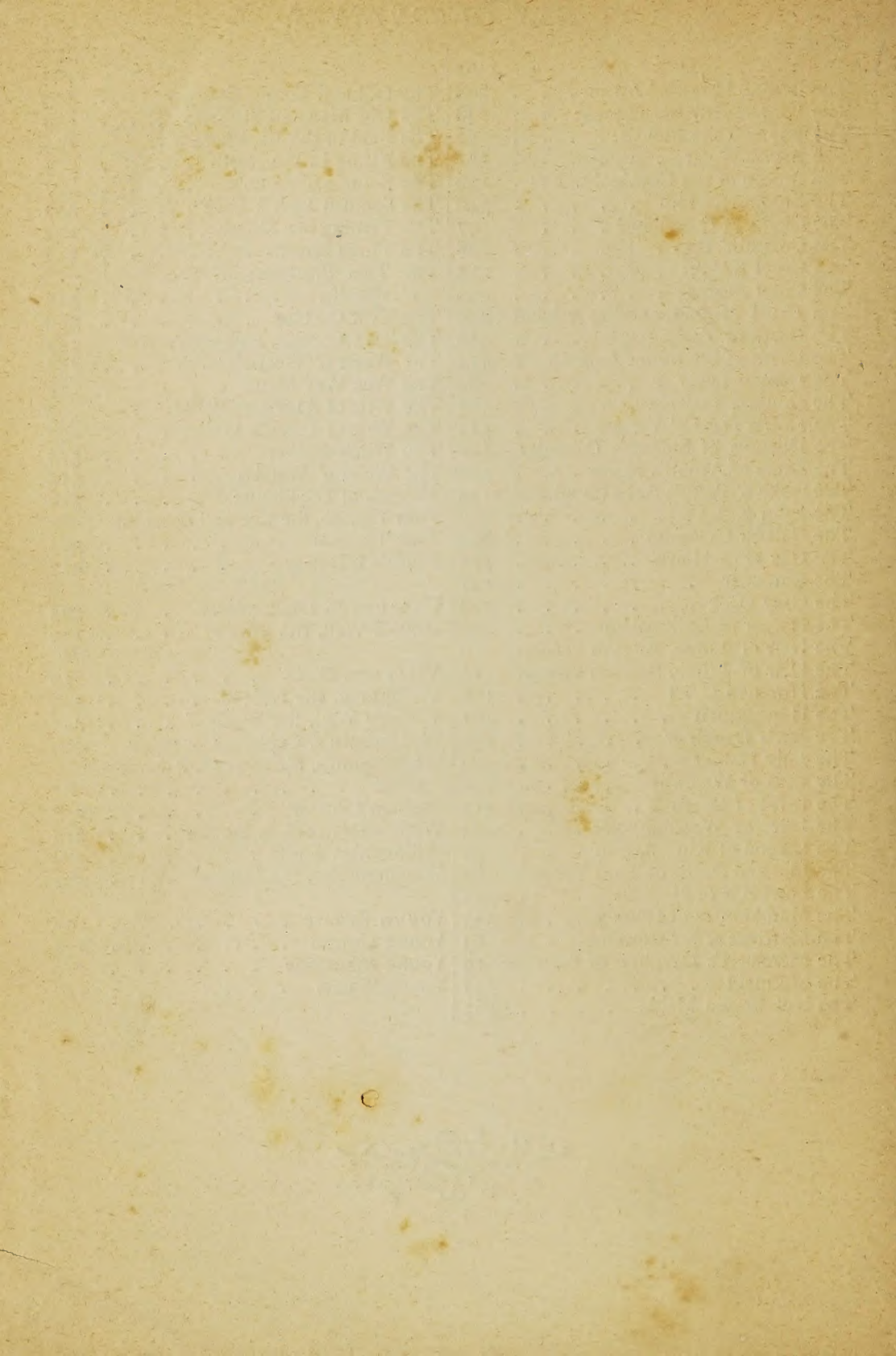
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THE
ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH
LEGENDARY BALLADS.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

[The event upon which this ballad is founded has been the subject of considerable discussion with editors and collectors. Some maintain that it refers to the marriage of James III. with the Princess of Norway and Denmark; others believe it to refer to the expedition sent in 1290 to bring home Margaret the Maid of Norway after the death of her father, Alexander III. The weight of testimony is in favour of its bearing reference to the fate of the expedition which in 1281 carried the same Margaret to Norway as the bride of King Eric. Mr. Robert Chambers translates from Foidoun the following account of the incident:—"A little before this, namely, in the year 1281, Margaret, daughter of Alexander III., was married to the King of Norway; who, leaving Scotland on the last day of July, was conveyed thither in noble style, in company with many knights and nobles. In returning home after the celebration of her nuptials, the Abbot of Balmerinoch, Bernard of Monte-Alto, and many other persons, were drowned."

Dunfermline, an inland town in Fife, where there is a fine abbey in good preservation, and the ruins of a royal palace, was a favourite residence of the Scottish kings. Aberdour, the port to which the expedition was returning when the catastrophe occurred, is a beautifully-situated village on the Fife shore of the Forth, nearly opposite to Edinburgh. The phrase in the last verse of the ballad—

"Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,"

means that Sir Patrick Spens's ship was half way across the German Ocean when she foundered and sank. I have ventured to re-collate the ballad from the various versions, and trust that nothing is introduced which injures the graphic point of the story as told in the generally received version.]

THE king sits in Dunfermline toun,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
"O whaur will I get a skeely skipper,*
To sail this ship o' mine?"

Then up and spake an eldern knight
Sat at the king's right knee:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sail'd the sea."

* Skilful captain,

The king has written a braid letter,
 And seal'd it wi' his hand,
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens
 Was walking on the strand.

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
 To Noroway owre the faem;
 The king's daughter to Noroway,
 'Tis thou maun tak her hame."

The first line that Sir Patrick read,
 A loud laugh laughed he;
 The neist* line that Sir Patrick read,
 The tear blindit his ee.

"O wha is this has done this deed,
 Has tauld the king o' me,
 To send us out at this time o' the year
 To sail upon the sea?"

"Be 't wind or weet, be 't hail or sleet,
 Our ship maun sail the faem;
 The king's daughter to Noroway,
 'Tis we maun tak her hame."

They hoisted their sails on Monenday morn,
 Wi' a' the haste they may;
 And they hae landed in Noroway
 Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
 In Noroway but twae,
 When that the lords o' Noroway
 Began aloud to say—

"Ye Scotismen spend a' our king's gowd,
 And a' our queen's fee."

"Ye lee, ye lee, ye leears loud,
 Sae loud 's I hear ye lee!

"For I brought as much o' the white monie
 As ganet† my men and me,
 And a half-fou† o' the gude red gowd,
 Out owre the sea with me.

* Next.

† Served.

‡ The eighth of a peck.

“ Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a’,
Our gude ship sails the morn.”

“ Now ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deidly storm.

“ I saw the new moon late yestreen,*
Wi’ the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we’ll come to harm !”

They hadna sail’d a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the tap-masts lap,
It was sic a deidly storm;
And the waves cam owre the broken ship,
Till a’ her sides were torn.

“ O whaur will I get a gude sailor’s
Will tak the helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall tap-mast,
To see if I can spy land.”

“ O here am I, a sailor gude,
To tak the helm in hand,
Till ye get up to the tall tap-mast—
But I fear ye’ll ne’er spy land.”

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout† flew out o’ the gude ship’s side,
And the saut sea it cam in.

“ Gae, fetch a wab o’ the silken claith,
Anither o’ the twine,
And wap them into our gude ship’s side,
And let na the sea come in.”

They fetch’d a wab o’ the silken claith,
Anither o’ the twine,
And they wapp’d them into the gude ship’s side,
But aye the sea cam in.

* Last night.

† Bolt.

“Ye'll pick her weel, an' span her weel,
 And mak her hale an' soun’,”
 But ere he had the words weel spoke
 The bonnie ship was down.

O laith, laith* were our Scots lords' sons
 To weet their coal-black shoon,
 But lang ere a' the play was owre,
 They wat their hats abune.

And mony was the feather-bed
 That fluttered on the faem,
 And mony was the gude lord's son
 That never mair cam hame.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
 Wi' their fans into their hand,
 Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
 Come sailing to the strand.

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
 Wi' the gowd kaims in their hair,
 A' waiting for their ain dear loves,
 For them they'll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
 It's fifty fathom deep,
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

EDOM O' GORDON.

[This ballad is founded on a real incident which took place in 1571. Edom, or Adam Gordon, was a brother of the Marquis of Huntly, and, as his deputy-lieutenant, held out in the north of Scotland for the imprisoned Queen Mary, against the party who maintained the authority of her infant son James VI. Gordon was at feud with the clan Forbes, and had slain Arthur, brother of Lord Forbes. He sent a party under a Captain Car, or Ker, to reduce the house of Towie, the chief seat of the Forbeses. If we omit the death of the leader of the band, all the other incidents in the ballad are truthfully given. As Gordon recognised the deed of Ker, he was held to be equally guilty, hence his introduction into the piece as leader of the raid. Professor Aytoun states that, in the interest of historical accuracy, he might have substituted “Towie House” for the “House o' the Rodes” in the ballad, as the latter was the name of a keep near the village of Gordon, in Berwickshire. The southern reciters had introduced the local name.]

* Loath.

It fell about the Martimas,
 When the wind blew shrill and cauld,
 Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
 "We maun draw to a hauld.*"

"And whatna hauld sall we draw till,
 My merrie men and me?
 We will gae to the house o' the Rodes,
 To see that fair ladye."

The ladye stude on her castle wa,
 Beheld baith dale and down;
 There she was ware of a host o' men
 Cam riding towards the toun.†

"O see ye not, my merrie men a',
 O see ye not what I see?
 Methinks I see a host o' men--
 I marvel wha they be."

She ween'd ‡ it had been her ain dear lord
 As he cam riding hame;
 It was the traitor, Edom o' Gordon,
 Wha reck'd nae sin nor shame.

She had nae suner buskit hersel,
 And putten on her gown,
 Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
 Were round about the toun.

They had nae suner supper set,
 Nae suner said the grace,
 Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
 Were light about the place.

The ladye ran to her tower head,
 As fast as she could hie,
 To see if, by her fair speeches,
 She could wi' him agree.

As sune as he saw the ladye fair,
 And her yetts a' lockit fast,
 He fell into a rage o' wrath,
 And his look was all aghast

* Hold.

† This word in Scotland signifies not only a city or town, but a farm-steading, or residence.

‡ Supposed.

"Come doun to me, ye ladye gay,
Come doun, come doun to me;
This nicht sall ye lie within my arms,
The morn my bride sall be."

"I winna come doun, ye fause Górdon,
I winna come doun to thee;
I winna forsake my ain dear lord,
That is sae far frae me."

"Gie owre your house, ye ladye fair,
Gie owre your house to me;
Or I sall burn yoursel therein,
But and your babies three."

"I winna gie owre, ye fause Gordon,
To nae sic traitor as thee;
And if ye burn my ain dear babes,
My lord sall mak ye dree."

"But reach my pistol, Glaud, my man,
And charge ye weel my gun;
For, but if I pierce that bluidy butcher,
My babes we been undone."

She stude upon her castle wa,
And let twa bullets flee;
She mist that bluidy butcher's heart,
And only razed his knee.

"Set fire to the house!" quo the fause Gordon,
All wude* wi' dule† and ire;
"Fause ladye! ye sall rue that shot,
As ye burn in the fire."

"Wae worth, wae worth ye, Jock, my man!
I paid ye weel your fee;
Why pu' ye out the grund-wa-stane,
Lets in the reek‡ to me?"

"And e'en wae worth ye, Jock, my man!
I paid ye weel your hire;
Why pu' ye out my grund-wa-stane,
To me lets in the fire?"

* Mad.

† Foreboding.

‡ Smoke.

“Ye paid me weel my hire, lady,
Ye paid me weel my fee;
But noo I'm Edom o' Gordon's man,
Maun either do or dee.”

O then outspak her youngest son,
Sat on the nurse's knee;
Says, “Mither dear, gie owre this house,
For the reek it smithers me.”

“I wad gie a' my gowd, my bairn,
Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ae blast o' the wastlin wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee!”

O then outspak her dochter dear—
She was baith jimp and sma—
“O row me in a pair o' sheets,
And tow me owre the wa.”

They row'd her in a pair o' sheets,
And tow'd her owre the wa;
But on the point o' Gordon's spear
She gat a deadly fa.

O bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks;
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the red bluid dreeps.

Then wi' his spear he turn'd her owre,
O gin her face was wan!
He said, “You are the first that e'er
I wish'd alive again.”

He turn'd her owre and owre again,
O gin her skin was white!
“I might hae spared that bonnie face
To hae been some man's delight.

“Back and boun, my merrie men a',
For ill dooms I do guess;
I canna look on that bonnie face,
As it lies on the grass!

“Wha looks to freits,* my master deir,
 It's freits will follow him;
 Let it ne'er be said brave Edom o' Gordon
 Was dauntit by a dame.”

But when the ladye saw the fire
 Come flaming owre her head
 She wept, and kiss'd her children twain,
 Said, “Bairns, we been but dead.”

The Gordon then his bugle blew,
 And said, “Awa, awa!
 The house o' the Rodes is a' in a flame,
 I hauld it time to ga.”

O then he spied her ain dear lord,
 As he came owre the lea;
 He saw his castle a' in a lowe,
 Sae far as he could see.

Then sair, O sair his mind misgave,
 And a' his heart was wae;
 “Put on, put on, my wichty† men,
 As fast as ye can gae.

“Put on, put on, my wichty men,
 As fast as ye can drie;
 For he that is hindmost o' the thrang
 Sall ne'er get gude o' me!”

Then some they rade, and some they ran,
 Fu' fast out owre the bent;
 But ere the foremost could win up,
 Baith ladye and babes were brent.‡

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
 And wept in teenfu' mood;
 “Ah, traitors! for this cruel deed,
 Ye sall weep tears o' bluid.”

And after the Gordon he has gane,
 Sae fast as he might drie,
 And soon i' the Gordon's foul heart's bluid
 He's wroken§ his dear ladye.

* Omens.

† Mighty.

‡ Burnt.

§ Revenged.

And mony were the mudie* men
 Lay gasping on the green ; *
 And mony were the fair ladies
 Lay lemanless at hame.

And mony were the mudie men
 Lay gasping on the green ;
 For o' fifty men the Gordon brocht,
 There were but five gaed hame.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

[The following is from Percy's "Reliques." Percy pointed out that although it had been long naturalized in England, it was evidently of Scottish origin. And Professor Aytoun gave three verses of the Scottish version, regretting that no complete copy had been recovered. "A comparison of the two would have been instructive, as showing the changes to which oral poetry is frequently subject." The Professor was evidently not aware that a complete version of the ballad had been recovered and printed by the Percy Society, in the volume of "Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads." I print it as the next ballad in order.]

LITHE† and listen, gentlemen ;
 To sing a song I will begin :
 It is of a lord of fair Scotland,
 Which was the unthrifty heir of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
 His mother a lady of high degree ;
 But they, alas ! were dead him fro,
 And he loved keeping companie.

To spend the day with merry cheer,
 To drink and revel every night,
 To card and dice from eve to morn,
 It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar,
 To alway spend and never spare,
 I wot, an' he were the king himsel'
 Of gold and fee he mot be bare.

So fares the unthrifty heir of Linne,
 Till all his gold is gone and spent ;
 And he maun sell his lands so broad,
 His house, and lands, and all his rent.

* Strong, or stalwart.

† Wait; stay.

His father had a steward keen,
And John o' Scales was called he ;
But John is become a gentleman,
And John has got baith gold and fee.

Says, " Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne ;
Let nocht disturb thy merry cheer ;
If thou wilt sell thy lands so broad,
Good store of gold I'll give thee here."

" My gold is gone, my money is spent ;
My land now take it unto thee ;
Give me the gold, good John o' Scales,
And thine for aye my land shall be."

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he gave him a god's-pennie ;*
But, for every pound that John agreed,
The land, I wis, was weel worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board ;
He was right glad the land to win :
" The land is mine, the gold is thine,
And now I'll be the Lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land so broad ;
Both hill and holt, and moor and fen,
All but a poor and lanesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glen.

For so he to his father hight :
" My son, when I am gone," said he,
" Then thou wilt spend thy land so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free :

" But swear to me now upon the rood,
That lanesome lodge thou'lt never spend ;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend."

The heir of Linne is full of gold :
And, " Come with me, my friends," said he ;
Let's drink, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares ne'er mot he thri'e."†

* Earnest money.

† Thrive.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thin;
And then his friends they slunk away;
They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three;
The tane was brass, the tither was lead,
And tither it was white monie.

“Now well-a-day!” said the heir of Linne,
“Now well-a-day, and woe is me!
For when I was the Lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold nor fee.

“But many a trusty friend have I,
And why should I feel dule or care?
I’ll borrow of them all by turns,
So need I not be ever bare.”

But one, I wis, was not at home,
Another had paid his gold away;
Another called him thrifless loon,*
And sharply bade him wend his way.

“Now well-a-day!” said the heir of Linne,
“Now well-a-day, and woe is me!
For, when I had my land so broad,
On me they lived right merrilie.

“To beg my bread from door to door,
I wis, it were a burning shame:
To rob and steal it were a sin:
To work my limbs I cannot frame.

“Now I’ll away to the lanesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend:
When all the world should frown on me,
I there should find a trusty friend.”

Away then hied the heir of Linne,
O’er hill and holt, and moor and fen,
Until he came to the lanesome lodge,
That stood so low in a lonely glen.

* Fellow.

He looked up, he looked down,
 In hope some comfort for to win,
 But bare and lothely* were the walls:
 "Here's sorry cheer!" quoth the heir of Linne.

The little window, dim and dark,
 Was hung with ivy, brier, and yew;
 No shimmering sun here ever shone;
 No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, no table, he mot spy,
 No cheerful hearth, no welcome bed,
 Nocht save a rope with a running noose,
 That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it, in broad letters,
 These words were written so plain to see:
 "Ah! graceless wretch, hast spent thy all,
 And brought thyself to penurie?"

"All this my boding mind misgave,
 I therefore left this trusty friend:
 Now let it shield thy foul disgrace,
 And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent† with this rebuke,
 Sorely shent was the heir of Linne;
 His heart, I wis, was near to brast,
 With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.

Never a word spak the heir of Linne,
 Never a word he spak but three:
 "This is a trusty friend indeed,
 And is right welcome unto me."

Then round his neck the cord he drew,
 And sprung aloft with his bodie:
 When lo! the ceiling burst in twain,
 And to the ground came tumbling he.

Astonied lay the heir of Linne;
 Nor knew if he were live or dead.
 At length he looked and saw a bill,
 And in it a key of gold so red.

* Uncomfortable, loathsome,

† Injured, shamed.

He took the bill and looked it on ;
 Straight good comfort found he there :
 It told him of a hole in the wall,
 In which there stood three chests in-fere.*

Two were full of the beaten gold ;
 The third was full of white monie ;
 And over them, in broad letters,
 These words were written so plain to see.

“ Once more, my son, I set thee clear ;
 Amend thy life and follies past ;
 For but thou amend thee of thy life,
 That rope must be thy end at last.”

“ And let it be,” said the heir of Linne ;
 “ And let be, but if I amend :
 For here I will make mine avow,
 This rede† shall guide me to the end.”

Away then went the heir of Linne,
 Away he went with merry cheer ;
 I wis, he neither stint nor staid,
 Till John o’ the Scales’ house he cam near.

And when he cam to John o’ the Scales,
 Up at the speere‡ then looked he :
 There sat three lords at the board’s end,
 Were drinking of the wine so free.

Then up bespak the heir of Linne ;
 To John o’ the Scales then spak he :
 “ I pray thee now, good John o’ the Scales,
 One forty pence to lend to me.”

“ Away, away, thou thriftless loon !
 Away, away ! this may not be :
 For Christ’s curse on my head,” he said,
 “ If ever I lend thee one pennie !”

Then bespak the heir of Linne,
 To John o’ the Scales’ wife then spak he :
 “ Madam, some awmous on me bestow
 I pray, for sweet Sainte Charitie.”

* Together.

† Advice.

‡ An aperture in the wall ; a shot window.

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon !
I swear thou gettest no alms of me;
For if we suld hang ony lösel* here,
The first we wad begin with thee."

Then up bespak a good fellow,
Which sat at John o' the Scales his board;
Said, "Turn again, thou heir of Linne;
Some time thou wast a right good lord.

"Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee;
Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need there be.

"And ever I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companie :
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee."

Then up bespak him John o' the Scales,
All wud† he answered him again :
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"But I did lose by that bargain.

"And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
Before these lords so fair and free,
Thou shalt have 't back again better cheap,
By a hundred merks, than I had it of thee."

"I draw you to record, lords," he said.
With that he gave him a god's-pennie :
"Now, by my fay," said the heir of Linne,
"And here, good John, is thy monie."

And he pulled forth the bags of gold,
And laid them down upon the board :
All woe-begone was John o' the Scales,
So shent he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle din,
"The gold is thine; the land is mine;
And now I'm again the Lord of Linne!"

* Vagabond.

† Furious.

Says, "Have thou here, thou good fellow;
 Forty pence thou didst lend me;
 Now I'm again the Lord of Linne,
 And forty pounds I will give thee."

"Now well-a-day!" quoth Joan o' the Scales;
 "Now well-a-day, and woe is my life!"
 Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,
 Now I'm but John o' the Scales his wife."

"Now fare thee well," said the heir of Linne,
 "Farewell, good John o' the Scales!" said he;
 "When next I want to sell my land,
 Good John o' the Scales, I'll come to thee."



THE HEIR OF LINNE.

From Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads. Percy Society, vol. xvii.

[This version contrasts somewhat unfavourably with the English: it is stiff and awkward, and must have existed in some other form, otherwise it could not have been popular as a piece for recitation.]

THE bonny heir, the weel-faur'd heir,
 And the wearie heir o' Linne,
 Yonder he stands at his father's yetts,
 An' nobody bids him come in.

O see for he gangs, an' see for he stands,
 The wearie heir o' Linne;
 O see for he stands on the cauld causey,*
 And nae ane bids him come in.

But if he had been his father's heir,
 Or yet the heir o' Linne,
 He woodna' stand on the cauld causey,
 Some one wad ta'en him in.

"Sing owre again that sang, Nannie,
 The song ye sang just noo."
 I never sang a sang i' my life,
 But I wad sing owre to you."

* Causeway.

O see for he gangs, and see for he stands,
The wearie heir o' Linne.

O see for he stands on the cauld causey,
And nae ane bids him come in.

But if he had been his father's heir,
Or yet the heir o' Linne,
He wadna' stand on the cauld causey;
Some ane wad ta'en him in.

When his father's lands a sellin' were,
His claise* lay weel in fauld;
But now he wanders on the shore,
Baith hungry, weet, and cauld.

As Willie he gaed down the toun,
The gentlemen were drinkin';
Some body gie Willie a glass, a glass,
And some body gie him nane;
Some body gie Willie a glass, a glass,
The wearie heir o' Linne.

As Willie he came up the toun,
The fishers were a' sittin';
Some body gie Willie a fish, a fish,
Some body gie him a pin;
Some body gie him a fish, a fish,
The wearie heir o' Linne.

He turned him richt and round about,
As will† as a woman's son;
And taen his cane into his hand,
And on his way to Linne.

His Nannie at her window looked,
Beholding dale and down;
And she beheld this distressed young man
Come walking to the toun.

"Come here, come here, Willie," she said,
"And set yoursel' wi' me.
I hae seen you i' better days,
And in jovial companie."

* Clothes.

† Wilful.

“Gie me a sheave* o’ your bread, Nannie,
And a bottle o’ your wine;
And I’ll pay you it a’ owre again
When I’m the Laird o’ Linne.”

“Yese get a sheave o’ my bread, Willie,
And a little o’ my wine;
And ye’ll pay me when the seas gang dry,
But ye’ll ne’er be heir o’ Linne.”

Then he turned him richt and round about,
As will as woman’s son;
And off he set, and bent his way,
And straightway came to Linne.

And when he came to that castle,
They were sat doun to dine.
A score o’ nobles there he saw,
Sat drinkin’ at the wine.

Then some bade gie him beef, the beef,
And some bade gie him the bane;
And some bade gie him naething at a’,
But lat the palmer gang.

Then out it speaks the new come laird—
A saucie word spak he—
“Put round the cup, gie my rival a sup,
Lat him fare on his way.”

Then out it speaks Sir Ned Magnew,
Ane o’ young Willie’s kin:
“This youth was ance a sprightlie boy
As ever lived in Linne.”

He turned him richt and round about,
As will as woman’s son;
Then minded him on a little wee key,
That his mither left to him.

His mither left him this little wee key
A little before she de’ed;†
And bade him keep this little wee key
Till he was in maist need.

* Slice.

† Died.

Then forth he went, an' these nobles left,
A drinkin' in the room ;
Wi' walkin' rod intill his hand
He walked the castle roun'.

Then he found out a little door,
For then the wee key slippit in ;
An' there he got as muckle red gowd
As freed the lands o' Linne.

Back through the nobles then he went,
A saucie man was then.
"I'll tak the cup frae this new come laird,
For he ne'er bad me sit down."

Then out it speaks the new come laird :
He spake wi' mock and jeer :
"I'd gie a seat to the Laird o' Linne
Sae be that he were here."

"When the lands o' Linne a sellin' were—
A' men said they were free—
This lad shall hae them frae me this day,
If he'll gie the third pennie."

"I tak ye witness nobles a',
Gude witnesses ye'll be ;
I'm promised the lands o' Linne this day,
If I gie the third pennie."

"Ye've ta'en us witnesses, Willie," they said,
"Gude witnesses we'll be.
Buy the lands o' Linne wha likes,
They'll ne'er be bought by thee."

He's done him to a gamin' table
For it stood fair and clean ;
Then he tauld down as much rich gowd
As freed the lands o' Linne.

Thus having done he turned about—
A saucie man was he—
"Tak up your monie, my lad," he says,
"Tak up your third pennie."

"Aft hae I gane wi' barefeet cauld,
Likewise wi' legs fu' bare;
And mony day walked at these yetts
Wi' muckle dule an' care.

"But now my sorrow's past and gane,
And joy's returned to me;
And here I've gowd enough forbye,
Ahin* this third pennie."

As Willie he gaed down the toun,
There he craw'd wonderous crouse.
He ca'd the may afore them a'
The Nourice† o' the house.

"Come here, come here, my nurse," he says;
"I'll pay your bread and wine.
Seas ebb and flow as they wont to do,
Yet I'm the Laird o' Linne."

As he gaed up the Gallowgate port,
His hose aboon his shoon;
But lang ere he cam down again,
Was convoyed by lords fifteen.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER OF BRISTOWE.

[This ballad, which is reprinted from Collier's "Book of Roxburghe Ballads," was popular early in the seventeenth century, and is mentioned in Fletcher's "Monsieur Thomas" by the name of 'Maudlin, the Merchant's Daughter.']

THE FIRST PART.

BEHOLD the touchstone of true love,
Maudlin, the Merchant's Daughter of Bristowe town,
Whose firm affection nothing could move;
This favour bears the lovely brown.

A gallant youth was dwelling by,
Which many years had borne this lady great good will;
She lovèd him so faithfully,
But all her friends withstood it still.

* Behind; after.

† Nurse.

The young man now, perceiving well
He could not get nor win the favour of her friends,
The force of sorrow to expel
To view strange countrys he intends.

And now, to take his last farewell
Of his true love, his fair and constant Maudlin,
With musick sweet that did excel
He plays under her window then.

"Farewell," quoth he, "mine own true love,
Farewell, my dear, and chiefest treasure of my heart!
Through fortune's spight, that false did prove,
I am inforced from thee to part

"Into the land of Italy:
There will I wail, and weary out my dayes in woe;
Seeing my true love is kept from me,
I hold my life a mortal foe.

"Fair Bristowe town, therefore, adieu,
For Padua shall be my habitation now;
Although my love doth lodge in thee,
To whom alone my heart I vow."

With trickling tears this he did sing,
With sighs and sobs descending from his heart full sore:
He said, when he his hands did wring,
"Farewell, sweet love, for evermore!"

Fair Maudlin, from a window high,
Beholding her true love with musick where he stood,
But not a word she durst reply,
Fearing her parents' angry mood.

In tears she spent this doleful night,
Wishing, though naked, with her faithful friend:
She blames her friends, and fortune's spight
That wrought their loves such luckless end.

And in her heart she made a vow
Clean to forsake her country and her kinsfolks all,
And for to follow her true love,
To bide all chance that might befall.

The night is gone, and the day is come,
And in the morning very early she did rise :
She gets her down in a lower room,
Where sundrie seamen she espies.

A gallant master amongst them all,
The master of a fair and goodlie ship was he,
Who there stood waiting in the hall,
To speak with her fathèr, if it might be.

She kindly takes him by the hand,
“Good sir,” said she, “would you speak with any here?”
Quoth he, “Fair maid, therefore I stand :”
“Then, gentle sir, I pray you to draw near.”

Into a pleasant parlour by,
With hand in hand she brings the seaman all alone ;
Sighing to him most piteously,
She thus to him did make her moan.

She falls upon her tender knee :
“Good sir,” she said, “now pity you a woman's woe,
And prove a faithfull friend to me,
That I my grief to you may show.”

“Sith you repose your trust,” he said,
“To me that am unknown, and eke a stranger here,
Be you assured, most proper maid,
Most faithfull still I will appear.”

“I have a brother, then,” quoth she,
“Whom as my life I love and favour tenderlie,
In Padua, alas ! is he,
Full sick, God wot, and like to die.

“And fain I would my brother see,
But that my father will not yield to let me go ;
Wherefore, good sir, be good to me,
And unto me this favour show.

“Some ship-boy's garment bring to me,
That I disguised may go away from hence unknown ;
And unto sea I'll go with thee,
If thus much favour may be shown.”

"Fair maid," quoth he, "take here my hand:
I will fulfil each thing that you desire,
And set you safe in that same land,
And in that place that you require."

She gave him then a tender kiss,
"And faith, your servant, gallant master, will I be,
And prove your faithful friend for this,
Sweet master, then, forget not me."

This done, as they had both decreed,
Soon after, early, before the break of day
He brings her garments then with speed,
Wherein she doth herself array:

And ere her father did arise,
She meets her master as he walks in the hall:
She did attend on him likewise,
Even till her father did him call.

But ere the merchant made an end
Of all the matters to the master he could say,
His wife came weeping in with speed,
Saying, "Our daughter is gone away!"

The merchant, thus amazed in mind,
"Yonder vile wretch inticed away my child," quoth he;
"But well, I wot, I shall him find
At Padua, in Italy."

With that bespake the master brave:
"Worshipfull master, thither goes this pretty youth,
And anything that you would have,
He will perform it, and write the truth."

"Sweet youth," quoth he, "if it be so,
Bear me a letter to the English merchants there,
And gold on thee I will bestow:
My daughter's welfare I do fear."

Her mother takes her by the hand;
"Fair youth," quoth she, "if there thou dost my daughter see,
Let me thereof soon understand,
And there is twenty crowns for thee."

Thus, through the daughter's strange disguise,
The mother knew not when she spake unto her child;
And after her master straightway she hies,
Taking her leave with countenance mild.

Thus to the sea fair Maudlin is gone
With her gentle master : God send them a merry wind ;
Where we awhile must let them alone,
Till you the second part do find.

PART THE SECOND.

"Welcome, sweet Maudlin, from the sea,
Where bitter storms and tempests do arise :
The pleasant banks of Italy
We may behold with mortal eyes."

"Thanks, gentle master," then quoth she :
"A faithful friend in sorrow hast thou been ;
If fortune once doth smile on me,
My thankful heart shall well be seen.

"Blest be the land that feeds my love !
Blest be the place whereas his person doth abide !
No trial will I stick to prove,
Whereby my true love may be tried.

"Now will I walk with joyful heart,
To view the town whereas my darling doth remain,
And seek him out in every part,
Until I do his sight attain."

"And I," quoth he, "will not forsake
Sweet Maudlin in her sorrow up and down :
In wealth and woe thy part I'll take,
And bring thee safe to Padua town."

And after many wearie steps
In Padua they safely do arrive at last :
For very joy her heart it leaps ;
She thinks not of her sorrows past,

Condemned to die he was, alas !
Except he would from his religion turn ;
But rather than he would to mass,
In fiery flames he vowed to burn.

Now doth Maudlin weep and wail :

Her joy is changed to weeping, sorrow, grief, and care ;
But nothing could her plaints prevail,
For death alone must be his share.

She walks under the prison walls,

Where her true love doth lie and languish in distress ;
Most wofully for food he calls,
When hunger did his heart oppress.

He sighs and sobs and makes great moan :

" Farewell," he said, " sweet England, now for evermore,
And all my friends that have me known
In Bristowe town with wealth and store.

" But most of all farewell," quoth he,

My own true love, sweet Maudlin, whom I left behind ;
For never more shall I see thee ;
Woe to thy father most unkind !

" How well were I, if thou wert here,

With thy fair hands to close these wretched eyes ;
My torments easie would appear ;
My soul with joy shall scale the skies."

When Maudlin heard her lover's moan,

Her eyes with tears, her heart with sorrow fillèd was :
To speak with him no means is known,
Such grievous doom on him did pass.

Then she cast off her lad's attire,

A maiden's weed upon her back she seemly set :
To the judge's house she did enquire,
And there she did a service get.

She did her duty there so well,

And eke so prudently she did herself behave,
With her in love her master fell ;
Her servant's favour he doth crave.

" Maudlin," quoth he, " my heart's delight,

To whom my heart is in affection tied,
Breed not my death through thy despight ;
A faithful friend I will be tried.

"Grant me thy love, fair maid," quoth he,

"And at my hands require what thou canst devise,
And I will grant it unto thee,
Whereby thy credit may arise."

"I have a brother, sir," she said,

"For his religion is now condemned to die :
In loathsome prison he is laid,
Oppressed with grief and misery.

"Grant me my brother's life," she said,

"And to you my love and liking I will give."
"That may not be," quoth he, "fair maid ;
Except he turn, he cannot live."

"An English friar there is," she said,

"Of learning great and passing pure of life,
Let him to my brother be sent,
And he will finish soon the strife."

Her master hearing this request,

The mariner in friar's weed she did array,
And to her love, that lay distressed,
She did a letter straight convey.

When he had read these gentle lines,

His heart was ravished with sudden joy ;
Where now she was full well he knew :
The friar likewise was not coy ;

But did declare to him at large

The enterprise for him his love had taken in hand.
The young man did the friar charge,
His love should straight depart the land.

"Here is no place for her," he said,

"But woful death and danger of her harmless life :
Professing truth I was betrayed,
And fearfull flames must end my strife.

'For, ere I will my faith deny,

And swear myself to follow damned Antichrist,
I'll yield my body for to die,
To live in heaven with the Highest."

“ O sir !” the gentle friar said,
 “ For your sweet love recant, and save your wishèd life.
 “ A woful match,” quoth he, “ is made
 Where Christ is lost to win a wife.”

When she had wrought all means that might
 To save her friend, and that she saw it would not be.
 Then of the judge she elaimed her right,
 To die the death as well as he.

When no persuasion could prevail,
 Nor change her mind in any thing that she had said,
 She was with him condemned to die,
 And for them both one fire was made.

And arm in arm most joyfully
 These lovers twain unto the fire did go :
 The mariner most faithfully
 Was likewise partner of their woe.

But when the judges understood—
 The faithful friendship did in them remain,
 They saved their lives ; and afterward
 To England sent them home again.

Now was their sorrow turned to joy,
 And faithful lovers had now their heart's desire :
 Their pains so well they did imploy,
 God granted that they did require.

And when they were to England come,
 And in merry Bristowe arrived at the last,
 Great joy there was to all and some
 That heard the dangers they had past.

Her gentle master she desired
 To be her father, and at the church to give her then :
 It was fulfilled as she required,
 Unto the joy of all good men.

GLENKINDIE.

[The two following ballads have the same subject, and in all likelihood had a common original. ‘Glasgerion,’ the name of the English ballad, was a famous harper, whose renown was so widely spread that both Chaucer and Gawin Douglas associated his name with that of Orpheus. The Scottish composer had adapted the name to their own meridian, says Jamieson, calling him Glenkindie.]

GLENKINDIE was ance a harper gude,
 He harpit to the King;
 Glenkindie was ance the best harper
 That ever harpit on string.

He'd harpit a fish out o' saut water,
 Or water out o' a stane;
 Or milk out o' a maiden's breist,
 That bairn had never nane.

He's ta'en his harp intill his hand,
 He harpit and he sang;
 And ay he harpit to the King
 To haud him unthought lang.

"I'll gie you a robe, Glenkindie,
 A robe o' the royal pa',
 Gin ye will harp i' the winter's nicht,
 Afore my nobles a'."

The King but and his nobles a'
 Sat birling at the wine,
 And he wad hae nane but his ae daughter
 To wait on them at dine.

He's ta'en his harp intill his hand,
 He's harpit them a' asleep,
 Except it was the young princess,
 That love did waukin keep.

And first he has harpit a grave tune,
 And syne he has harpit a gay,
 And mony a sich* atween hands
 I wat the ladie gae:

Says, "Whan day is dawin, and cocks hae crawn,
 And wappit their wings sae wide,
 It's ye may come to my bower door,
 And streek† ye by my side.

"But look ye tell na Gib your man
 O' naething that ye dee,‡
 For, an ye tell him, Gib your man,
 He'll beguile baith you and me."

* Sigh.

† Stretch.

‡ De.

He's ta'en his harp intill his hand,
He harpit and he sang;
And he is hame to Gib his man,
As fast as he could gang.

"O micht I tell you, Gib, my man,
Gin I a man had slain?"
"O that you micht, my gude master,
Altho' ye had slain ten."

"Then tak' ye tent now, Gib, my man,
My bidden for to dee,
And, but an ye wauken me in time,
Ye sall be hangit hie.

"When day has dawn, and cocks hae crawn,
And wappit their wings sae wide,
I'm bidden gang to yon lady's bower,
And streek me by her side."

"Then gae to your bed, my gude master,
Ye've waukit, I fear, owre lang;
But I'll wauken ye in as gude time,
As ony cock i' the land."

He's ta'en the harp intill his hand,
He harpit and he sang,
Until he harpit his master asleep,
Syne fast awa' did gang.

And he is till that lady's bower,
As fast as he could rin,
When he cam' till that lady's bower
He tirlit at the pin.

"O wha is this," says that lady,
"That opens nae and comes in?"
"It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true-love,
O, open and lat me in!"

She kent he was nae gentle knight,
That she had latten in;
For neither whan he gaed nor cam',
Kist he her cheek or chin.

He neither kist her whan he cam',
 Nor clappit her when he gaed,
 And in and out at her bower window,
 The moon shone like the gleed.*

"O raggit are your hose, Glenkindie,
 And riven are your sheen,†
 And ravelled is your yellow hair:
 That I saw late yestreen."

"The hose and shoon are Gib, my man's,
 They cam' first to my hand;
 And I've ravelled a' my yellow hair,
 Coming against the wind."

He's ta'en the harp intill his hand,
 He harpit and he sang,
 Until he came to his master's bed,
 As fast as he could gang.

"Win up, win up, my gude master,
 I fear ye sleep owre lang;
 There is na a cock in a' the land
 But has wappit his wings and crawn."

Glenkindie's ta'en his harp in hand,
 And hastily he ran,
 And he has reach'd the lady's bower,
 Afore that e'er he blan.‡

When he cam' to the lady's bower,
 He tirlit at the pin;
 "O, wha is that at my bower door,
 That opens na, and comes in?"
 "It's I, Glenkindie, your ain true-love,
 And in I canna win."

* * * * *

"Forbid it, forbid it," says that lady,
 "That ever sic shame betide;
 That I should first be a wild loon's lass,
 And than a young knight's bride."

* * * * *

* Live embers.

† Shoes.

‡ Stopped.

There was nae pity for that lady,
 For she lay cauld and dead,
 But a' was for him, Glenkindie,
 In bower he must go mad.

He's ta'en his harp intill his hand,
 Sae mournfully it rang,
 And wae and weary it was to hear
 Glenkindie's dowie sang.

But cauld and dead was that lady,
 Nor heeded o' his maen,
 An' he wad harp till domisday,
 She'll never speak again.

He's ta'en his harp intill his hand,
 He harpit and he sang;
 And he's hame to Gib, his man,
 As fast as he could gang.

"Come forth, come forth now, Gib, my man,
 Till I pay you your fee;
 Come forth, come forth now, Gib, my man,
 Weel payit sall ye be."

And he has ta'en him, Gib, his man,
 And he has hanged him hie,
 And he's hangit him owre his ain yett,
 As high as high could be.

GLASGERION.

From Percy's Reliques, vol. iii. p. 83.

GLASGERION was a king's own son,
 And a harper he was good;
 He harped in the king's chamber,
 Where cup and caudle stood.

And so did he in the queen's chamber,
 Till ladies waxed wud;*
 And up bespake the king's daughter,
 And these words thus she said:

* Enchanted.

“Strike on, strike on, Glasgerion,
Of thy striking do not blin;*
There’s never a stroke comes o’er thy harp,
But it glads my heart within.”

“Fair might him, fall lady,” quoth he;
“Who taught you now to speak?
I have loved you, lady, seven long year;
My heart I ne’er durst break.”

“But come to my bower, Glasgerion.
When all men are at rest.
As I am a lady true of my promise,
Thou shalt be a welcome guest.”

Home then came Glasgerion;
A glad man then was he.
“And come thou hither Jack, my boy,
Come hither unto me,

“For the king’s daughter of Normandy
Hath granted me a boon;
And at her chamber must I be
Before the cocks have crowin.”

“O master, master,” then quoth he,
“Lay your head down on this stone,
For I will waken you, master dear.
Afore it be time to gone.”

But up then rose that lithert† lad,
And hose and shoon did on;
A collar he cast upon his neck;
He seemed a gentleman.

And when he came to the lady’s chamber,
He tirl’d upon a pin.
The lady was true of her promise,
And rose and let him in.

He did not take that lady gay
To bolster nor to bed;
Nor though he had his wicked will,
A single word he said.

* Cease.

† Naughty; wicked.

He did not kiss that lady's mouth,
Nor when he came, nor yode ;*
And sore that lady did mistrust
He was of some churl's blood.

And home then eame that lither lad,
Did off his hose and shoon ;
And east the collar from off his neek—
He was but a ehurl's son.

“Awake, awake, my dear master ;
The cock hath well nigh erowin.
Awake, awake, my master dear ;
I hold it time to be gone.

“For I have saddled your horse, master,
Well bridled I have your steed ;
And I have served you a good breakfast,
For thereof ye have need.”

Up then rose good Glasgerion,
And did on hose and shoon ;
And cast a collar about his neek,
For he was a king, his son.

And when he came to the lady's ehamber,
He tirlid upon the pin ;
The lady was more than true of promise,
And rose and let him in.

“O whether have you left with me
Your bracelet or your glove ?
Or are you returned back again
To know more of my love ?”

Glasgerion swore a full great oath :
“By oak, and ash, and thorn,
Lady, I was ne'er in your chamber
Sith the time that I was born.”

“Oh then it was your lither foot page ;
He hath beguiled me.”
Then she pulled forth a little penknife,
That hanged by her knee.

“ Say there shall never no churl’s blood
 Within my body spring ;
 No churl’s blood shall e’er defile
 The daughter of a king.”

Home then went Glasgerion,
 And woe good lord was he,
 Says, “ Come thou hither, Jack, my boy,
 Come hither unto me.”

“ If I had killed a man to night,
 Jack, I would tell it thee.
 But if I have not killed a man to night,
 Jaek, thou hast killed three.”

And he pulled out his bright brown sword,
 And dried it on his sleeve ;
 And he smote off that lither lad’s head,
 Who did his lady grieve.

He set the sword’s point till his breast,
 The pummel until a stone ;
 Through the falseness of that lither lad
 These three lives were all gone.

MARIE HAMILTON.

[Sir Walter Scott conceives that this ballad had its origin in an event which took place early in the reign of Mary Stuart, which John Knox describes as follows:—“In the very time of the General Assembly there comes to public knowledge a haynous murther, committed in the Court—yea, not far from the queen’s lap ; for a French-woman, that served in the queen’s chamber, had played the whore with the queen’s own apothecary. The woman conceived and bore a childe, whom, with common consent, the father and mother murthred ; yet were the cries of the new-borne childe heard, searche was made, the father and the mother were both apprehended, and so were the man and woman condemned to be hanged in the public street of Edinburgh.” This tragedy being accepted as the foundation of the ballad, it is easy to account for the French waiting-woman being changed into a Marie Hamilton, and her partner in guilt from the queen’s apothecary into Lord Darnley, the more especially as he was known to be guilty of infidelity with the queen’s personal attendants.

Curiously enough, according to Mr. Sharpe, a tragedy of a similar kind happened in the Russian Court during the reign of the Czar Peter. One of the emperor’s attendants, a Miss Hamilton, was executed for the murder of a natural child. “And the emperor, whose admiration of her did not preserve her life, stood upon the scaffold till her head was struck off, which he lifted by the ears and kissed on the lips.”

Mr. Child thinks that the Scottish ballad is a blending of the two stories; and this idea is borne out from the fact that in some versions the lady's father is spoken of as living in the west, and her affecting injunction to the mariners not to tell her father and her mother of her tragic end, point to a home beyond the sea.

The following is the result of a collation of the various printed versions:—]

THERE lived a lord into the west,
And he had daughters three,
The youngest o' them to Holyrood has gane,
The Queen's Marie to be.

Marie Hamilton to the kirk is gane,
Wi' ribbons on her breist:
The King thocht mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than he listened to the priest

Marie Hamilton to the kirk is gane,
Wi' ribbons in her hair,
The King thocht mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than onie that were there:

Marie Hamilton to the kirk is gane
Wi' gloves upon her hands:
And the King thocht mair o' Marie Hamilton
Than the Queen and a' her lands.

She hadna been about the King's Court
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till she could neither sit nor gang,
Wi' the gaining o' some play.

The King has gane to the Abbey garden,
And pu'd the savin tree,
To scale the babe frae Marie's heart,
But the thing it wadna be.

Word's gane up, and word's gane down,
And word's gane to the ha',
That Marie Hamilton's brought to bed,
And the bonnie babe's awa'.

Then in and cam' the Queen herse,
Wi' the gowd strings in her hair:
"Where is the little babe," she said,
That I heard greet sae sair?"

“ There is nae babe within my bower,
And I hope there ne’er will be ;
It was mysel wi’ a fit o’ the sair colic,
I was sick just like to dee !”

“ O haud your tongue, Marie Hamilton !
Let a’ thae words gae free ;
And where tell me is the little babe,
That I heard greet by thee ?”

“ I rowed it in my hankerchief,
And threw it in the sea ;
I bade it sink, I bade it swim,
It wad get nae mair o’ me.”

“ O wae be to thee, Marie Hamilton !
An ill deid* may ye dee !
For if ye had saved the babie’s life,
It micht have honoured thee.

“ But rise, rise up, Marie Hamilton,
Rise up and follow me,
For ye maun gang to Edinburgh town,
And stand afore the three.”†

O slowly, slowly rase she up,
And slowly put she on,
And slowly rade she out the way,
Wi’ monie a weary groan.

But little wist Marie Hamilton,
When she rode on the broun,
That she was gaun to Edinburgh,
And a’ to be put down.‡

“ Ride hooley,§ ride hooley now, gentlemen ;
Ride hooley now wi’ me,
For never, I’m sure, a wearier burd
Rade in your companie !”

As she gaed up the Canongate,
The Canongate sae free,
Monie a lady looked owre her window
Weeping for sweet Marie.

* Death. † The three judges. ‡ To be executed. § Slowly ; gently.

As she gaed up the Parliament Close,
A riding on her horse,
There she saw monie a burgess' lady
Sit weeping at the Cross.

"O weep nae mair for me, ladies!
Weep ye nae mair for me :
Yestreen I killed my ain dear bairn,
This day I deserve to dee."

When she gaed up the Tolbooth stairs,
She gied loud laughters three ;
But or ever she cam' doun again,
She was condemned to dee.

"Cast aff, cast aff my gown," she said,
"But let my petticoat be ;
And tie a napkin owre my face,
That the gallows I may na see,

"Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
The nicht she'll hae but three ;
There was Marie Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carmichael, and me.

"O aften hae I dressed my Queen,
And put gowd in her hair ;
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows tree to share !

"O aften hae I dressed my Queen,
And aften made her bed ;
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows tree to tread.

"And wae be to the Queen hersel,
She nicht hae pardoned me ;
But sair she's striven for me to hang
Upon the gallows tree.

"O happy, happy is the maid
That's born o' beauty free !
It was my dimpling rosie cheeks
That's been the dule* o' me,

* Woe ; ruin.

“ I charge ye all, ye mariners,
 When ye sail owre the faem,
 That ye let na my father or mither wit*
 But that I'm coming hame !

“ Ye mariners, ye mariners,
 When ye sail owre the sea,
 Let neither my father nor mither ken,
 I hung on the gallows tree.

“ O little did my mither think,
 That day she cradled me,
 The lands I was to travel in,
 Or the death I was to dee !

“ O little did my father think,
 That day he held up me,
 That I, his last and fairest hope,
 Should hing upon a tree !

“ For if my father and mither got wit,
 And my bauld brethren three,
 O mickle wad be the gude red blude
 This day wad be spilt for me.

“ Sae weep nae mair for me, ladies,
 Weep nae mair for me !
 The mither that kills her ain bairn
 Deserves weel for to dee.”



KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

[The following version of this ballad is from Percy's "Reliques." Several other versions are common, but are inferior. Percy says :—

"The common popular ballad of 'King John and the A'bot' seems to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I., from one much older, entitled 'King John and the Bishop of Canterbury.' The Editor's folio MS. contains a copy of this last, but in too corrupt a state to be reprinted; it however afforded many lines worth reviving, which will be found inserted in the ensuing stanzas.

"The archness of the following questions and answers hath been much admired by our old ballad-makers; for besides the two copies above mentioned, there is extant another ballad on the same subject (but of no great antiquity or merit), entitled 'King Olfrey and the Abbot.' ["Old Ball." ii. 55.] Lastly, about the time of the Civil Wars, when the cry ran against the bishops, some punter worked up the same story into a

* Know.

very doleful ditty, to a solemn tune, concerning 'King Henry and a Bishop;' with this stinging moral:—

‘Unlearned men hard matters out can find,
When learned bishops princes eyes do blind.’

“The following is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy, to the tune of ‘Derry-down.’”]

An ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince that was called King John;
And he ruled England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merrie,
Concerning the Abbot of Canturbury;
How for his house-keeping and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the king did hear say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chains without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the abbot about.

“How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me;
And for thy house-keeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown.’

“My liege,” quo' the abbot, “I would it were known
I never spend nothing, but what is my own;
And I trust your grace will do me no deere,*
For spending of my own true-gotten gear.”

“Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

“And first,” quo' the king, “when I'm in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

“Secondlie, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.”

* Harm; wrong.

“O these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet :
But if you will give me but three weeks space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your grace.”

“Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live ;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me.”

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a going to fold ;
“How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home ;
What news do you bring us from good King John ?”

“Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give,
That I have but three days more to live ;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

‘The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liege men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

“The second, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about :
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think.’

“Now cheer up, sir abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit ?
Lend me horse and serving men, and your apparell,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

“Nay, frown not, if it hath been told unto me,
I am like your lordship, as ever may be ;
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us at fair London town.’

“Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our father the pope.”

“Now, welcome, sir abbot,” the king he did say,
“Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day:
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

“And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege men so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth.”

“For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told:
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke thou art one penny worser than he.”

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,*
“I did not think I had been worth so little!
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about.”

“You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same
Until the next morning he rises again;
And then your grace need not make any doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about.”

The king he laughed, and swore by St. John,
“I did not think it could be gone so soon!
—Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.”

“Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry;
You think I'm the abbot of Canturbury;
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me.”

The king he laughed, and swore by the mass,
“I'll make thee lord abbot this day in his place!”
“Now nay, my liege, be not in such speed,
For alacke I can neither write nor read.”

* Meaning probably St. Botolph.

“ Four nobles a week then, I will give thee,
 For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me ;
 And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
 Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John.”

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

[Lady Anne Bothwell, of this pathetic ballad, was the Honourable Anne Bothwell, daughter of Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, who performed the marriage ceremony between Queen Mary and the Earl of Bothwell. This lady, who is said to have been very beautiful, had an intrigue with Colonel Sir Alexander Erskine, son of the Earl of Mar, who deserted her. Sir Alexander Erskine, who was considered the handsomest man of his age, was killed by the explosion of a powder magazine at Dunglass, Berwickshire, the Earl of Haddington, and about eighty other persons of note sharing his fate.

The magazine had been ignited by a menial boy, out of revenge against his master; and it was the general sentiment of the time, and it was long a traditional belief in his family, that he came to his end on account of his cruel treatment of Anne Bothwell.

I have reprinted Ramsay's version with emendations from Percy's, and incorporated with it the three verses which occur in Percy and are not in Ramsay.]

BALOW, my babe, lie still and sleep !
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep !
 If thou'st be silent, I'se be glad,
 Thy mairning* maks my heart full sad.
 Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
 Thy father breeds me great annoy,
 Balow, my babe, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

When he began to court my love,
 And with his sugared words to move,
 His fainings false and flattering chere,
 To me that time did not appere ;
 But now I see most cruel he
 Cares neither for my babe nor me.
 Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

Lie still, my darling, sleep awhile,
 And when thou wakest sweetly smile ;
 But smile not as thy father did
 To cozen maids ; nay, God forbid !

* Moaning.

But yet I fear thou wilt go near
Thy father's heart and face to bear.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

But do not, do not, prettie mine,
To fainings false thine heart incline.
Be loyal to thy lover true,
And never change her for a new
If gude or fair of her hae care,
For woman's banning's wonderous sair.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

I was too simple at the first,
To yield thee all a maiden durst.
Thou swore for ever true to prove,
Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love ;
But quick as thought the change is wrought,
Thy love nae mair, thy promise nought.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

I wish I were a maid again,
From young men's flattery I'd refrain,
For now unto my grief I find,
They all are perjured and unkind.
Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
Witness my babe lies in my arms.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

I tak my fate from bad to worse,
That I must needs be now a nurse,
And lull my young son on my lap :
From me, sweet infant, take the pap.
Balow, my child, thy mother mild,
Shall wail, as from all bliss exiled.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,
Whose greatest griet's for wrangling thee.
Nor pity her deserved smart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart.

For too soon trusting latest finds,
With fairest hearts are falsest minds.
 Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
When he the thriftless son had play'd ;
Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
Preferred the wars to thee and me.
But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine
Make him eat acorns with the swine.
 Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

But curse not him ; perhaps now he,
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee .
Perhaps at death ; for who can tell,
Whether the Judge of heaven and hell,
By some proud foe has struck the blow,
And laid the dear deceivir low ?
 Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

I wish I were into the bounds,
Where he lies smothered in his wounds,
Repeating, as he pants for air,
My name, whom once he called his fair,
No woman's yet so fiercely set,
But she'll forgive, though not forget.
 Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,
Then quickly to him would I take
My smock, once for his body meet,
And wrap him in that winding-sheet.
Oh me ! how happy had I been
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.
 Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

I canna choose, but ever will
Be loving to thy father still :
Whaur-e'er he gae, whaur-e'er he ride
My love with him doth still abide ;

In weel or woe, whaur-e'er he gae,
 Mine heart can ne'er depart him frae.
 Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee ;
 Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me !
 Thy griefs are growing to a sum,
 God grant thee patience when they come ;
 Born to sustain thy mother's shame,
 A hapless fate, a bastard's name.
 Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

Fareweel, fareweel, thou falsest youth
 That ever kist a woman's mouth.
 I wish all maids be warned by me,
 Never to trust man's courtesie ;
 For if we do but chance to bow,
 They'll use us then they care not how !
 Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

Bairn, sin thy cruel father's gane,
 Thy winsome smiles maun ease my pain ;
 My babe and I'll together live ;
 He'll comfort me when cares do grieve ;
 My babe and I richt safe will lie,
 And quite forget man's cruelty.
 Balow, my boy, lay still and sleep,
 It grieves my heart to hear thee weep.

GEORDIE.

[The following ballad was communicated by Burns, who took it down from recitation, to Johnson's "Museum." It is supposed to refer to the temporary disgrace of George Gordon, Earl of Huntly, in 1554, during the regency of Mary of Guise. Mr. Buchan publishes a lengthy version under the title of "Gight's Lady." According to him, the hero, George Gordon of Gight, was imprisoned on account of an intrigue with the Laird of Bignet's lady. Mr. Buchan's version has a very unpleasant ending: after his wife has ransomed him from the scaffold, in the manner set forth in the following ballad, Geordie kills her in a cruel and brutal manner.

I hope I may be pardoned for introducing three stanzas from Mr. Buchan's version. The two referring to Lord Montague's wish and the wife's answer are so racy I could not resist their introduction, although they are in no wise required to help out the story.]

THERE was a battle in the north,
It wasna' far frae Fordie,
And they hae killed Sir Charlie Hay,
And they laid the wyte* on Geordie.

O, he has written a lang letter,
He sent it to his lady ;
" It's ye maun come up to E'nbrugh town,
To see what word's o' Geordie."

When first she look'd the letter on,
She was baith red and rosy ;
But she hadna' read a word but twa,
Till she wallow't† like a lily.

" Gar get to me my gude grey steed ;
My menzie‡ a' gae wi' me ;
For I shall neither eat nor drink,
Till E'nbrugh town shall see me."

And she has mountit her gude grey steed,
Her menzie a' gaed wi' her ;
And she did neither eat nor drink,
Till E'nbrugh toun did see her.

And first appear'd the fatal block,
And syne the axe to heid him ;
And Geordie comin' down the stair,
And bands o' airn upon him.

But tho' he was chain'd wi' fetters strang,
O' airn and steel sae heavy,
There wasna ane in a' the court,
Sae braw a man as Geordie.

O she's down on her bendit knee,
I wat she's pale and wearie ;
" O pardon, pardon, noble king,
And gie me back my dearie !

" I hae born seven sons to my Geordie dear,
The seventh ne'er saw his daddie ;
O pardon, pardon, noble king,
Pity a waefu' lady !"

* Blame.

† Withered; faded.

‡ Men; retinue.

“Gar bid the heiding-man mak’ haste!”
 The king replied fu’ lordly;
 “O noble king, tak’ a’ that’s mine,
 But gie me back my Geordie!”

The Gordons cam’, and the Gordons ran,
 And they were stark and steady;
 And aye the word amang them a’,
 Was, “Gordons, keep you ready!”

An auld lord at the king’s right hand,
 Says, “Noble king, but hear me;
 Gar her tell down five thousand pound,
 And gie her back her dearie.”

Then out and speaks the King again,
 O but he spak’ bonnie:
 “If ye’ll tell down five thousand pounds,
 Ye’ll buy the life o’ Geordie!”

Some gae* her merks, some gae her crouns,
 Some gae her dollars many,
 And she’s tell’d down five thousand pound,
 And she’s gotten again her dearie.

Then out and speaks Lord Montague,
 Wae be to his body:
 “I wish that Geordie wantit the head,
 I might enjoyed his lady.”

Out and speaks the lady hersel,
 “Ye need ne’er wish my body;
 O! ill befa’ your wizzened snout,
 Wad ye compare wi’ Geordie!”

She blinkit blythe in her Geordie’s face,
 Says, “Dear hae I bought thee, Geordie,
 But there sud hae been bluidy bouks† on the green,
 Or I had tint‡ my lordie!”

He claspit her by the middle sma’,
 And he kiss’d her lips sae rosy;
 “The fairest flower o’ womankind
 Is my sweet bonnie lady!”

* Gave.

† Trunks; bodies.

‡ Lost.

THE CLERKS OF OWSENFORD.

[No trace of any foundation in fact for the following ballad can be found. Owsenford (Oxenford) is a seat of the Earl of Stair's, in the county of Mid-Lothian. The following version is principally compiled from those of Mr. Buchan and Mr. Chambers :—]

OH ! I will sing to you a sang
Will grieve your heart full sair,
How the twa bonny clerks o' Owsenford
Went aff to learn their lear.

They hadna been in fair Paris
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till the twa bonny clerks o' Owsenford
Wi' the mayor's twa dauchters lay.

And aye as the twa clerks sat and wrote,
The ladies sewed and sang ;
There was mair mirth in that chamber
Than in all Ferrol's land.

But word has gane to the mighty mayor,
As he sat at the wine,
That the twa bonny clerks o' Owsenford
Wi' his twa dauchters had lain.

“ Oh have they lain wi' my dauchters dear,
The heirs out owre my land ?
The morn, ere I eat or drink,
I'll hang them wi' my hand ! ”

Then he has ta'en the twa bonny clerks,
Bound them frae tap to tae,
Till the reddest blude in a' their veins
Out owre their nails did gae.

And word has gane to Owsenford,
Ill news bides never lang,
That his twa sons at fair Paris,
Were bound in prison strang.

Then up spak Lady Owsenford,
And she spak tenderlie,
“ Oh tak wi' you a purse o' gowd,
Or even tak ye three ;
And gin ye borrow na hynde Henrie,
Bring Gilbert back to me ! ”

Out and spak auld Owsenford,
 A waefu' man was he—
 "Your strange wish does me surprise;
 They are baith alike to me."

Oh sweetly sang the nichtingale,
 As she sat on the wand:
 But sair, sair mournèd Owsenford,
 As he gaed to the strand.

When he cam to the prison strang,
 He rade it round about,
 And at a little shot-window
 His sons were looking out.

"Oh lie ye there, my sons," he said,
 "For owsen* or for kye?
 Or is 't for a cast o' dear-bocht love
 Sae sair bound as ye lie?"

"We lie not here, father," they said,
 "For owsen or for kye;
 But it 's for a cast o' dear-bocht love
 Sae sair bound as we lie

"Oh borrow us, borrow us, father," they said,
 "For the love we bear to thee!"
 "Fear ye na that, my bonny sons;
 Weel borrowed ye shall be."

Then he has gane to the mighty mayor,
 And he spak richt courteously—
 "Now will ye gie me my sons again,
 For gowd or yet for fee?
 Or will ye be sae gude a man
 As grant them baith to me?"

"I winna gie ye your sons again,
 For gowd nor yet for fee,
 Nor will I be sae gude a man
 As gie them baith to thee:
 But gin ye bide till twal the morn,
 You'll see them hangit hie!"

* Oxen,

In then cam the mayor's daughters,
 Wi' kirtle, coat alone ;
 Their eyes they sparkled like the gowd
 As they tript o'er the stone.

" Oh, will you gie us our loves, father !
 For gowd or yet for fee ;
 Or will you tak our ain twa lives,
 And let our true loves be ? "

He's ta'en a whip into his hand,
 And lashed them wondrous sair :
 " Gae to your bowers, ye vile lemans,
 Ye se never see them mair ! "

Then out and speaks auld Owsenford,
 A waefu' man was he—
 " Gang to your bowers, ye lily flowers,
 For a' this maunna be. "

Then out and speaks him, hynde * Henrie,
 " Come here, Janet, to me ;
 Will ye gie me my faith and troth,
 And love, as I gave thee ? "

" Oh, ye shall hae your faith and troth,
 Wi' God's blessing and mine ! "
 And twenty times she kissed his mouth,
 Her father looking on.

Then out and speaks him, gay Gilbert,
 " Come here, Margaret, to me ;
 Will ye gie me my faith and troth,
 And love, as I gave thee ? "

" Yes, ye shall get your faith and troth,
 Wi' God's blessing and mine ! "
 And twenty times she kissed his mouth,
 Her father looking on.

* * * * *

" Ye'll take aff your twa black hats,
 And lay them on that stane,
 That nane may ken that ye are clerks,
 Till that ye're putten down. " †

* Youth; stripling.

† The phrase refers to death by hanging

GUDE WALLACE.

[There are several versions of this ballad, some of them giving Lochmaben in Dumfriesshire as the scene where the incidents occurred, which is the same as that given by Blind Harry. The following, with some slight emendations and additions, is from Mr. Motherwell's collection, the scene being laid at Perth, or St. Johnstoun's as it was then called.]

WALLACE in the hie Highlands,
Neither meat nor drink gat he;
Said, "Fa'* me life, or fa' me death,
Now to some town I maun be."

He's put on his short cleiding,†
And on his short cleiding put he;
Says, "Fa' me life, or fa' me death,
To Saint Johnstoun's‡ I maun be."

He steppit owre the river Tay,
On the North Inch steppit he,
And he was 'ware o' a well-faured maid
Was washing aneath a tree.

"What news, what news, ye weel-faured maid,
What news hae ye to me?"
"Nae news, nae news, ye gentle knight,
Nae news hae I to thee;
But fifteen lords in the hostler-house
Awaiting Wallace for to see."

"If I had but in my pocket,
The worth of one single pennie,
I would go to the hostler-house,
And there the Englishmen wad see."

She put her hand in her pocket,
And she has pulled out half-a-crown;
Says, "Tak ye that, ye belted knight,
'Twill pay your way till ye come down."

As he went frae the weel-faured maid,
A beggar bauld I wat met he,
Was covered wi' a clouted§ cloak,
And in his hand a trustie tree.

* Befall.

‡ The town of Perth.

† Clothing.

§ Patched; repaired.

“What news, what news, ye silly auld man,
What news hae ye to gie?”
“Nae news, nae news, ye belted knight,
Nae news hae I to thee;
But there’s fifteen lords in the hostler-house
Waiting Wallace for to see.”

“Ye’ll lend to me your clouted cloak,
That covers you frae head to thie,*
And I’ll gang to the hostler-house,
To ask there for some supplie.”

Now he’s gane to the West-muir wood,
And there he pulled a trusty tree,
And then he’s on to the hostler-house,
Asking there for charitie.

Down the stair the captain comes,
Aye the puir man for to see;
“If ye be a captain as gude as ye look,
Ye’ll gie a puir man some supplie.”

“Whaur were ye born, ye cruiket carle?†
Whaur were ye born, in what countrie?”
“In fair Scotland I was born,
Cruiket carle as ye ca’ me.”

“I wad gie you fifty pounds,
Of gold and of the white monie,
I wad gie you fifty pounds,
If the traitor Wallace ye’d let me see.”

“Tell down your monie,” said Willie Wallace,
“Tell down your monie, if it be gude;
For I’m sure I hae it in my power
And I never had a better bode.‡

“Tell down your monie, if it be gude,
And let me see if it be fine;
I’m sure I hae it in my power
To bring the traitor Wallace in.”

* Thigh.

† Crooked old fellow.

‡ Offer.

The monie was told on the table,
 Silver bright of pounds fiftie ;
 "Now here I stand," said Willie Wallace,
 And his cloak frae him garred* flee.

He felled the captain where he stood,
 Wi' a downright straik† upon the floor,
 He slew the rest around the room,
 Syne speired‡ gin§ there were ony more.

"Come, cover the table," said Willie Wallace,
 "Come, cover the table, now mak haste,
 For it will sune be three lang days
 Sin' I a bit o' meat did taste."

The table was not well covered,
 Nor yet had he sat down to dine,
 Till fifteen mair o' the English lords
 Cam round the house where he was in.

"Come out, come out, thou traitor, Wallace,
 This is the day that ye mann dee ;"
 "I lippen nae sae little to God," he says,
 "Altho' I be but little wordie."

The gudewife she ran butt the floor,
 And aye the gudeman he ran ben;||
 From eight o'clock till four at noon,
 Wallace has killed full thirty men.

He put his faes in sic a swither,¶
 That five o' them he stickit dead ;
 Five o' them he drowned in the river,
 And five he hung in the West-muir wood.

Now he is on to the North-Inch gane,
 Where the maid was washin' tenderlie ;
 "Now, by my sooth," said Willie Wallace,
 "It's been a sair day's wark to me !"

He's put his hand into his pocket,
 And he has pu'd out twenty poun' ;
 Says, "Tak ye that, ye weel-faured maid,
 For the gude luck o' your half-croun !"

* Made.

† Stroke.

‡ Then asked.

§ If.

|| Ran from the kitchen to the room, "the butt and the ben" in Scottish parliance.

¶ In such a condition, or difficulty.

ANNIE OF LOCHRYAN.

[Professor Aytoun reprints, with slight alterations, Mr. Jamieson's version of this ballad, and very justly calls it the gem of the collection. He says that the version in "The Minstrelsy" contains "a deal of extraneous and superfluous matter, which interferes with, and to a certain extent detracts from, the simplicity of the story." I have notwithstanding ventured to introduce four verses, and several minor emendations from Sir Walter Scott's version, I trust without doing injury to the beauty and completeness of the ballad. I am indebted to my friend Mr. J. B. Manson for several valuable emendations.]

"OH, wha will shoe my bonny foot?
And wha will glove my hand?
And wha will lace my middle jimp
Wi' a new-made London band?

"And wha will kame my yellow hair
Wi' a new-made siller kame?
And wha will be father to my young bairn
Till love Gregory come hame?"

"Your father 'll shoe your bonny foot,
Your mother glove your hand;
Your sister lace your middle jimp
Wi' a new-made London band;

"Your brother will kame your yellow hair
Wi' a new-made siller kame;
And the King o' Heaven will father your bairn
Till Gregory come hame."

"Oh gin I had a bonny ship,
And men to sail wi' me,
It's I wad gang to my true love,
Sin' he winna* come to me!"

Her father's gi'en† her a bonny ship,
And sent her to the strand;
She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
And turned her back to land.

She hadna been on the sea sailing,
About a month or more,
Till landed has she her bonny ship,
Near to her true love's door.

* Will not.

† Given.

The nicht was dark, an' the wind blew cauld,
And her love was fast asleep,
And the bairn that was in her twa arms
Fu' sair began to greet.

Lang stood she at her true love's door,
And lang tirl'd at the pin;
At length up gat his fause mother,
Says, "Wha's that wad be in?"

"Oh it is Annie of Lochryan,
Your love come owre the sea,
But and your young son in her arms,
Sae open the door to me."

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
Ye're na come here for gude;
Ye're but a witch, or a vile warlock,
Or mermaiden o' the flude!"

"I'm nae a witch, nor vile warlock,
Nor mermaid o' the sea;
But I am Annie of Lochryan,
Oh open the door to me!"

"O gin ye be Annie of Lochryan,
As I trow you nae be,
What token can ye gie that e'er
I kept your companie."

"Oh dinna ye mind, love Gregory,
When we sate at the wine,
How we changed the napkins frae our necks,
It's no sae lang sinsyne?*

"And yours was gude, and gude eneugh,
But nae sae gude as mine;
For yours was o' the cambrick clean,
But mine o' the silk sae fine.

"And dinna ye mind, love Gregory,
As we twa sate at dine,
How we changed the rings frae our fingers,
And I can show thee thine?

* Since then.

“And yours was gude, and gude eneugh,
Yet nae sae guide as mine;
For yours was o’ the gude red gowd,
But mine o’ the diamond fine.

“Sae open the door, love Gregory,
Open the door I pray,
For thy young son is in my arms,
And he’ll be dead ere day!”

“Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
Gae frae my door for shame;
For I hae gotten anither fair love,
So ye may hie ye hame!”

“Oh hae ye gotten anither fair love,
For a’ the oaths ye sware?
Then fare ye weel, fause Gregory,
For me ye’se never see mair!”

Oh hooly, hooly gaed she back,
As the day began to peep;
She set her foot on gude ship board,
And sair, sair did she weep.

“Tak down, tak down that mast o’ gowd,
Set up the mast o’ tree;
Ill sets it a forhowed* lady,
To sail sae gallantlie!

“Tak down, tak down the sails o’ silk,
Set up the sails o’ skin;
Ill sets the outside to be gay,
When there’s sic† grief within.”

Love Gregory started frae his sleep,
And to his mother did say:
“I dreamt a dream this nicht, mither,
That maks my heart richt wae.

“I dreamt that Annie of Lochryan,
The flower o’ a’ her kin,
Was standing mournin’ at my door,
But nane would let her in.”

* Forsaken.

† Such.

"Gin it be for Annie of Lochryan,
That ye mak a' this din;
She stood a' last nicht at your door,
But I trow she wan na* in!"

"Oh wae betide ye, in woman!
An ill death may ye dee,
That wadna open the door to her,
Nor yet wad waken me!"

And he's gane down to yon shore side
As fast as he could fare,
He saw fair Annie in the boat,
But the wind it tossed her sair.

And it's "Hey Annie!" and "How Annie!
O Annie, winna ye bide?"†
But aye the mair that he cried "Annie!"
The higher raise the tide.

And it's "Hey Annie!" and "How Annie!
O Annie, speak to me!"
But aye the louder that he cried "Annie!"
The louder roared the sea.

The wind grew loud, and the sea grew rough,
And the ship was rent in twain;
And soon he saw her, fair Annie,
Come floating owre the main.

He saw his young son in her arms,
Baith tossed abune the tide;
He wrang his hands, and fast he ran,
And plunged in the see sae wide.

He caught her by the yellow hair,
And drew her to the strand;
But cauld and stiff was every limb,
Afore he reached the land.

Oh first he kissed her cherry cheek,
And syne he kissed her chin,
And sair he kissed her ruby lips,
But there was nae breath within.

* Did not get.

† Will ye not stay?

“ Oh wae betide my cruel mither,
 An ill death may she dee,
 She turned my true love frae my door,
 Wha cam sae far to me !

“ Oh wae betide my cruel mither,
 An ill death may she dee,
 She turned fair Annie frae my door,
 Wha died for love o' me !”



THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR.

[Bishop Percy says of this ballad:—“ We have here a short summary of King Arthur's history as given by Jeffery of Monmouth and the Old Chronicles, with the addition of a few circumstances from the romance of ‘ Morte d' Arthur.’—The ancient chronicle of Ger. de Leew seems to have been chiefly followed: upon the authority of which we have restored some of the names which were corrupted in the MS., and have transposed one stanza which appeared to be misplaced—viz., that beginning at v. 49, which in the MS. followed v. 36.”]

Of Brutus' blood, in Brittain born,
 King Arthur I am to name;
 Through Christendom and Heathinesse,
 Well-known is my worthy fame.

In Jesus Christ I do believe;
 I am a Christian bore;
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
 One God I do adore.

In the four hundred ninetieth year,
 Over Brittain I did reign,
 After my Saviour Christ His birth:
 What time I did maintain.

The fellowship of the table round,
 So famous in those days;
 Whereat a hundred noble knights,
 And thirty sat always:

Who for their deeds and martial feats,
 As books do yet record,
 Amongst all other nations
 Were feared through the world.

And in the Castle of Tintagel
King Uther me begate
Of Agyana, a beauteous lady,
And come of "high" estate.

And when I was fifteen year old,
Then was I crownèd king :
All Brittainè that was at an uproar,
I did to quiet bring.

And drove the Saxons from the realm,
Who had opprest this land ;
All Scotland then through manly feats
I conquerèd with my hand.

Ireland, Denmark, Norway,
These countries wan I all ;
Iceland, Gothland, and Swethland ;
And made their kings my thrall.

I conquerèd all Gallia,
That now is callèd France ;
And slew the hardy Froll in field
My honour to advance.

And the ugly giant Dynabus
So terrible to view,
That in Saint Barnard's mount did lie,
By force of arms I slew :

And Lucius, the Emperor of Rome,
I brought to deadly wrack ;
And a thousand more of noble knights
For fear did turn their back :

Five kings of "paynims" I did kill
Amidst that bloody strife,
Besides the Grecian Emperor,
Who also lost his life.

Whose carcase I did send to Rome
Clad poorly on a bier ;
And afterwards I passed Mount-Joy
The next approaching year.

Then I came to Rome, where I was met
Right as a conqueror,
And by all the cardinals solemnly
I was crowned an emperor.

One winter there I made abode,
Then word to me was brought
How Mordred had oppressed the crown—
What treason he had wrought

At home in Brittain with my queen;
Therefore I came with speed
To Brittain back, with all my power
To quit that trait'rous deed.

And soon at Sandwich I arrived,
Where Mordred me withstood;
But yet at last I landed there,
With effusion of much blood.

For there my nephew, Sir Gawaine, died,
Being wounded in that sore,
The which Sir Lancelot in fight
Had given him before.

Then chased I Mordred away,
Who fled to London right,
From London to Winchester, and
To Cornwall took his flight.

And still I him pursued with speed
Till at the last we met,
Whereby an appointed day of fight
Was there agreed and set.

Where we did fight, of mortal life
Each other to deprive,
Till of a hundred thousand men
Scarce one was left alive.

There all the noble chivalry
Of Brittain took their end;
Oh see how fickle is their state
That do on feats depend!

There all the trait'rous men were slain,
 Not one escaped away :
 And there died all my valiant knights,
 Alas ! that woeful day !

Two and twenty year I wore the crown
 In honour and great fame ;
 And thus by death was suddenly
 Deprivèd of the same.

SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.

[Versions of this ballad are given by Percy and Ritson, both somewhat different from the present, which is the same as that in a black-letter copy in broadside in the British Museum, collated with the copy in the "Garland of Good Will," and the other existing versions. The original version is attributed to Thomas Deloney, and must have been composed towards the end of the sixteenth century. Shakespeare quotes the first two lines in the "Second Part of Henry the Fourth."]

WHEN Arthur first in court began,
 And was approvèd king,
 By force of arms great victories won,
 And conquests home did bring.

Then into Britain straight he came,
 When fifty good and able
 Knights then repaired unto him
 Which were of the Round Table.

And many jousts and tournaments
 Before them then were drest,
 Wherein these knights did them excell,
 And far surmount the rest.

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
 Who was approvèd well,
 He in his fights and deeds of arms
 All others did excell.

When he had rested him awhile
 To play, and game, and sport,
 He thought he would go try himself
 In some adventurous sort.

He armèd rode in forest wide,
And met a damsel fair;
Who told him of adventures great,
Whereto he gave good ear.

“Such would I find,” quoth Lancelot;
“For that cause came I hither.”
“Thou seem’st,” quoth she, “a goodly knight,
And I will bring thee thither,

“Whereas a mighty knight doth dwell,
That now is of great fame;
Therefore tell me what knight thou art,
And what may be thy name.”

“My name is Lancelot du Lake.”
Quoth she, “It likes me than;
Here dwells a knight that never was
O’ermatcht of any man.

“Who has in prison three score knights,
And four that he has bound;
Knights of King Arthur’s court they be,
And of his Table Round.”

She brought him to a river than,
And also to a tree,
Whereon a copper bason hung,
His fellow’s shields to see.

He struck so hard, the bason broke;
When Tarquin heard the sound,
He drove a horse before him straight,
Whereon a knight lay bound.

“Sir knight,” then said Sir Lancelot,
“Bring me that horse load hither,
And lay him down, and let him rest;
We’ll try our force together.

“For as I understand thou hast,
So far as thou art able,
Done great despite and shame unto
The knights of the Round Table.”

“If thou be of the Table Round,”
Quoth Tarquin speedily,
“Both thee and all thy fellowship
I utterly defy.”

“That’s over much,” quoth Lancelot; “tho’
Defend thee by and bye.”
They put their spurs into their steeds,
And each at other fly.

They coucht their spears, and horses ran,
As though there had been thunder;
And each struck them amidst the shield,
Wherewith they break asunder.

Their horses’ backs break under them;
The knights were both astound;
To ’void their horses they made haste
To light upon the ground.

They took them to their shields full fast;
Their swords they drew out than;
With mighty strokes most eagerly
Each one at other ran.

They wounded were, and bled full sore,
For breath they both did stand;
And leaning on their swords awhile,
Quoth Tarquin, “Hold thy hand,

“And tell to me what I shall ask.”
“Say on,” quoth Lancelot; “Tho’
Thou art,” quoth Tarquin, “the best knight
That ever I did know.

“And like a knight that I did hate,
So that thou be not he,
I will deliver all the rest,
And eke accord with thee.”

“That is well said,” quoth Lancelot;
“But sith it so must be,
What knight is this thou hatest so,
I pray thee show to me.”

“ His name is Lancelot du Lake ;
He slew my brother dear.
Him I suspect of all the rest ;
I would I had him here.”

“ Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknown—
I am Lancelot du Lake !
Now Knight of Arthur's Table Round,
King Ban's, son of Benwake.

And I defy thee, do thy worst.”
“ Ha, ha !” quoth Tarquin ; “ tho'
One of us two shall end our lives
Before that we do go.

“ If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
Then welcome shalt thou be ;
Wherefore see thou thyself defend,
For now defy I thee.”

They buckled then together fast,
Like unto wild boars rashing ;
And with their swords and shields they ran
At one another slashing.

The ground besprinkled was with blood ;
Tarquin began to faint ;
For he gave back, and bore his shield
So low, he did repent.

This soon espied Sir Lancelot :
He leapt upon him then ;
He pulled him down upon his knee,
And rushing off his helm,

Forthwith he struck his neck in two ;
And when he had so done,
From prison three score knights and four
Delivered every one.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE.

[Percy printed the following Ballad in his Appendix just as it reached him, having submitted in the body of the work an improved copy, “with large conjectural supplements and corrections.” He speaks of it as being given “literally and exactly printed, with all its defects, inaccuracies, and errata,” in order “that such austere antiquaries as

complain that the ancient copies have not been always rigidly adhered to, may see how unfit for publication many of the pieces would have been if all the blunders, corruptions, and nonsense of illiterate reciters and transcribers had been superstitiously retained, without some attempt to correct and amend them."

The copy in Percy's possession had suffered by having the half of every leaf torn; "and as about nine stanzas generally occur in the half page now remaining, it is concluded that the other half contained nearly the same number of stanzas."

I have ventured to eke out the story, where the ballad is defective, by a few notes based on the older ballad, "The Wedding of Sir Gawaine and Dame Ragnell," edited by Sir Frederick Madden for the members of the Bannatyne Club. I have modernized the spelling in the fragments I have quoted.]

KING ARTHUR lies in merry Carlisle,
And seemly is to see;
And there he hath with him Queen Guinevere,
That bride so bright of blee.*

And there he hath with him Queen Guinevere,
That bride so bright in bower,
And all his barons about him stood,
That were both stiff and stour.

The king kept a royal Christmas
Of mirth and great honour,

* * when * * *

[*Nine stanzas awanting.*

Arthur goes a hunting in Inglewood Forest, with a retinue of nobles and attendants. Seeing a magnificent hart, unattended, and with only his bow, he proceeds to stalk it. The old MS. version says:—

"The king in his hand took a bow,
And now manly he stooped low.
To stalk unto that deer."

When he had killed the deer he was joined by

"A knight full strong, and of great might,
And grimly word to the king he said,
Well are we met, King Arthur!
Thou hast done me wrong many a year,
And wofully I shall quit thee here.
I hold thy life-days nigh gone;
Thou hast given my land, in certayn,
With great wrong unto Gawaine."

* Complexion.

Being unarmed and taken at a disadvantage, Arthur pleads for his life, promising to do whatever he requires. The knight allows him to go unscathed, making an appointment to meet again in like circumstances, when his life will pay the forfeit unless he can answer a certain question, which ran as follows:—

“And bring me word what thing it is
That women most desire.
This shall be thy ransom, Arthur,” he says,
“For I’ll have no other hire.”

King Arthur then held up his hand,
According then as was the law;
He took his leave of the baron there,
And homeward can he draw.

And when he came to merry Carlisle,
To his chamber he is gone;
And there came to him his cousin, Sir Gawaine,
As he did make his moan.

And there came to him his cousin, Sir Gawaine,
That was a courteous knight;
“Why sigh you so sore, uncle Arthur?” he said,
“Or who hath done thee unright?”

“O peace, O peace, thou gentle Gawaine,
That fair may thee befall;
For if thou knew my sighing so deep,
Thou would not marvel at all.

“For when I came to Tearne-wadling,*
A bold baron there I found,
With a great club upon his back,
Standing stiff and strong.

“And he asked me whether I would fight,
Or from him I should be gone;
Or else I must him a ransom pay,
And so depart him from.

“To fight with him I saw no cause,
Methought it was not meet,
For he was stiff and strong withal,
His strokes were nothing sweet.

* A small lake in the Forest of Inglewood, near Hesketh.

“Therefore this is my ransome, Gawaine
 I ought to him to pay ;
 I must come again as I am sworn,
 Upon the new year’s day.

“And I must bring him word what thing it is
 [Nine stanzas awanting.

After repeating the riddle given him to read, the king and Sir Gawaine go off in divers ways in quest of some man, woman, or child who can furnish an answer to the knight’s question. After collecting two books full of answers, they come to the conclusion that they have not got the right one; and—

Then King Arthur dressed him for to ride
 In one so rich array ;
 Towards the foresaid Tearne-wadling,
 That he might keep his day.

And as he rode over a moor,
 He saw a lady where she sat,
 Betwixt an oak and a green hollen ;*
 She was clad in red scarlet.

Then there as should have stood her mouth,
 Then there was set her eye ;
 The other was in her forehead fast,
 The way that she might see.

Her nose was crooked, and turned outward ;
 Her mouth stood foul a-wry ;
 A worse formed lady than she was
 Never man saw with his eye.

To halch† upon him, King Arthur
 This lady was full fain ;
 But King Arthur had forgot his lesson,
 What he should say again.

“What knight art thou,” the lady said,
 “That wilt not speak to me ?
 Of me be thou nothing dismayed,
 Tho’ I be ugly to see.

“For I hae halched you courteously,
 And you will not me again ;
 Yet I may happen, sir knight,” she said,
 “To ease thee of thy pain.”

* Holly.

† Salute.

“Give thou ease me lady,” he said,
 “Or help me anything,
 Thou shalt have gentle Gawaine, my cousin,
 And marry him with a ring.”

“Why if I help thee not, thou noble King Arthur,
 Of thy one heart’s desire,
 Of gentle Gawaine——”

[*Nine stanzas awanting.*

In the older version the hag offers to help him to the answer if he will wed her to Gawaine :—

“And if mine answer save thy life,
 Grant me to be Gawaine’s wife,
 Advise thee now, Sir King ;
 For it must be so, or thou art but dead :
 Choose now, for thou mayst soon lose thy head.”

Being doubtful of getting Sir Gawaine’s consent to wed so uncouth a bride, the king returns to Carlisle to seek his consent, after promising to meet her again when he had seen him. Gawaine is not dismayed at the description of his future bride :—

“Is this all ?” then said Gawaine ;
 “I shall wed her, and wed her again,
 Though she were a fiend ;
 Though she were as foul as Bêelzebub
 Her shall I wed by the rood,
 Or else were I not your friend.”

* * * * *

“Gramercy, Gawaine,” then said King Arthur,
 “Of all knights thou bearest the flower,
 That ever yet I found.
 My worship and my life thou savest for ever,
 Therefore my love shall not from thee dis sever—
 As I am king in bond.”

On meeting the hag again, and delivering Gawaine’s consent to her, she gave him the answer, with this comment as to the way in which the knight would receive it :—

“He will be wrath and unsought,
 And curse her fast that it thee taught,
 For his labour is lost.”

He goes to keep his appointment :—

And when he came to the Tearne-wadling,
 The baron there could he find,
 With a great weapon upon his back,
 Standing stiff and strong.

And then he took King Arthur's letters in his hands,
 And away he could them fling;
 And then he pulled out a good brown sword,
 And cried himself a king.

And he said, "I have thee and thy land, Arthur,
 To do as it pleaseth me;
 For this is not thy ransom sure,
 Therefore yield thee to me."

And then bespoke him noble Arthur,
 And bade him hold his hand;
 And give me leave to speak my mind
 In defence of all my land.

He said, "As I came over a moor,
 I saw a lady where she sate
 Between an oak and a green hollen;
 She was clad in red scarlet.

"And she says a woman will have her will;
 And this is all her chief desire.
 Do me right as thou art a baron of skill,
 This is thy ransom, and all thy hire."

He says, "An early vengeance light on her!
 She walks on yonder moor;
 It was my sister that told thee this:
 She is a misshapen whore."

"But here I'll make mine avow to God
 To do her an evil turn;
 For an ever I may that foul thief get,
 In a fire I will her burn." [*Nine stanzas wanting.*]

After parting from the baffled knight, he again encounters the lady in "red scarlet," and endeavours to get her consent to a private marriage, wishing to spare Gawaine the public possession of such a bride:—

"Nay, sir king, now will I not so;
 Openly I will be wedded or I part the fro."

THE SECOND PART.

Sir Lancelot and Sir Steven* bold,
 They rode with them that day;
 And the foremost of the company,
 There rode the steward Kay.

* The name of Sir Steven does not occur elsewhere in the Round Table Romances.

So did Sir Banier and Sir Bore,
 Sir Garret with them so gay ;*
 So did Sir Tristram, that gentle knight,
 To the forest, fresh and gay.

And when he came to the green forest,
 Underneath a green hollen tree,
 There sate that lady in red scarlet,
 That unseemly was to see.

Sir Kay beheld this lady's face,
 And looked upon her suire,†
 "Whoever kisses the lady," he says,
 "Of his kiss he stands in fear."

Sir Kay beheld the lady again,
 And looked upon her snout ;
 "Whoever kisses this lady," he says,
 "Of his kiss he stands in doubt."

"Peace ! cousin Kay," then said Sir Gawaine,
 "Amend thee of thy life ;
 For there is a knight amongst us all,
 That must marry her to his wife."

"What ! wed her to wife ?" then said Sir Kay ;
 "In the devil's name, anon ;
 Get me a wife where'er I may—
 For I had rather be slain !"

Then some took up their hawks in haste,
 And some took up their hounds ;
 And some sware they would not marry her
 For city nor for towns.

And then bespake him noble King Arthur,
 And sware there, "By this day,
 For a little foul sight and misliking,"

[*Nine stanzas wanting.*

A great company assembled to the wedding ; the hideous charms of the bride were arrayed in rich attire ; at table she ate gluttonously, tearing the meat in pieces with the long nails on her fingers. True to his pledge, Gawaine treated her as though she had been a suitable bride ; and, on his kissing her, as a devoted bridegroom should, she was instantly transformed into a coy maiden, resplendent in her youth and loveliness—

* Banier is very likely a mistake for Beduer, the king's constable. Sir Bore is Bors de Gauves ; Sir Garret is Gareth or Gaheriet, the younger brother of Sir Gawaine.

† Neck.

Then she said, "Choose thee, gentle Gawaine,
 Truth as I do say;
 Whether thou wilt have me in this likeness,
 In the night, or else in the day."

And then bespake him gentle Gawaine,
 With one so mild of mood;
 Says, "Well I know what I would say:
 God grant it may be good."

"To have thee foul in the night,
 When I with thee should play,—
 Yet I had rather, if I might,
 Have thee foul in the day."

"What! when lords go with their feires,"* she said,
 "Both to the ale and wine;
 Alas! then I must hide myself,
 I must not go within."

"And then bespake him gentle Gawaine;
 Said, "Lady, that's but a skill;
 Because thou art my own lady,
 Thou shalt have all thy will."

Then she said, "Blessed be thou, gentle Gawaine,
 This day that I thee see;
 For as thou see me at this time,
 From henceforth I will be."

"My father was an old knight,
 And yet it chanced so
 That he married a young lady,
 That brought me to this woe."

"She witched me, being a fair young lady,
 To the green forest to dwell,
 And there I must walk in woman's likeness,
 Most like a fiend in hell."

"She witched my brother to a carlist b

[*Nine stanzas awanting.*]

* Mates; companions.

Her stepmother bewitched her because she would not marry as she wished. The day after the wedding, the king, the queen, and the courtiers waited on Sir Gawaine, with intent to condole with him, expecting to find that he had torn himself very early from the foul embraces of his bride. They were astonished to find that the newly-married couple had not made their appearance, and still more astonished when—

“Sir Gawaine rose, and in his hand he took
His fair lady; and to the door he shoke,*
And opened the door full fair;
She stood in her smock all by that fire,
Her hair was to her knees as red as gold wire,—
‘Lo! this is my repayre.’”

That looked so foul, and that was wont
On the wild moor to go.

“Come kiss her, brother Kay!” then said Sir Gawaine,
“And amend thee of thy life:
I swear this is the same lady
That I married to my wife!”

Sir Kay kissed that lady bright,
Standing upon his feet,
He swore, as he was true knight,
The spice was ne’er so sweet.

“Well, cousin Gawaine,” says Sir Kay,
“Thy chance is fallen aright;
For thou hast gotten one of the fairest maids
I ever saw with my sight.”

“It is my fortune,” said Sir Gawaine;
“For my uncle Arthur’s sake;
I am as glad as grass would be of rain,
Great joy that I may take.”

Sir Gawaine took the lady by the one arm,
Sir Kay took her by the tother;
They led her straight to King Arthur,
As they were brother and brother.

King Arthur welcomed them there all,
And so did lady Guenever, his queen;
With all the Knights of the Round Table,
Most seemly to be seen.

* Went.

King Arthur beheld that lady fair,
 That was so fair and bright;
 He thanked Christ in Trinity
 For Sir Gawaine, that gentle knight.
 So did the knights, both more and less,
 Rejoicèd all that day,
 For the good chance that happened was
 To Sir Gawaine and his lady gay.

Sir Gawaine's lady was the most beautiful woman at court, and he got so devotedly attached to her that he almost forgot his knightly skill, to the great marvel and regret of King Arthur. She died after five years of wedded life.

"Thus endeth the adventure of King Arthur,
 That oft in his days was grievèd sore,
 And of the wedding of Gawaine;
 Gawaine was wedded oft in his days,
 But so well he never loved woman always,
 As I have heard men sayn."

After praying that his heroine may be spared "the brynnyng fyre of hell," the old ballad writer winds up with the following supplication on his own behalf:—

"And Jesu! as thou wert born of a virgin,
 Help him out of sorrow that this tale did devyne:
 And that now in all haste,
 For he is beset with gaylours* many,
 That kepen† him full surely
 With wiles wrong, and waste.‡
 "Now, Lord! as thou art very king royal,
 Help him out of danger that made this tale,
 For therein he hath been long;
 And of great pity help thy servant,
 For body and soul I yield into thine hand,
 For paynes§ he hath strong."

THE BOY AND THE MANTLE.

[The use of such tests as that recorded in the following ballad is common to the romantic fiction of most countries. Sometimes it is an enchanted horn, out of which no unchaste man or woman can drink without spilling some of the liquor contained in it; or it is a mantle, which will fit none but chaste women; or a garland of flowers, which fades on the brow of the unfaithful; or a magician presents a doubting husband with a portrait in wax, which will change colour whenever his wife forgets her marriage vow; or an enchanted mirror, which will only reflect the image of the innocent; or a shirt, which will remain clean and white so long as both parties are faithful to each other; or a cup of tears, which become dark in the hands of inconstancy. In English and Scottish fiction, the stone of

* Temptations. † Fight with. ‡ Stern; loud. § Endeavours; pains.

a ring, or the ring itself, breaks when the lover, who is at a distance, has become untrue.

Mr. Hartshorne, in his "Ancient Metrical Tales," gives an amusing ballad under the title of the "Horn of King Arthur," which I cannot reprint here. The horn is the one alluded to in the following ballad. Arthur, in a wicked humour, makes all his courtiers essay the magic horn (out of which no man having an unfaithful wife can drink without spilling the liquor); the result is disastrous to many of them, and their position as cuckolds being established, he causes them to wear garlands of willows, and treats them with mock honour and courtesy.]

The Duke of Gloucester being on a visit to King Arthur, his curiosity is excited as to why so many of the king's courtiers wear garlands.

So at the last the duke he bray'd,
And to the king these words said;
He might no longer forbear.
"Sir, what hath these men done,
That such garlands they wear upon,
That skill would I hear?"

King Arthur explains that they are all cuckolds; and after much bantering and fun, orders the horn to be brought, offering it first to the Duke, who courteously resigns the first draught to the King; and this is what happened:—

King Arthur then he took the horn,
And did as he was wont befor;
But then was yet gon a gyle,*
He weened to have drunk of the test,
But soon he spilled on his breast
Within a little while.

The cuckolds were naturally glad to receive so distinguished a brother in misfortune: and Arthur was fain to express himself satisfied with his fate:—

"And therefore Lordings, take no care,
Make we merry, for nothing spare,
All brethren in one rout.
Then the cuckolds were full blythe,
And thankèd God an hundred syth,
Forsooth withouten doubt."

The Duke of Gloucester took his leave, after thanking the king fele sythe (full often); and the ballad writer concludes:—

And after noble King Arthur
Lived and died with honour,
As many hath done senne,†
Both cuckolds and other mo:
G d give us grace that we may go
To heaven! Amen, Amen.

The "Boy and the Mantle" was printed verbatim in the "Reliques," from the Percy MSS. I have ventured to modernize the spelling somewhat.

ON the third day of May
To Carlisle did come
A kind courteous child,
That could much of wisdom.

A kirtle and a mantle
This child had upon,
With brooches and rings
Full richly bedone.

* But then began a surprise.

† Since.

He had a suit of silk
 About his middle drawn;
 Without he could of courtesy,
 He thought it much shame.

"God speed thee, King Arthur,
 Setting at thy meat;
 And the goodly Queen Guinevere,
 I cannot her forget.

"I tell you, lords, in this hall,
 I bid you all to heed,
 Except ye be the more sure,
 Is you for to dread."

He plucked out of his poterner,*
 And longer would not dwell;
 He pulled forth a pretty mantle
 Between two nuts shell.

"Have thou here, King Arthur,
 Have thou here of me;
 Give it to thy comely queen,
 Shapen as it is already.

"It shall never become that wife
 That hath once done amiss."
 Then every knight in the king's court
 Began to care for his.

Forth came dame Guinevere;
 To the mantle she her hied;
 The lady she was new fangle
 But yet she was afraid.

When she had taken the mantle
 She stood as she had been mad;
 It was from the top to the toe
 As shears† had it shred.

One while was it gule;‡
 Another while was it green;
 Another while was it wadded;
 Ill it did her beseem.

Another while was it black,
 And bore the worst hue,
 "By my troth," quoth King Arthur,
 "I think thou be not true."

She threw down the mantle,
 That bright was of blee,§
 Fast with a red rudd,
 To her chamber can she flee.

She curst the wearer and the walker
 That cloth that had wrought;
 And bade a vengeance on his crown,
 That hither hath it brought.

"I had rather be in a wood,
 Under a green tree,
 Than in King Arthur's court
 Shamèd for to be."

Kay called forth his lady,
 And bade her come near,
 Says, "Madam, an thou be guilty
 I pray thee hold thee there."

Forth came his lady
 Shortly and anon;
 Boldly to the mantle
 Then is she gone.

When she had ta'en the mantle,
 And cast it her about,
 Then was she bare
 Before all the rout.

Then every knight
 That was in the king's court
 Talked, laughed, and shouted,
 Full off at that sport.

She threw down the mantle,
 That bright was of blee,
 Fast with a red rudd
 To her chamber can she flee.

* Pouch; purse.

† Scissors.

‡ Red.

§ Complexion.

Forth came an old knight,
 Pattering o'er a creede ;*
 And he proffered to this little boy
 Twenty marks to his meed.

And all the time of the Christmas
 Willingly to feed ;
 For why, this mantle might
 Do his wife some need.

When she had ta'en the mantle
 Of cloth that was made,
 She had no more left on her
 But a tassell and a thread.
 Then every knight in the king's
 court
 Bade evil might she speed.

She threw down the mantle,
 That bright was of blee,
 And fast with a red rudd,
 To her chamber can she flee.

Craddock called forth his lady,
 And bade her come in ;
 Saith, " Win this mantle, lady,"
 With a little dinne.†

" Win this mantle, lady,
 And it shall be thine,
 If thou never did amiss
 Since thou wast mine."

Forth came Craddock's lady
 Shortly and anon ;
 But boldly to the mantle
 Then is she gone.

When she had ta'en the mantle,
 And cast it her about,
 Up at her great toe
 It began to crinkle and crowt.‡
 She said, " Bow down, mantle,
 And shame me not for nought.

" Once I did amiss,
 I tell you certainly,
 When I kissed Craddock's mouth
 Under a green tree ;
 When I kissed Craddock's mouth
 Before he married me."

When she had her shriven,
 And her sins she had told,
 The mantle stood about her
 Right as she would.

Seemly of colour,
 Glittering like gold,
 Then every knight in Arthur's court
 Did her behold.

Then spake dame Guinevere
 To Arthur, our king,
 " She hath ta'en yonder mantle
 Not with right, but with wrong.

" See you not yonder woman,
 That maketh herself so clean ?
 I have seen ta'en out of her bed
 Of men fifteen.

" Priests, clerks, and wedded men,
 From her bydeene,§
 Yet she taketh the mantle,
 And maketh herself clean."

Then spake the little boy,
 And kept the mantle in hold,
 Says, " King, chasten thy wife,
 Of her words she is bold.

" She is a bitch and a witch,
 And a whore bold.
 King, in thine own hall
 Thou art a cuckold.

The little boy stood
 Looking out a door,
 And there as he was looking,
 He was ware of a wild boar.

* Stuck.

† Trouble.

‡ Curl up.

§ Continuously ; in numbers.

He was ware of a wild boar,
 Would have worried a man.
 He pulled forth a wood knife,
 Fast thither that he ran,
 He brought in the boar's head,
 And quitted him like a man.

He brought in the boar's head,
 And was wonderous bold.
 He said, there was never a cuck-
 old's knife
 Carve it that cold.

Some rubbed their knives
 Upon a whet-stone;
 Some threw them under the table,
 And said they had none.

King Arthur and the child
 Stood looking them upon:
 All their knives edges
 Turned back again.

Craddock had a little knife
 Of iron and of steel,

He brittled the boar's head
 Wonderous weel;
 That every knight in the king's court
 Had a morsel.

The little boy had a horn
 Of red gold that ronge.
 He said there was no cuckold
 Shall drink of my horn
 But he should it sheede*
 Either behind or before.

Some shed on their shoulder,
 And some on their knee;
 He that could not hit his mouth,
 Put it in his ee.
 And he that was a cuckold
 Every man might see.

Craddock wan the horn,
 And the boar's head.
 His lady won the mantle
 Unto her meed,
 Every such a lovely lady,
 God send her well to speed.

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH

[This ballad is reprinted verbatim (the spelling being modernized) from Percy, who confesses to having added three or four stanzas, and some conjectural emendations. The author of the ballad has followed the old romance of "Morte d'Arthur" very closely, introducing the tradition of the Welsh bards, who believed that Arthur was not dead, but had been carried away by supernatural means to a pleasant place, where he would remain for a time, and return and reign again.

The battle in which Arthur received his death-wound took place at Camlan, supposed to be Camelford, in Cornwall. Tradition speaks of a fierce battle having been fought there—"a ford across the Camel is known as the Bloody Bridge; and about one hundred yards further up the stream is a fallen mæen, of the later British era, having the name of Arthur inscribed on its lower side." It may not be uninteresting to note here how Arthur became king, and got possession of the famous sword, Caliburn, or Excalibar, which figures so conspicuously in the Arthur legends:—

After the death of Uther Pendragon, there arose a difficulty as to who was to be his successor. A large stone was discovered with a sword inserted into it as in a sheath, with an inscription round it in gold letters, to the effect that he who could withdraw

the sword from the stone should be king. After several who were supposed to be otherwise eligible had essayed in vain to draw it, Arthur, who was then all but unknown, drew it out with ease, and was immediately elected king.

The legend runs, that in the battle Arthur, being grievously wounded, commissioned one of his knights to fling his sword, Excalibar, into the lake. As it was falling, a hand and arm rose out of the water, seized the sword, and brandishing it three times, drew it under the waves. Upon this Arthur entered a boat, in which were Viviane, the Lady of the Lake, Morgan la Fay, and other ladies, who carried him to the isle of Avalon, where he was healed of his wounds, and from whence he will return to earth to resume his throne. See the "Morte d' Arthur" of Tennyson, where the legend lives once more in wondrous beauty and completeness.]

ON Trinity Monday in the morn,
This sore battle was doomed to be;
Where many a knight cried, "Well-away!"
Alack, it was the more pity.

Ere the first crowing of the cock,
When as the king in his bed lay,
He thought Sir Gawaine to him came,
And there to him these words did say!—

"Now, as ye are mine uncle dear,
And as you prize your life, this day
Oh meet not with your foe in fight;
Put off the battle, if ye may;

"For Sir Launcelot is now in France,
And with him many an hardy knight,
Who will within this month be back,
And will assist ye in the fight."

The king then called his nobles all,
Before the breaking of the day;
And told them how Sir Gawaine came
And there to him these words did say.

His nobles all this counsel gave,
That, early in the morning, he
Should send away an herald at arms
To ask a parley, fair and free.

Then twelve good knights King Arthur chose,
The best of all that with him were,
To parley with the foe in field,
And make with him agreement fair.

The king he chargèd all his host,
In readiness there for to be ;
But no man should no weapon stir,
Unless a sword drawn they should see.

And Mordred on the other part,
Twelve of his knights did likewise bring ;
The best of all his company,
To hold the parley with the king.

Sir Mordred also charged his host,
In readiness there for to be ;
But no man should no weapon stir,
But if a sword drawn they should see.

For he durst not his uncle trust,
Nor he his nephew, sooth to tell ;
Alack ! it was a woeful case,
As e'er in Christentie befell.

But when they were together met,
And both to fair accordance brought ;
And a month's league between them set,
Before the battle should be fought ;

An adder crept forth of a bush,
Stung one of the king's knights on the knee :
Alack ! it was a woeful chance,
As ever was in Christentie.

When the knight found him wounded sore,
And saw the wild worm hanging there,
His sword he from his scabbard drew :
A piteous case as ye shall hear.

For when the two hosts saw the sword,
They joinèd battle instantly :
Till of so many noble knights,
On one side there were left but three.

For all were slain that durst abide,
And but some few that fled away :
Ah me ! it was a bloody field,
As e'er was fought on summer's day,

Upon King Arthur's own party,
Only himself escapèd there,
And Lukyn, Duke of Gloster, free,
And the king's butler, Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knights,
All dead and scattered on the mould;
The tears fast trickled down his face—
That manly face in fight so bold.

“Now rest ye all, brave knights,” he said,
“So true and faithful to your trust;
And must ye then, ye valiant hearts,
Be left to moulder in the dust?”

“Most loyal have ye been to me,
Most true and faithful unto death:
And oh! to raise ye up again,
How freely could I yield my breath!”

“But see, the traitor's yet alive,
Lo, where he stalks among the dead!
Now bitterly he shall abide,
And vengeance fall upon his head.”

“Oh stay, my liege,” then said the duke,
“Oh stay for love and charity;
Remember what the vision spake,
Nor meet your foe, if it may be.”

“Oh, stay me not, thou worthy wight,
This debt my loyal knights I owe:
Betide me life, betide me death,
I will avenge them of their foe.”

Then straight he grasped his trusty spear,
And on his horse then mounted he;
As his butler holpe him to his horse,
His bowels gushèd to his knee.

“Alas!” then said the noble king,
“That I should live this sight to see!
To see this good knight here be slain,
And all for his love in helping me!”

He put his speare into his rest,
And to Sir Mordred loud gan cry—
“Now set thyself upon thy guard,
For, traitor, now thy death is nigh.”

Sir Mordred lifted up his sword,
And fierce to meet the king ran he :
The king his spear he through him thrust,
A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,
And found that he was wounded so,
He thrust himself upon the spear,
And struck the king a deadly blow.

Then grimly died Sir Mordred,
Presently upon that tree ;
And bloody streams ran from the king
Ere to the duke returnèd he.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,
“Sir knight, thou hast been faithful tried
Now take my sword, Excalibar,
That hangs so freely by my side ;

“Oh take my sword, Excalibar,
And there into the river throw,
For here, henceforth, beneath this tree,
All use of weapons I forego.

“And fare thee well, thou trusty sword,
A better ne’er had valiant knight ;
With thee full oft, and many a day,
Have I withstood my foe in fight.

“With this good falchion in my hand,
Oft have I reaped the bloody field ;
But now the fatal hour is come,
That never more I may thee wield.”

The duke to the river side he went,
And there his own sword in threw he ;
But he kept back Excalibar,
He kept it back in privitie.

For all of Cologne was the blade,
And all the hilt of precious stone;
"And ever alack!" then said the knight,
"Must such a sword away be thrown?"

Then back he came unto the king,
Who said, "Sir Lukyn, what did ye see?"
"Nothing, my liege, save that the wind
Blew o'er the waters fair and free."

"Oh go again," then said the king,
"O good Sir Lukyn, go again;
Into the river throw my sword,
Nor keep me lingering here in pain."

The duke then to the river went,
And the king's scabbard in threw he:
But he kept back Excalibar,
And hid it underneath a tree.

Then back he came to tell the king,
Who said, "Sir Lukyn, saw ye ought?"
"Nothing, my liege, save that the wind
Now with the angry waters fought."

"O Lukyn, Lukyn," said the king,
"Twice hast thou dealt decentfully;
Alack, whom may we ever trust,
When such a knight so false can be?"

"Say, wouldst thou have thy master dead,
All for a sword that wins thine eye?
Now go again, and throw it in,
Or here the one of us shall die."

The duke, all shent with this rebuke,
No answer made unto the king,
But to the river took the sword,
And threw it far as he could fling.

A hand and arm did meet the sword,
And flourished three times in the air,
Then sunk beneath the running stream,
And of the duke was seen no mair.

All sore astonied stood the duke,
 He stood as still, as still mote be,
 Then hastened back to tell the king,
 But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he could not tell,
 For never after he did him spy ;
 But he saw a barge go from the land,
 And he heard ladies howl and cry.

And whether the king were there or not
 He never knew, nor ever colde;
 For from that sad and direful day
 He never more was seen on mould.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF TOM THUMB.

[I trust that for the sake of my juvenile readers I may be pardoned for giving so much space to the great hero of the nursery. The present version is given nearly verbatim from that printed by John Wright, London, 1630. In 1621 a prose version of the story, by Richard Johnson, was printed at London for Thomas Langley, with the following quaint introduction:—

“My merry muse begets no tales of Guy of Warwick, nor of bold Sir Bevis of Hampton; nor will I trouble my pen with the pleasant glee of Robin Hood, Little John, the Friar, and his Marian; nor will I call to mind the lusty Pindar of Wakefield, nor those bold yeomen of the north, Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, nor William of Cloudeslie, those ancient archers of all England; nor shall my story be made of the mad, merry pranks of Tom of Bethlem, Tom Lincoln, or Tom a Lin (‘Tamlane), the devil’s supposed Bastard; nor yet of Garagantua, that monster of men; but of an older Tom, a Tom of more antiquity, a Tom of strange making, I mean Little Tom of Wales, no bigger than a miller’s thumb, and therefore, for his small stature, surnamed Tom Thumb. . . . The ancient tales of Tom Thumb in the olden time, have been the only revivers of drowsy age at midnight; old and young have with his tales chimed matins till the cocks crow in the morning; bachelors and maids with his tales have compassed the Christmas fire-block, till the curfew-bell rings candle out; the old shepherd and the young ploughboy, after their day’s labour, have carolled out a tale of Tom Thumb to make them merry with; and who but little Tom hath made long nights seem short, and heavy toils easy? Therefore, gentle reader, considering that old modest mirth is turned naked out of doors, while nimble wit is in the great hall on a soft cushion giving dry bobs; for which cause I will, if I can, new clothe him in his former livery, and bring him again into the chimney corner, where now you must imagine me to sit by a good fire, amongst a company of good fellows, over a well-spiced wassail-bowl of Christmas ale, telling of these merry tales which hercafter follow.”

Ritson, in his “*Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*,” speaks of having traced our hero’s name half a century further back, and found it used to frighten children, along with all sorts of goblins, demons, and evil persons. Mr. Thomas Hearne, the antiquary, speaking of the “*History of Tom Thumb*,” says, that “however looked upon as altogether fictitious, yet was certainly founded upon some authentic history, as being nothing else, originally, but a description of King Edgar’s dwarf.”]

In Arthurs court Tom Thumb did live,
 A man of mickle might,
 The best of all the table round,
 And eke a doughty knight :

His stature but an inch in height,
 Or quarter of a span ;
 Then think you not this little knight
 Was proved a valiant man ?

His father was a plow-man plain,
 His mother milkt the cow,
 But yet the way to get a son
 This couple knew not how,

Until such time this good old man
 To learned Merlin goes,
 And there to him his deep desires
 In secret manner shows,

How in his heart he wisht to have
 A child, in time to come
 To be his heir, though it might be
 No bigger than his Thumb.

Of which old Merlin thus foretold,
 That he his wish should have,
 And so this son of stature small
 The charmer to him gave.

No blood nor bones in him should be,
 In shape and being such,
 That men should hear him speak, but not
 His wandering shadow touch :

But so unseen to go or come
 Whereas it pleased him still ;
 Begot and born in half an hour,
 To fit his fathers will :

And in four minutes grew so fast,
 That he became so tall,
 As was the plow-man's thumb in height,
 And so they did him call

TOM THUMB, the which the Fairy
 Queen

There gave him to his name,
 Who, with her train of Goblins grim,
 Unto his christening came,

Whereas she clothed him richly brave,
 In garments fine and fair,
 Which lasted him for many years
 In seemly sort to wear.

His hat made of an oaken leaf,
 His shirt a spiders web,
 Both light and soft for those his limbs,
 That were so smally bred ;

His hose and doublet thistle-down,
 Together weaved full fine ;
 His stockings of an apple green,
 Made of the outward rine ;*

His garters were two little hairs,
 Pulled from his mothers eye,
 His boots and shoes a mouses skin,
 There tanned most curiously.

Thus, like a lusty gallant, he
 Adventured forth to go,
 With other children in the streets
 His pretty tricks to show.

Where he for counters, pins, and points,
 And cherry-stones did play,
 Till he amongst those gamesters young
 Had lost his stock away.

Yet could he soon renew the same,
 When as most nimbly he
 Would dive into their cherry-baggs,
 And there partaker be,

Unseen or felt by any one,
 Until a schollar shut
 This nimble youth into a box.
 Wherein his pins he put.

Of whom to be revenged, he took
 (In mirth and pleasant game)
 Black pots, and glasses, which he hung
 Upon a bright sunn-beam.

The other boys to do the like,
 In pieces broke them quite ;
 For which they were most soundly
 whipt,
 Whereat he laught outright.

And so Tom Thumb restrained was
 From these his sports and play,
 And by his mother after that
 Compelled at home to stay.

Whereas about a Christmas time,
 His father a hog had killed,
 And Tom would see the puddings
 made,
 For fear they should be spilled.

He sat upon the pudding-bowl,
 The candle for to hold ;
 Of which there is unto this day
 A pretty pastime told ;

For Tom fell in, and could not be
 For ever after found,
 For in the blood and batter he
 Was stragely lost and drowned.

Where searching long, but all in vain,
 His mother after that
 Into a pudding thrust her son,
 Instead of minced fat.

Which pudding of the largest size,
 Into the kettle thrown,
 Made all the rest to fly thereout,
 As with a whirl-wind blown.

For so it tumbled up and down,
 Within the liquor there,
 As if the devil had been boiled ;
 Such was his mothers fear,

That up she took the pudding straight
 And gave it at the door
 Unto a tinker, which from thence
 In his black budget bore.

But as the tinker climbed a stile,
 By chance he let a crack :
 Now gip, old knave, out cried Tom
 Thumb,
 There hanging at his back :

At which the tinker gan to run,
 And would no longer stay,
 But cast both bag and pudding
 down,
 And thence hied fast away.

From which Tom Thumb got loose at
 last,
 And home returned again :
 Where he from following dangers long
 In safety did remain.

Untill such time his mother went
 A milking of her kine,
 Where Tom unto a thistle fast
 She linked with a twine.

A thread that held him to the same,
 For fear the blustering wind
 Should blow him thence, that so she
 might
 Her son in safety find.

But mark the hap, a cow came by,
 And up the thistle cat,
 Poor Tom withall, that, as a dock,
 Was made the red cows meat :

Who being misst, his mother went
 Him calling every where,
 Where art thou Tom ? where art thou
 Tom ?
 Quoth he, Here mother, here :

Within the red cows belly here,
Your son is swallowed up.
The which into her fearful heart
Most careful dolours put.

Mean while the cow was troubled much,
In this her tumbling womb,
And could not rest until that she
Had backward east Tom Thumb:

Who all besmearèd as he was,
His mother took him up,
To bear him thence, the which poor lad
She in her pocket put.

Now after this, in sowing time,
His father would him have
Into the field to drive his plow,
And thereupon him gave

A whip made of a barley straw,
To drive the cattle on:
Where, in a furrowed land new sown,
Poor Tom was lost and gone.

Now by a raven of great strength
Away he thence was borne,
And carried in the carrions beak
Even like a grain of corn,

Unto a giants eastle top,
In which he let him fall,
Where soon the giant swallowed up
His body, clothes and all.

But in his belly did Tom Thumb,
So great a rumbling make,
That neither day nor night he could
The smallest quiet take,

Untill the giant had him spewed
Three miles into the sea,
Whereas a fish soon tooke him up
And bore him thence away,

Which lusty fish was after caught
And to king Arthur sent,
Where Tom was found, and made his
dwarf,
Whereas his days he spent

Long time in lively jollity,
Beloved of all the court,
And none like Tom was then esteemed
Among the noble sort.

Amongst his deeds of courtship done,
His highness did command,
That he should dance a galliard brave
Upon his queens left hand.

The which he did, and for the same
The king his signet gave,
Which Tom about his middle wore
Long time a girdle brave.

Now after this the king would not
Abroad for pleasure go,
But still Tom Thumb must ride with
him,
Placed on his saddle-bow.

Where on a time when as it rained.
Tom Thumb most nimbly crept
In at a button hole, where he
Within his bosom slept.

And being near his highness heart,
He craved a wealthy boon,
A liberal gift, the which the king
Commanded to be done,

For to relieve his fathers wants,
And mothers, being old;
Which was so much of silver co'in
As well his arms could hold.

And so away goes lusty Tom,
With three pence on his back,
A heavy burthen, which might make
His weary limbs to craek.

So travelling two days and nights
 With labour and great pain,
 He came into the house whereas
 His parents did remain ;

Which was but half a mile in space
 From good king Arthurs court,
 The which in eight and forty hours
 He went in weary sort,

But coming to his fathers door,
 He there such entrance had
 As made his parents both rejoice,
 And he thereat was glad.

His mother in her apron took
 Her gentle son in haste,
 And by the fire side, within
 A walnut shell him placed :

Whereas they feasted him three days
 Upon a hazel nut,
 Whereon he rioted so long
 He them to charges put ;

And there-upon grew wonderous sick,
 Through eating too much meat,
 Which was sufficient for a month
 For this great man to eat.

But now his business called him forth,
 King Arthurs court to see,
 Whereas no longer from the same
 He could a stranger be.

But yet a few small April drops,
 Which settled in the way,
 His long and weary journey forth
 Did hinder and so stay,

Until his careful father took
 A birding trunk in sport,
 And with one blast blew this his son
 Into king Arthurs court.

Now he with tilts and tournaments
 Was entertained so,
 That all the best of Arthurs knights
 Did him much pleasure show

As good Sir Lancelot of the Lake,
 Sir Tristram, and Sir Guy ;
 Yet none compar'd with brave Tom
 Thumb,
 For knightly chivalry.

In honour of which noble day,
 And for his ladies sake,
 A challenge in king Arthurs court
 Tom Thumb did bravely make.

Gainst whom these noble knights did
 run,
 Sir Chinon, and the rest,
 Yet still Tom Thumb with matchless
 might
 Did bear away the best.

At last Sir Lancelot of the Lake
 In manly sort came in,
 And with this stout and hardy knight
 A battle did begin.

Which made the courtiers all aghast,
 For there that valiant man
 Through Lancelots steed, before them
 all,
 In nimble manner ran.

Yea horse and all, with spear and shield,
 As hardly he was seen,
 But only by king Arthurs self
 And his admired queen,

Who from her finger took a ring,
 Through which Tom Thumb made
 way,
 Not touching it, in nimble sort,
 As it was done in play.

He likewise cleft the smallest hair
 From his fair ladies head,
 Not hurting her whose even hand
 Him lasting honours bred.

Such were his deeds and noble acts
 In Arthurs court there shown,
 As like in all the world beside
 Was hardly seen or known.

Now at these sports he toiled himself
 That he a sickness took,
 Through which all manly exercise
 He carelessly forsook.

Where lying on his bed sore sick,
 King Arthurs doctor came,
 With cunning skill, by physicks art,
 To ease and cure the same.

His body being so slender small,
 This cunning doctor took
 A fine prospective glass, with which
 He did in secret look

Into his sickened body down,
 And therein saw that Death
 Stood ready in his wasted lungs
 To seize his vital breath.

His arms and legs consumed as small
 As was a spiders web,
 Through which his dying hour grew on,
 For all his limbs grew dead.

His face no bigger than an ants,
 Which hardly could be seen :
 The loss of which renowned knight
 Much grieved the king and queen.

And so with peace and quietness
 He left this earth below ;
 And up into the Fairy Land
 His ghost did fading go.

Whereas the Fairy Queen received,
 With heavy mourning cheer,
 The body of this valiant knight,
 Whom she esteemed so dear.

For with her dancing nymphs in green,
 She fetcht him from his bed,
 With musick and sweet melody,
 So soon as life was fled :

For whom king Arthur and his knights
 Full forty days did mourn ;
 And, in remembrance of his name
 That was so strangely borne,

He built a tomb of marble gray,
 And year by year did come
 To celebrate the mournful day,
 And burial of Tom Thumb.

Whose fame still lives in England here,
 Amongst the country sort ;
 Of whom our wives and children small
 Tell tales of pleasant sport.



SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON'S ADVANCEMENT.

[The following version of this ballad is taken from the "Crowne-Garland of Golden Roses," p. 20, Percy Society, vol. vi. Another copy appears in "A Collection of Old Ballads," and is thus prefaced by the Editor:—

"There is something so fabulous, or at least, that has such a romantic appearance, in the history of Whittington, that I shall not choose to relate it ; but refer my credulous readers to common tradition, or to the penny histories. Certain it is there was such a man ; a citizen of London, by trade a mercer, and one who has left public edifices and charitable works enow behind him, to transmit his name to posterity. Amongst others, he founded a house of prayer ; with an allowance for a master, fellows, choris-

ters, clerks, &c., and an almshouse for thirteen poor men, called Whittington College. He entirely rebuilt the loathsome prison, which then was standing at the west gate of the City, and called it Newgate. He built the better half of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in West-Smithfield, and the fine library in Grey-Fryars, now called Christ's Hospital: as also great part of the east end of Guildhall, with a chapel, and a library in which the records of the city might be kept. . . . 'Tis said of him, that he advanced a very considerable sum of money towards carrying on the war in France, under the Fifth Henry. He married Alice, the daughter of Hugh and Molde Fitzwarren: at whose house, traditions say, Whittington lived a servant, when he got his immense riches by venturing his cat in one of his master's ships. However, if we may give credit to his own will, he was a knight's son; and more obliged to an English king and prince, than to any African monarch, for his riches. For when he founded Whittington College, and left a maintenance for so many people, as above related, they were, as Stow records it, for this maintenance bound to pray for the good estate of Richard Whittington, and Alice his wife, their founders; and for Sir William Whittington, and Dame Joan his wife; and for Hugh Fitzwarren, and Dame Molde his wife; the fathers and mothers of the said Richard Whittington and Alice his wife; for King Richard the Second, and Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, special lords and promoters of the said Richard Whittington, &c."

Richard Whittington was Sheriff of London in the 18th year of Richard the Second, 1394, was then knighted, and chosen Mayor in the 22nd year of the same reign, 1398. He was again Mayor in the 9th year of Henry the Fourth, 1407, and the 8th of Henry the Fifth, 1420.

Keightley, in his "Tales and Popular Traditions," devotes a chapter to the legend of 'Whittington and his Cat;' and cites similar stories from the German, the Italian, the Persian, &c.]

HERE must I tell the praside
Of worthy Whittington,
Known to be in his days
Thrice Mayor of London.

But of poor parentage
Born was he, as we hear,
And in his tender age
Bred up in Lancashire.

Poorly to London than
Came up this simple lad,
Where with a merchant-man,
Soon he a dwelling had;
And in a kitchen placed,
A scullion for to be,
Whereas long time he past
In labour drudgingly.

His daily service was
Turning spits at the fire;
And to scour pots of brass,
For a poor scullions hire.

Meat and drink all his pay,
Of coin he had no store;
Therefore to run away,
In secret thought he bore.

So from this merchant-man
Whittington secretly
Towards his country ran,
To purchase liberty.
But as he went along,
In a fair summer's morn,
Londons bells sweetly rung,
"Whittington, back return!"

Evermore sounding so,
"Turn again Whittington;
For thou in time shall grow
Lord-Mayor of London."
Whereupon back again
Whittington came with speed,
A prentice to remain,
As the Lord had decreed.

"Still blessèd be the bells ;
 (This was his daily song)
 They my good fortune tells,
 Most sweetly have they rung.
 If God so favour me,
 I will not prove unkind ;
 London my love shall see,
 And my great bounties find."

But see his happy chance !
 This scullion had a cat,
 Which did his state advance,
 And by it wealth he gat.
 His master ventured forth,
 To a land far unknown,
 With merchandise of worth,
 As is in stories shown.

Whittington had no more
 But this poor cat as than,
 Which to the ship he bore,
 Like a brave merchant-man.
 "Venturing the same," quoth he,
 "I may get store of gold,
 And Mayor of London be,
 As the bells have me told."

Whittington's merchandise
 Carried was to a land
 Troubled with rats and mice,
 As they did understand.
 The king of that country there,
 As he at dinner sat,
 Daily remained in fear
 Of many a mouse and rat

Meat that on trenchers lay,
 No way they could keep safe ;
 But by rats borne away,
 Fearing no wand or staff.
 Whereupon soon they brought
 Whittington's nimble cat ;
 Which by the king was bought ;
 Heaps of gold given for that.

Home again came these men
 With their ships loaden so,
 Whittington's wealth began
 By this cat thus to grow.
 Scullions life he forsook
 To be a merchant good,
 And soon began to look
 How well his credit stood.

After that he was chose
 Sheriff of the city here,
 And then full quickly rose
 Higher, as did appear.
 For to this cities praise,
 Sir Richard Whittington
 Came to be in his days
 Thrice Mayor of London.

More his fame to advance
 Thousands he lent his king
 To maintain wars in France,
 Glory from thence to bring.
 And after, at a feast
 Which he the king did make
 He burnt the bonds all in jest,
 And would no money take.

Ten thousand pounds he gave
 To his prince willingly,
 And would not one penny have ;
 This in kind courtesie.
 God did thus make him great,
 So would he daily see
 Poor people fed with meat,
 To shew his charity.

Prisoners poor cherished were,
 Widow's sweet comfort found ;
 Good deeds, both far and near
 Of him do still resound.
 Whittington College is
 One of his charities ;
 Records reporteth this
 To lasting memories.

Newgate he builded fair,
 For prisoners to live in;
 Christs-Church he did repair,
 Christian love for to win.
 Many more such like deeds
 Were done by Whittington;
 Which joy and comfort breeds,
 To such as look thereon

Lancashire, thou hast bred
 This flower of charity:
 Though he be gone and dead
 Yet lives he lastingly.
 Those bells that call'd him so,
 "Turn again, Whittington."
 Call you back many moe
 To live so in London.

THE ELFIN KNIGHT.

[Mr. Buchan has recovered two versions of this ballad from recitation; Mr. Kinloch has recovered another; and Mr. Motherwell prints a copy which is preserved in the Pepysian collection at Cambridge. Mr. Francis James Child, of Boston, U.S., prints another version in his collection, vol. i. p. 128, from a volume entitled "A Collection of Curious Old Ballads and Miscellaneous Poetry," Edinburgh, 1824. It differs very slightly from Mr. Motherwell's copy. The following has been compiled by collating the whole of the above versions.]

THE Elfin knight stands on yon hill;
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
 Blawing his horn baith loud and shrill,
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

"If I had the horn that I hear blawn;
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
 And the knicht that blaws the horn,"
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

She had na sooner thae words said;
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
 Than the Elfin knicht cam to her side;
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

'Thou art ower young a maid,' quoth he,
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
 "Married wi' me thou ill wouldst be."
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

"I hae a sister younger than I;
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
 And she was married yesterday."
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa'.)

“ Married wi’ me ye sall ne’er be nane ;
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
Till ye mak me a sark without a seam ;
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa’.)

“ And ye maun shape it, knifeless, sheerless,
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
And he maun sew it, needle, threadless ;
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa’.)

“ And ye maun wash it in yonder well,
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
Whaur dew never wat, nor rain ever fell,
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa’.)

“ And ye maun dry it upon a thorn,
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
That never budded sin’ Adam was born.”
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa’.)

“ If that courtesie I do thee,
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
Another thou must do to me.
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa’.)

“ I hae an acre o’ gude lea-land,
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
Between the saut sea and the strand ;
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa’.)

“ And ye maun plow’t wi’ your blawing horn
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
And ye maun saw’t wi’ pepper corn,
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa’.)

“ And ye maun harrow’t wi’ a single tyne,
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
And shear’t ye maun wi’ a sheep’s shank bane ;
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa’.)

“ Or ye maun shear it wi’ your knife,
 (Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw,)
And no lose a stalk o’t for your life,
 (And the wind has blawn my plaid awa’.)

Your hawk's blude was never sae red,
My dear son, I tell thee, O."

"O, I hae killed my red-roan steed,
Mither, mither :

O, I hae killed my red-roan steed,
That erst was fair and free, O."

"Your steed was auld, and ye hae mair,
Edward, Edward :

Your steed was auld, and ye hae mair ;
Some other dule ye drie, O."

"O, I hae killed my father dear,
Mither, mither :

O, I hae killed my father dear,
Alas ! and wae is me, O."

"What penance will ye drie for that,
Edward, Edward ?

What penance will ye drie for that ?
My dear son, now tell me, O."

"Ill set my feet in yonder boat,
Mither, mither :

I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I'll fare owre the sea, O."

"And what will ye do wi' your towers and ha',
Edward, Edward ?

And what will ye do wi' your towers and ha'
That were sae fair to see, O ?"

"I'll let them stand till they down fa',
Mither, mither :

I'll let them stand till they down fa';
For here I maunna be, O."

"And what will ye leave to your bairns and wife,
Edward, Edward ?

And what will ye leave to your bairns and wife,
When ye gang owre the sea, O ?"

"The world's room : let them beg through life,
Mither, mither :

The world's room : let them beg through life ;
For them I ne'er maun see, O."

" And what will ye leave to your mither dear,
 Edward, Edward ?
 And what will ye leave to your mither dear ?
 My dear son, now tell me, O."
 " The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,
 Mither, mither :
 The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,
 Sic counsels ye gied me, O!"

THE DEMON LOVER.

[Sir Walter Scott printed a ballad under the above title in "The Minstrelsy," taken down from the recitation of Mr. William Laidlaw. Mr. Buchan tells substantially the same story in his ballad of "James Herries;" and Mr. Motherwell prints a fragment of great merit in his collection.

The story of a demon courting a maiden in the guise of a gallant gentleman is common to Scottish tradition. In this instance the demon assumes the form and lineaments of her former sweetheart, to whom she had proved unfaithful. Although the versions of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Buchan are complete as regards incident, and equally meritorious, I have ventured to construct a version by collating them both with Mr. Motherwell's fragment. If my reader will be at the trouble to compare the ballad so compiled either with Mr. Buchan's or Sir Walter Scott's version, I think it will be admitted that the story has gained in completeness and effectiveness.]

" O WHAUR hae ye been, my lang-lost love,
 This lang seven years and more ?"
 " O I'm come to seek my former vows
 Ye granted me before."

" O haud your tongue o' your former vows,
 For they will breed sad strife ;
 O haud your tongue o' your former vows,
 For I am become a wife."

He turn'd him right and round about,
 And the tear blindit his e'e ;
 " I ne'er wad hae trodden on Irish ground
 If it hadna been for thee.

" Had I kent that ere I cam here,
 I ne'er had come to thee ;
 I might hae had a king's daughter,
 Had it no been for love o' thee."

“If ye might hae had a king’s daughter,
Yoursel’ ye hae to blame;
Ye might hae taken the king’s daughter,
For ye kenn’d that I was nane.”

“O fause are the vows o’ womankind,
But fair is their fause bodie;
I ne’er wad hae trodden on Irish ground
Had it no been for love o’ thee.”

“If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my twa babes also,
O what hae ye to keep me wi’,
If I should wi’ thee go?”

“See ye not yon seven pretty ships,
The eighth brought me to land,
With merchandise and mariners
And wealth in ilka hand.”

Then she’s gane to her twa little babes,
Kiss’d them baith cheek and chin;
Sae has she to her sleeping husband
And done the same to him.

She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold;
But the sails were o’ the taffetie,
And the masts o’ the beaten gold.

“O how do you love the ship?” he said;
“Or how do ye love the sea?
And how do you love the bauld mariners
That wait upon thee and me?”

“O I do love the ship,” she said;
“And I do love the sea;
But woe be to the dim mariners
That nowhere can I see.”

She hadna sailèd on the sea
An hour but barely ane,
Till the thochts o’ grief cam in her mind
And she langed to be hame.

“O gin I were at land again,
At land where I would be :
The woman ne’er should hae the son
Should gar me sail the sea.”

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumly grew his e’e.

The masts that were like the beaten gold,
Bent not on the heaving seas ;
The sails that were o’ the taffetic
Fill’d not in the east land breeze.

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven hoof,
And she wept right bitterlie.

“O haud your tongue my sprightly flower,
Let a’ your moanin be ;
I will show you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy.”

“O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on ?”
“O yon are the hills o’ heaven,” he said,
“Where you will never win.”

“O whatten a mountain’s yon,” she said,
“Sae dreary wi’ frost and snow ?”
“O yon is the mountain o’ hell,” he cried,
“Where you and I will go !”

“I said ye should see the lilies grow
On the banks o’ Italy.
But I’ll let you see the fishes swim
At the bottom o’ the sea.”

And aye when she turn’d her round about,
Aye taller he seem’d to be ;
Until that the tops o’ that gallant ship
Nae taller were than he.

The clouds grew dark, and the winds grew loud,
 And the tears filled her ee;
 And waesom wailed the snaw white sprites
 Upon the gurlie sea.

He strack the tapmast wi' his hand,
 The foremast wi' his knee;
 And he brak that gallant ship in twain,
 And sank her in the sea.

OUR GUDEMAN.

[We are indebted to Herd for the preservation of this raey and humorous ballad. The wife hides a rebel relative in the house, and endeavours to guard her husband's loyalty at the expense of her own veracity, and the gudeman's sense of sight.]

<p>OUR gudeman cam' hame at e'en, And hame cam' he; And there he saw a saddle horse, Whaur nae horse should be. "O how cam' this horse here? How can this be? How cam' this horse here, Without the leave o' me?" "A horse!" quo' she: "Ay, a horse," quo' he. "Ye auld blind doited carle,* Blinder mat ye be! 'Tis naething but a milk cow My minnie sent to me." "A milk cow!" quo' he; "Ay, a milk cow," quo' she. "Far hae I ridden, And meikle hae I seen, But a saddle on a cow's back Saw I never nane!" Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en, And hame cam' he; He spy'd a pair o' jack-boots Whaur nae boots should be.</p>	<p>"What's this now, gudewife? What's this I see? How cam' these boots here, Without the leave o' me?" "Boots!" quo' she; "Ay, boots," quo' he. "Shame fa' your cuckold face, And ill mat ye see; It's but a pair o' water-stoups The cooper sent to me." "Water-stoups!" quo' he; "Ay, water-stoups," quo' she. "Far hae I ridden, And far'er hae I gane, But siller spurs on water-stoups Saw I never nane!" Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en, And hame cam' he: And there he saw a sword Whaur nae sword should be. "What's this now, gudewife? What's this I see? O how cam' this sword here, Without the leave o' me?" "A sword!" quo' she; "Ay, a sword," quo' he.</p>
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* Stupid; dotard.

"Shame fa' your cuckold face,
 And ill mat ye see;
 It's but a parritch spurtle*
 My minnie sent to me."
 "A spurtle!" quo' he.
 "Ay, a spurtle," quo' she.
 "Weel—far hae I ridden,
 And meikle hae I seen,
 But siller-handled spurtles
 Saw I never nane!"

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
 And hame cam' he;
 There he spy'd a pouter'd wig
 Whaur nae wig should be.
 "What's this now, gudewife?
 What's this I see?"
 How cam' this wig here,
 Without the leave o' me?"
 "A wig!" quo' she;
 "Ay, a wig," quo' he.
 "Shame fa' your cuckold face,
 And ill mat ye see;
 'Tis naething but a clockin hen
 My minnie sent to me."
 "A clockin hen!" quo' he;
 "Ay, a clockin hen," quo'
 she.
 "Far hae I ridden,
 And meikle hae I seen,
 But pouter on a clockin hen
 Saw I never nane!"

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
 And hame cam' he;
 And there he saw a riding coat,
 Whaur nae coat should be.

"O how cam' this coat here?
 How can this be?
 How cam' this coat here,
 Without the leave o' me?"
 "A coat!" quo' she;
 "Ay, a coat," quo' he.
 "Ye auld blind dotard carle,
 Blinder mat ye be;
 It's but a pair o' blankets
 My minnie sent to me."
 "Blankets!" quo' he;
 "Ay, blankets," quo' she.
 "Far hae I ridden,
 And meikle hae I seen,
 But buttons upon blankets
 Saw I never nane!"

Ben went our gudeman,
 And ben went he;
 And there he spy'd a sturdy
 man,
 Whaur nae man should be.
 "How cam' this man here?
 How can this be?
 How cam' this man here,
 Without the leave o' me?"
 "A man!" quo' she;
 "Ay, a doited man," quo' he.
 "Puir blind body,
 And blinder mat ye be:
 It's a new milking maid
 My minnie sent to me."
 "A maid!" quo' he;
 "Ay, a maid," quo' she.
 "Far hae I ridden,
 And meikle hae I seen,
 But lang-bearded milking maids
 Saw I never nane!"

* A stick for stirring porridge.

YOUNG BENJIE.

[The following, with several trifling emendations from a version in Mr. Buchan's collection entitled 'Bondsey and Maisry,' is from "The Minstrelsy."

This ballad illustrates a singular superstition prevalent until very recently in the wild and remote districts of Scotland. In the interval between the death and interment the disembodied spirit is supposed to hover around its mortal habitation. Should the door be left ajar, the corpse is supposed to become possessed of the power of motion, and of answering questions; and in cases where foul play was suspected, the murderer was found out by a direct appeal to the corpse, as described in the ballad. The peasantry were careful never to leave a corpse alone; and in dread lest the door might be left ajar it was generally kept wide open. It was also believed that if the corpse was left alone a sight of horror might greet the person who first looked upon it again. In Forfarshire I have sat out more than one lykewake, and heard many a ghostly tale rehearsed in such circumstances, while the listeners cowered round the fire, worked up to such a pitch of superstitious fear that the least noise in the house would make them all start, and no member of the party dare go to the door alone during the night. I have seen and heard of lykewakes of a more lively kind, eating and drinking, and song-singing, and this not when there was any absence of grief for the departed. I remember one where there were present three men, two women, and myself, then a boy of ten years old. None of us were related to the dead man, but all had known him during life. A plentiful supply of whisky for the men, and sherry for the women, was provided. At first there was no want of gravity, two or three chapters of the Bible were read, and a metrical psalm or two; then the talk turned to the deceased, and was at first grave enough; by-and-bye, as the liquor began to tell, the conversation got more lively, until the mirth grew fast and furious; the young women coming in for a considerable share of rough badinage, and giving jaw back again with interest. This, it must be remembered, was in the room where the corpse was laid out. I can remember that, from where I sat, the sharp protuberance in the snow-white linen sheet, made by the stiff unyielding feet of the corpse, could be seen. The whole children of the neighbourhood were generally called in to see a corpse; and I have hardly even yet got over the feeling of horror with which I used to note this unnatural feature of a corpse. I remember on one occasion the lykewake took place not in the house where the corpse lay, but in that of a neighbour. A solitary bachelor had committed suicide, and while none of his relatives would remain in the house with the body, the sitting up could not be dispensed with. Every hour two of the party went out and walked round the house which held the ghostly tenant; but I daresay none of the parties themselves could give a reason for their needless vigilance, it was but the outward manifestation of some long forgotten superstitious belief. When a person dies in a country working man's home, the corpse is usually laid out in the best room in the house. As this is very frequently the butt-end, where all the household duties are transacted, no special watching is called for during the day. It is only during the night that relations and neighbours are assembled for this purpose.

So long as the corpse is in the house, the mirrors, the face of the clock, the glass door of the corner cupboard (a never-failing article of furniture in a country peasant's home), the windows, and all articles having a reflecting power, were draped in white. An old woman once assigned a reason for this to me which is worthy of note. If any one saw the corpse reflected in the looking-glass, or any other medium, it might assume a position of horror never to be forgotten; or if any one looked into a mirror, a face might glare over that bold person's shoulder which would haunt him or her until the time when, a lump of insensate clay, he or she was so watched and protected in turn. A small white plate, full of salt, was always laid upon the stomach of the corpse as a protection from evil spirits, or to ward off the approach of the arch fiend himself.]

OF a' the maids o' fair Scotland,
The fairest was Marjorie;
And young Benjie was her ae true-love,
And a dear true-love was he.

And wow! but they were lovers dear,
And loved fu' constantlie;
But ay the mair when they fell out,
The sairer was their plea.

And they hae quarrelled on a day,
Till Marjorie's heart grew wae;
And she said she'd choose another love,
And let young Benjie gae.

And he was stout, and proud-hearted,
And thought o't bitterlie;
And he's ga'en by the wan moonlicht,
To meet his Marjorie.

"O open, open, my true-love,
O open, and let me in!"
"I daurna open, young Benjie,
My three brithers are within."

"Ye le'ed, ye le'ed, ye bonny burd,
Sae loud's I hear ye lee;
As I came by the Lowden banks,
They bade gude e'en to me.

"But fare ye weel, my ae fause love,
That I have loved sae lang!
It sets ye choose another love,
And let young Benjie gang."

Then Marjorie turned her round about,
The tear blinding her ee,—
"I daurna, daurna, let thee in,
But I'll come down to thee."

Then saft she smiled, and said to him,
"O what ill hae I done?"
He took her in his armis twa,
And threw her owre the linn.

The stream was strang, the maid was stout,
 And laith, laith to be dang,*
 But, ere she wan the Lowden banks,
 Her fair colour was wan.

Then up bespak' her eldest brither,
 "O see na ye what I see?"
 And out then spak' her second brither,
 "It's our sister Marjorie!"

Out then spak' her eldest brother,
 "O how shall we her ken?"
 And out then spak' her youngest brither,
 "There's a honey mark on her chin."

Then they've ta'en up the comely corpse,
 And laid it on the ground—
 "O wha has killed our ae sister,
 And how can he be found?"

"This night it is her low lykewake,
 The morn her burial day,
 And we maun watch at mirk midnight,
 And hear what she will say."

Wi' doors ajar, and candle light,
 And torches burning clear;
 The streikit corpse, till still midnight,
 They waked, but naething hear.

About the middle o' the nicht,
 The cocks began to crow;
 And at the dead hour o' the nicht,
 The corpse began to thraw.†

"O wha has done the wrang, sister,
 Or dared the deadly sin?
 And wha is the wretch, tell us likewise,
 That threw ye owre the linn?"

"Young Benjie was the only man
 That did my body win;
 And likewise Benjie was the man
 That threw me owre the linn."

* Beaten; done for.

† Twist; contort.

"O sall we Benjie heid,* sister,
 Or sall we Benjie hang?
 Or sall we pyke out his twa grey een,
 Mak' Benjie blind to gang?"†

"Ye maunna Benjie heid, brithers,
 Ye maunna Benjie hang,
 But ye maun pyke out his twa grey een,
 Mak' Benjie blind to gang.

"Tie a green cravat round his neck,
 And lead him out and in,
 And the best ae servant about your house,
 To wait young Benjie on.

"And ay, at every seven years' end,
 Ye'll tak' him to the linn;
 For that's the penance he maun drie,
 To scug‡ his deidly sin."

THE TAMING OF A SHREW.

[The following is from Ritson's "Ancient Songs and Ballads," where it is reprinted "from one of the Sloane MSS. in the British Museum, the writing of Charles the First's time." Ballads of a similar kind are "The Wife Lapped in Morels Skin," printed in Utterson's "Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry," "Ane Ballad of Matrymonie," in Laing's "Select Remains," and "The Honeymoon," in Aytoun's "Ballads of Scotland."]

ALL you that are assembled here,
 Come listen to my song,
 But first a pardon I must crave,
 For fear of further wrong;
 I must entreat these good wives all
 They will not angry be,
 And I will sing a merry song,
 If they thereto agree.

Because the song I mean to sing
 Doth touch them most of all,
 And loth I were that any one
 With me should chide and brawl.
 I have enough of that at home,
 At board, and eake in bed;
 And once for singing this same song
 My wife did break my head.

* Behead.

† Go; walk.

‡ Expiate.

But if these good wives all be pleased,
And pleased be the men,
I'll venture one more broken pate,
To sing it once again.
But first I'll tell you what it's call'd,
For fear you hear no more ;
'Tis call'd the Taming of a Shrew,
Not often sung before.

And if I then shall sing the rest,
A sign I needs must have ;
Hold but your finger up to me,
Or, hem,—that's all I crave—
Then will I sing it with a heart,
And to it roudlie go ;
You know my mind, now let me see
Whether I shall sing't or no. *Hem.*

Well then, I see you willing are
That I shall sing the rest ;
To pleasure all these good wives here
I mean to do my best.
For I do see even by their looks
No hurt to me they think,
And thus it chanc'd upon a time,
(But first give me a drink).

Not long ago a lustie lad
Did woo a lively lass,
And long it was before he could
His purpose bring to pass ;
Yet at the length it thus fell out,
She granted his petition,
That she would be his wedded wife,
But yet on this condition.

That she should wear the breeches on
For one year and a day,
And not to be controlled of him
Whatsoever she'd do or say.
She ruled, she reigned, she had her will
Even as she would require ;
But mark what fell out afterwards,
Good wives I you desire.

She made him weary of his life;
He wist that death would come,
And end his misery at once,
Ere that the year was run;
He thought it was the longest year
That was since he was born,
But he could not the matter mend,
For he was thereto sworn.

Yet hath the longest day his date;
For this we all do know,
Although the day be ne'er so long,
To even soon will it go.
So fell it out with her at length,
The year was now come out;
The sun, and moon, and all the stars,
Their race had run about.

Then he began to rouse himself,
And to his wife he said,
"Since that your reign is at an end,
Now know me for your head."
But she that had borne sway so long
Would not be under brought,
But still her tongue on pattens ran,
Though many blows she caught.

He bet her back, he bet her side,
He bet her black and blue;
But for all this she would not mend,
But worse and worse she grew.
When that he saw she would not mend,
Another way wrought he;
He mewed her up as men mew hawks,
Where no light she could see.

And kept her without meat or drink
For four days space and more;
Yet for all this she was as ill
As e'er she was before.
When that he saw she would not mend,
Nor that she would be quiet,
Neither for strokes nor locking up,
Nor yet for want of diet,

He was almost at his wits end,
He knew not what to do ;
So that with gentleness again
He gan his wife to woo.
But she soon bad him hold his peace,
And sware it was his best,
But then he thought him of a wile
Which made him be at rest.

He told a friend or two of his
What he had in his mind ;
Who went with him into his house,
And when they all had dined,
“ Good wife,” quoth he, “ these friends of mine
Come hither for your good ;
There lies a vein under your tongue,
Must now be letten blood.”

Then she began to use her terms,
And railéd at them fast ;
Yet bound they her for all her strength
Unto a post at last,
And let her blood under the tongue,
And tho’ she bled full sore,
Yet did she rail at them as fast
As e’er she railéd before.

“ Well, then,” quoth he, “ the fault I see,
She hath it from her mother ;
It is her teeth infects her tongue,
And it can be no other ;
And since I now do know the cause,
Whatsoever to me befall,
I’ll pluck her teeth out of her tongue,
Perhaps her tongue and all.”

And with a pair of pincers strong
He pluckt a great tooth out,
And for to plucke another thence
He quickly went about.
But then she held up both her hands
And did for mercy pray,
Protesting that against his will
She would not do nor say,

Whereat her husband was right glad,
 That she had changed her mind,
 For from that time unto her death
 She proved both good and kind.
 Then did he take her from the post,
 And did unbind her then ;
 I would all shrews were served thus;
 All good wives say Amen.



THE HIREMAN CHIEL.

From "Scarce Ancient Ballads," p. 17. The same in Buchan, ii. 109, "The Baron turned Ploughman."

THERE was a knight, a baron bright,
 A bauld baron was he,
 And he had only but one son,
 A comely youth to see.

He's brought him at schools nine,
 So has he at schools ten,
 But the boy learn'd to haud the plow
 Among his father's men.

But it fell ance upon a day
 The bauld baron did say,
 "My son you maun gae court a wife,
 And ane o' high degree.

"Ye have lands, woods, rents, and bouirs,
 Castles and towers three ;
 Then go my son and seek some dame
 To share that gift wi' thee."

"Yes, I have lands and woods, father,
 Castles and towers three ;
 But what if she like my lands and rents
 Far more than she loves me ?

"But I will go and seek a wife
 That weel can please mine ee,
 And I sall fairly try her love
 Before she gang wi' me."

He then took off the scarlet coat,
Bedeck'd wi' shinin' gold,
And has put on the hireman's coat,
To keep him frae the cold.

He then laid past the studded sword,
That he could bravely draw,
And he's gone skipping down the stair,
Swift as the bird that flew.

He took a stick into his hand,
Which he could bravely wield,
And he's gane whistling o'er the lan',
Like a young hireman chiel.

And* he gaed up yon high high hill,
And low down i' the glen,
And there he saw a gay castle,
Wi' turrets nine or ten.

And he has gone on, and farther on,
Till to the yett drew he,
And there he saw a lady fair,
That pleas'd the young man's ee.

He went straight to the greive's chamber,
And with humilitie,
Said, "Have ye any kind of work
For a hireman chiel like me?"

"What is the work that ye intend,
Or how can we agree?
Can ye plow, reap, and sow the corn,
And a' for meat and fee?"

"Yes, I can plow, and reap, and mow,
And sow the corn too;
I can weel manage horse and cow,
And a' for meat and fee."

"If ye can haud the plow right weel,
And sow the corn too,
By faith and troth, my hireman chiel,
We shall not part for fee."

He's put his hand in his pocket,
And ta'en out shillings nine;
Says, "Take ye that, my hireman chiel,
And turn in here and dine."

He acted all he took in hand,
His master lov'd him weel,
And the young lady of the land
Fell in love wi' the hireman chiel.

How oft she tried to drown the flame,
And oft wept bitterlie;
But still she lov'd the hireman chiel,
So well's he pleas'd her ee.

She has written a broad letter,
And seal'd it wi' her hand,
And dropt it at the stable-door,
Where the young man did stand.

"I am in love, my hireman chiel,
I'm deep in love wi' thee;
And if ye think me worth your love,
I' the garden green meet me."

When he had read the letter o'er,
A loud loud laugh gae he;
Said, "If I manage my business well,
I'm sure to get my fee."

At night they met behind a tree,
Low in the garden green,
To tell their tale among the flowers,
And view the e'ening scene.

Next morning by the rising sun,
She, with her Maries* fair,
Walk'd to the fields to see the plow,
And meet the hireman there.

"Good morn, good morn, my lady gay,
I wonder much at you,
To rise so early in the morn,
While fields are wet wi' dew,
To hear the linnets on the thorn,
And see the plow-boy plow."

* Maids.

“ But I wonder much at you, young man,
I wonder much at you,
That ye no other station have
Than hold my father's plow.”

“ I love as weel to rise each morn
As ye can your Maries fair ;
I love as weel to hold the plow
As I were your father's heir.

“ If ye love me, as ye protest,
And I trust weel ye do,
The morn's night, at eight o'clock,
In gude green wood meet me.”

“ Yes, I love you, my hireman chiel,
And that most tenderlie,
But when my virgin honor's gone,
I soon will slighted be.”

“ Take ye no dread, my lady gay,
Lat a' your folly be ;
If ye come a maiden to green wood,
You'll return the same for me.”

The lady she went home again
Wi' a Mary on every hand ;
She was so very sick in love,
She could not sit nor stand.

It was a dark and cloudy night,
No stars beam'd o'er the lea,
When the lady and the hireman met
Beneath a spreading tree.

He took the lady in his arms,
Embraced her tenderlie,
And thrice he kiss'd her rosy lips
Under the green wood tree.

“ Haud off your hands, young man, I pray ;
I wonder much at thee ;
The man that holds my father's plow,
To lay his hands on me.”

"No harm I mean, my winsome dame,
No impudence at a';
I never laid a hand on you
Till your libertie I saw."

"It is a dark and dismal night,
The dew is falling down;
I will go home, least I should spoil
My cap and satin gown."

"If you are wearied so soon,
Why did ye tryst me here?"
"I would not weary with you, my dear,
Tho' this night were a year."

When morning beams began to peep
Among the branches green,
The lovers rose, and part to meet,
And tell their tale again.

"Ye will go home unto the plow,
Where often ye-hae been;
I'll tak my mantle folded up,
And walk i' the garden green.

"The baron and my mother dear
Will wonder what I mean;
They'll think I've been disturbed sair,
When I am up so soon."

But this pass'd on, and farther on,
For two months and a day,
Till word came to the bauld baron,
And an angry man was he.

The baron swore a solemn oath,
An angry man was he,
"The morn, before I eat or drink,
High hanged shall he be."

"Farewell, my lovely maiden fair,
A long adieu to thee;
Your father's sworn a solemn swear
That hanged I shall be."

"O woe's me," the lady said,
"Yet do not troubled be;
If e'er they touch the hair on thy head,
They'll get no good of me."

He turn'd him right and round about,
And a loud loud laugh gae he;
"That man stood never in the court
That dare this day hang me."

The lady spake from her bouir door,
An angry woman was she;
"What insolence in you to tryst
Her to the green wood tree."

"If she had not given her consent,
She had not gone wi' me;
If she came a maiden to green wood,
She return'd again for me."

He turn'd him right and round about,
And a loud loud laugh gae he;
"Ye may wed your daughter whan ye will,
She's none the worse for me."

He has gone whistling o'er the knowe,
Swift as the bird that flaw;
The lady stood in her bouir door,
And lout the salt tears fa.

But this pass'd on, and further on,
A twelve month and a day,
Till there came a knight and a baron bright
To woo this lady gay.

He soon gam'd the baron's will,
Likewise the mother gay;
He woo'd and won the lady's love,
But by a slow degree.

"O weel befa' you, daughter dear,
And happy may ye be,
To lay your love on the grand knight,
And let the hireman be."

“ O haud your tongue, my father dear,
And speak not so to me ;
Far more I love the hireman chiel
Than a' the knights I see.”

The morn was come, and bells were rung,
And all to church repair ;
But like the rose among the throng
Was the lady and her Maries fair.

But as they walked o'er the field,
Among the flowers fair,
Beneath a tree stood on the plain,
The hireman chiel was there.

“ I wish you joy, my gay madam,
And aye well may ye be ;
There is a ring, a pledge of love,
That ance I got from thee.”

“ O wae befa' ye, you hireman chiel,
Some ill death may ye dee ;
Ye might hae tauld to me your name,
Your hame, or what countrie.”

“ If ye luve me, my lady gay,
As ye protest ye do,
Then turn your love from this gay knight,
And reach your hand to me.”

Then out spake the gay baron,
And an angry man was he ;
“ If I had known she was belov'd,
She had never been lov'd by me.”

When she was set on high horse-back,
And riding thro' the glen,
They saw her father posting quick,
With fifty armed men.

“ Do for yourself, my hireman lad,
And for your safety flee ;
My father he will take me back,
But married I'll never be,”

When they were up yon rising hill
There low down i' the glen,
He saw his father's gilded coach,
Wi' five hundred gentlemen.

"Come back, turn back, my hireman chiel,
Turn back and speak wi' me;
Ye've serv'd me lang for the lady's sake,
Come back, and get your fee."

"Your blessing give us instantly,
Is all we crave o' thee;
These seven years I've serv'd for her sake,
But now I'm paid my fee,"

HYNDE HORN.

[This ballad is supposed to be a mutilated portion of the ancient English metrical romance of "King Horn," or "Horn Childe and Maiden Rymenild." There are three original versions printed, those of Buchan, Kinloch, and Motherwell: the former is the best. The subjoined is the result of a collation of the three.]

"HYNDE Horn fair, and Hynde Horn free,
O where were you born, in what countrie?"
"In the gude greenwood there was I born,
And all my friends left me forlorn,

"O seven years I served the king,
And as for wages I never gat nane;
But ae sight o' his daughter fair,
And that was thro' an augre bore.

"I gied to her a silver wand,
'Twas to rule owre a' Scotland,
And she gae me a gay gold ring,
That was to rule abune a' thing.

"As lang's this ring it keeps the hue,
Ye'll know I am a lover true;
But when the ring turns pale and wan,
Ye'll know I love anither man."

He hoist up sails, and awa' sailed he,
And sailed into a far countrie;
And when he looked his ring, upon
He knew she loved anither man,

He hoist up sails, and hame cam' he,
Hame unto his ain countrie;
The first he met on his own land,
It chanced to be a beggar man.

"What news, what news, my gude auld man?
What news hae you by sea or land?"
"Nae news, nae news," the puir man did say,
"But this is our queen's wedding day."

"Will ye lend me your begging weed,
And I'll lend you my riding steed?"
"My begging weed will ill suit thee,
Your riding steed will ill suit me."

But part by right, and part by wrang,
Frae the beggar man the cloak he wan.
"Auld man, come tell to me your leed,
What news ye gie when ye beg your breid."

"As ye walk up unto the hill,
Your pike-staff ye will bend ye till,
But when ye come near by the yett,
Straight to them ye will upstep.

"Tak nane frae Peter nor frae Paul;
Nane frae high or low o' them all;
And frae them all ye will tak nane,
Until it comes frae the bride's ain hand."

As he gaed up unto the hill,
His pike-staff he did bend him till;
And when he cam' near by the yett,
Straight to them he did upstep.

He asked for the sake o' Peter and Poule,
An awmous for the beggar's cowl;
But awmous took he nane beside,
Till he gat it frae the bonnie bride.

He took nane frae Peter nor frae Paul,
Nane frae the high nor low o' them all;
And frae them all he wad tak nane,
Until it cam frae the bride's ain hand.

The bride cam' tripping down the stair,
The kaims o' red gowd in her hair;
A cup o' red wine in her han',
And that she gaed to the beggar-man.

Out o' the eup he drank the wine,
And into the cup he dropp'd the ring,
" Gat ye't by sea or gat ye't by land,
Or gat ye't frae a drowned man's hand?"

" I gat it not by sea nor by land,
Not gat I it on a drowned man's hand;
But I gat it at my wooing gay,
And I'll gie't you on your wedding-day!"

" I'll tak' the red gowd frae my head,
I'll follow you and beg my bread;
I'll tak' the red gowd frae my hair,
And follow you for evermair!"

" Keep on, keep on your kaims," he said,
" You needna tak' them frae your head;"
Then down he loot his cloutie cloak fa',
And the red gowd shone owre him a'.

He loot his cloutie cloak down fa',
And the red gowd shone owre him a'.
The bridegroom thought he had her wed,
But young Hynde Horn took her to bed.

HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL.

[The story on which this beautiful ballad is founded is thus related by Sir Walter Scott:—

"A lady of the name of Helen Irving or Bell (for this is disputed by the two clans), daughter of the laird of Kirkconnell, in Dumfriesshire, and celebrated for her beauty, was beloved by two gentlemen in the neighbourhood. The name of the favoured suitor was Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick; that of the other has escaped tradition, although it has been alleged that he was a Bell of Blacker-house. The addresses of the latter were, however, favoured by the friends of the lady, and the lovers were therefore obliged to meet in secret, and by night, in the churchyard of Kirkconnell, a romantic spot surrounded by the river Kirtle. During one of these private interviews, the jealous and despised lover suddenly appeared on the opposite bank of the stream, and levelled his carbine at the breast of his rival. Helen threw herself before her lover. received in her

bosom the bullet, and died in his arms. A desperate and mortal combat ensued between Fleming and the murderer, in which the latter was cut to pieces."

The graves of the lovers are still shown in the churchyard of Kirkconnell.

Sir Walter's version of this ballad, which he entitles "Fair Helen," consists of two parts. He expresses doubts as to the connexion between the first and second part, on account of the manifest inferiority of the former. As the verses of the first part are possessed of considerable merit, they are quoted here:—

"O sweetest sweet, and fairest fair,
Of truth and worth beyond compare,
Thou art the causer of my care
Since first I lovèd thee!

"Yet God hath given to me a mind,
The which to thee shall prove as kind,
As any one that thou shalt find,
Of high or low degree.

"The shallowest water makes maist din,
The dearest pool the deepest linn;
The richest man least truth within,
Though he preferrèd be.

"Yet nevertheless I am content,
And never a whit my love repent,
But think the time be a' weel spent,
Though I disdainèd be.

"O Helen sweet, and maist complete,
My captive spirit's at thy feet,
Think thou still fit thus for to treat
Thy captive cruelly?

"O Helen brave, but this I crave,
Some pity have of thy poor slave,
And do him save that's near his grave,
And dies for love of thee!"

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen* dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think ye na my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spake nae mair!
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

* Maid Helen.

As I went down the water side,
 None but my foe to be my guide,
 None but my foe to be my guide,
 On fair Kirkconnell lee—

I lighted down, my sword did draw,
 I hackèd him in pieces sma',
 I hackèd him in pieces sma',
 For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
 I'll weave a garland of thy hair
 Shall bind my heart for evermair,
 Until the day I dee!

O that I were where Helen lies!
 Night and day on me she cries;
 Out of my bed she bids me rise,
 Says, "Haste, and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
 Were I with thee I would be blest,
 Where thou lies low and takes thy rest,
 On fair Kirkconnell lee.

I wish my grave were growing green;
 A winding-sheet drawn o'er my een,
 And I in Helen's arms lying
 On fair Kirkconnell lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
 Night and day on me she cries,
 And I am weary of the skies,
 For her sake that died for me!



TAMLANE.

[The following version of this ballad is derived mainly from "The Minstrely," a good many verses, undoubtedly modern, being left out, although I have not ventured to delete so many verses on this plea as some of my predecessors have done. The scene of the ballad is in Selkirkshire, and it is undoubtedly ancient, being mentioned in the "Complaynt of Scotland," printed in 1549:—]

"O I FORBID ye, maidens a',
 That wear gowd on your hair,
 To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
 For young Tamlane is there."

But up then spak her, fair Janet,
 The fairest o' a' her kin;
 "I'll come and gang to Carterhaugh,
 And ask nae leave o' him."

She has kilted her green kirtle
 A little abune her knee;
 And she has braided her yellow hair
 A little abune her bree.

She has prink'd hersel, and preen'd
 hersel,
 By the ae light o' the moon,
 And she's awa' to Carterhaugh,
 To speak wi' young Tamlane.

And when she cam to Carterhaugh,
 She gaed beside the well,
 And there she fand his steed standing,
 But he wasna there himsel.

She hadna pu'd a red red rose,
 A rose but barely three,
 When up and starts a wee, wee man
 At Lady Janet's knee!

Says, "Why pu' ye the rose, Janet?
 What gars ye break the tree?
 Or why come ye to Carterhaugh,
 Withouten leave o' me?"

Says, "Carterhaugh it is mine ain;
 My daddie gave it me;
 I'll come and gang to Carterhaugh,
 And ask nae leave o' thee."

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
 Among the leaves sae green;
 And sair and meikle was the love
 That fell the twa between.

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
 Among the roses red;
 And they hae vow'd a solemn vow
 Ilk ither for to wed.

"The truth ye'll tell to me, Tamlane,
 A word ye maunna lee;
 Gin e'er ye was in haly chapel,
 Or sained* in Christentie!"

"The truth I'll tell to thee, Janet,
 A word I winna lee;
 I was ta'en to the good church-door,
 And sained as well as thee.

"Randolph, Earl Murray, was my sire,
 Dunbar, Earl March, was thine;
 We loved when we were children small,
 Which yet you well may mind.

"When I was a boy just turn'd of nine,
 My uncle sent for me,
 To hunt, and hawk, and ride wi' him,
 And keep him companie.

"There came a wind out of the north,
 A sharp wind and a snell,
 And a dead sleep came over me,
 And frae my horse I fell;
 The Queen o' Fairies keppit me,
 In yon green hill to dwell.

"And I would never tire, Janet,
 In fairy-land to dwell;
 But aye, at ilka seven years,
 They pay the teind to hell;
 And I'm sae fat and fair o' flesh,
 I fear 'twill be mysel!

"This night is Hallowe'en, Janet,
 The morn is Hallowday,
 And gin ye dare your true love win,
 Ye hae nae time to stay.

"The night it is good Hallowe'en,
 When fairy folk will ride,
 And she that wad her true love win;
 At Miles Cross she maun bide.

"And ye maun gae to the Miles Cross,
 Between twal hours and one,
 Tak haly water in your hand,
 And cast a compass roun'."

"And how shall I thee ken, Tamlane?
And how shall I thee know,
Amang sae many unearthly knights,
The like I never saw?"

"The first company that passes by,
Sae na, and let them gae;
The neist company that passes by,
Say na, and do right sae;
The third company that passes by,
Then I'll be ane o' thae.

"For I ride on the milk-white steed,
Wi' a gold star in my crown;
Because I was a christen'd knight,
They gie me that renown.

"First let pass the black, Janet,
And syne let pass the brown,
But grip ye to the milk-white steed,
And pu' the rider down.

"My right hand will be gloved, Janet,
My left hand will be bare;
And these the tokens I gie thee,
Nae doubt I will be there.

"They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and a snake;
But haud me fast, let me not pass.
Gin ye would be my maik.*

"They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
An adder and an aske;†
They'll turn me in your arms, Janet,
A bale that burns fast

"They'll shape me in your arms, Janet.
A dove, but and a swan:
And last they'll shape me in your arms
A mother-naked man:
Cast your green mantle over me—
I'll be mysel again."

Gloomy, gloomy was the night,
And eerie was the way,
As fair Janet, in her green mantle,
To Miles Cross she did gae.

There's haly water in her hand,
She cast a compass round;
And straight she sees a fairy band
Come riding o'er the mound.

And first gaed by the black, black steed,
And then gaed by the brown;
But fast she gript the milk-white steed,
And pu'd the rider down.

She pu'd him frae the milk-white steed,
And loot the bridle fa';
And up there raise an elish‡ cry;
"He's won amang us a'!"

They shaped him in fair Janet's arms
An aske, but and an adder;
She held him fast in every shape,
To be her ain true lover.

They shaped him in her arms at last
A mother-naked man,
She cuist§ her mantle over him,
And sae her true love wan.

Up then spak the Queen o' Fairies,
Out o' a bush o' broom:
"She that has borrow'd young Tamlane,
Has gotten a stately groom!"

Up then spak the Queen o' Fairies,
Out o' a bush o' rye:
"She's ta'en away the bonniest knight
In a' my companie!"

"But had I kenn'd, Tamlane," she says,
"A lady wad borrow thee,
I wad hae ta'en out thy twa gray een,
Put in twa een o' tree!"

* Sweetheart; wife.

† Newt.

‡ Unearthly.

§ Threw.

"Had I but kenn'd, Tamlane," she says,
 "Before ye cam frae hame,
 I wad ta'en out your heart o' flesh,
 Put in a heart o' stane!

"Had I but had the wit yestreen
 That I hae coft* this day,
 I'd paid my kane seven times to hell,
 Ere you'd been won away!"

KINMONT WILLIE.

[The incidents on which this ballad are founded occurred in 1596. The hero of the ballad was William Armstrong of Kinmonth, a descendant of the famous John Armstrong of Gilnockie, and his capture was in open violation of a truce then existing between the two wardens. The "fause Sakelde" was Mr. Salkeld of Corby Castle, the deputy of the English warden, Lord Scroope. The main incidents of the ballad agree with the historical account of the raid. The number of men at the disposal of the Scottish warden is, with pardonable pride, understated. It was two hundred men, and not—

"Twenty Scots and ten,
 That put a thousand in sic a steer."

And it was only in the minstrel's humorous verse that Salkeld fell a victim to Dickie o' Dryhope's want o' lear.

Queen Elizabeth was indignant at the bold and successful exploit, and Buccleuch was sent to England as a hostage, and, according to ancient family traditions, was presented to the queen, who demanded of him how he "dared to undertake an enterprise so desperate and presumptuous?" "What is it," answered the undaunted chieftain, "that a man dares not do?" Struck with the reply, Elizabeth turned to a lord-in-waiting, and said, "With ten thousand such men, our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne of Europe."]

O HAE ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?
 O hae ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroop?
 How they hae ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
 On Hairibee† to hang him up?

Had Willie had but twenty men,
 But twenty men as stout as he,
 Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
 Wi' aucht score in his companie!

They band his legs beneath the steed,
 They tied his hands behind his back;
 They guarded him fivesome on each side,
 And brocht him owre the Liddell rack.‡

* Bought.

† The hill on which criminals were executed,
 ‡ A ford on the Liddell.

They led him owre the Liddell rack,
 And also through the Carlisle sands;
 They brocht him to Carlisle castle,
 To be at my Lord Scroop's commands.

"My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
 And wha will daur this deed avow,
 Or answer by the Border law,
 Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?"

"Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
 There's never a Scot shall set ye free:
 Afore that ye cross my castle yett,
 I trow ye shall tak fareweel o' me!"

"Fear ye na that, my lord!" quo' Willie,
 "By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroop," he said,
 'I never yet lodged in a hostellerie,
 But I paid my lawing* afore I gaed!"

Now word has gane to the bauld Keeper,
 In Branksome Ha' where that he lay,
 That they hae ta'en the Kinmont Willie,
 Between the hours o' nicht and day.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
 He garr'd the red wine spring on hie—
 "Now Christ's curse on my head," he cried,
 "But avenged on Lord Scroop I'll be!"

"O is my basnet† a widow's curch?‡
 Or my lance a wand o' the willow tree?
 Or my arm a lady's lily hand,
 That an English lord should lichtly§ me?"

'And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
 Against the truce o' Border tide,
 And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
 Is Keeper here on the Scottish side?"

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
 Withouten either dread or fear,
 And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
 Can back a steed or shake a spear?"

* Reckoning.

† Helmet.

‡ Coif.

§ Slight; make light of.

“O were there war between the lands,
 As weel I wot that there is nane,
 I wad slight Carlisle castle hie,
 Though it were bulded o’ marble stane!

“I wad set that castle in a low,
 And slocken it wi’ English blood;
 There’s never a man in Cumberland
 Should ken where Carlisle castle stood!

“But since nae war’s between the lands,
 And there is peace, and peace should be,
 I’ll neither harm English lad nor lass,
 And yet the Kinnmont freed shall be!”

He has call’d him forty marchmen stout,
 Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch;
 Wi’ spur on heel, and splent on spauld,*
 And gloves o’ green, and feathers blue.

There were five and five before them a’,
 Wi’ hunting horns and bugles bright;
 And five and five cam wi’ Buccleuch,
 Like Warden’s men array’d for fight.

And five and five like a mason gang,
 That carried ladders lang and hie;
 And five and five like broken men,
 And so they reach’d the Woodhouselee.

And as we cross’d the ’bateable land,
 When to the English side we held,
 The first o’ men that we met wi’,
 Wha suld it be but the fause Sakelde?

“Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?”
 Quo’ fause Sakelde, “come tell to me!”

“We gang to hunt an English stag,
 Has trespass’d on the Scots countrie.

“Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men?”
 Quo’ fause Sakelde, “come tell me true!”
 “We gang to catch a rank reiver,
 Has broken faith wi’ the bauld Buccleuch.”

* Armour on the shoulder.

“Where be ye gaun, ye mason lads,
 Wi’ a’ your ladders lang and hie?”
 “We gang to herry a corbie’s nest,
 That wons na far frae the Woodhouselee.”

“Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?”
 Quo’ fause Sakelde, “come tell to me!”
 Now Dickie o’ Dryhope led that band,
 And the never a word o’ lear had he.

“Why trespass ye on the English side?
 Row-footed outlaws, stand!” quo’ he:
 The never a word had Dickie to say,
 Sae he thrust his lance through his fause bodie!

Then on we held for Carlisle town,
 And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we cross’d;
 The water was great and meikle o’ spait,
 But the never a man nor horse we lost.

And when we reach’d the Staneshaw-bank,
 The wind was rising loud and hie,
 And there the laird garr’d leave our naigs,
 For fear that they should stamp and nie.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
 The wind began full loud to blaw;
 But ’twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
 When we cam beneath the castle wa’.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,
 Till we placed the ladders again’ the wa’,
 And sac ready was Buccleuch himsel
 To mount the first before us a’.

He has ta’en the watchman by the throat,
 He flung him down upon the lead—
 “Had there not been peace between our land,
 Upon the other side thou’dst gae!”

“Now sound out trumpets!” quo’ Buccleuch,
 “Let’s waken Lord Scroop right merrilie!”
 Then loud the Warden’s trumpet blew—
*O wha daur meddle wi’ me?**

* The name of a Border tune.

Then speedily to work we gaed,
 And raised the slogan ane and a',
 And cut a hole through a sheet o' lead,
 And sae we wan to the castle ha'.

They thocht King James and a' his men
 Had won the house wi' bow and spear;
 It was but twenty Scots and ten,
 That put a thousand in sic a steer!*

Wi' coulter and wi' fore-hammers,
 We garr'd the bars bang merrilie,
 Until we cam to the inner prison,
 Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

And when we cam to the inner prison,
 Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie—
 "O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
 Upon the morn that thou's to die?"

"O I sleep saft, and I wake aft,
 It's lang sin' sleeping was fley'd† frae me!
 Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
 And a' gude fellows that speir‡ for me."

Then Red Rowan has hent§ him up,
 The starkest man in Teviotdale—
 "Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
 Till o' Lord Scroop I tak fareweel.

"Fareweel, fareweel, my gude Lord Scroop!
 My gude Lord Scroop, fareweel!" he cried;
 "I'll pay ye for my lodging maill,||
 When neist we meet on the Border side!"

Then shoulder high, wi' shout and cry,
 We bore him down the ladder lang,
 At every stride Red Rowan made,
 I wot the Kinmont's airs play'd clang!

"O mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
 "I've ridden a horse baith wild and wud,
 But a rougher beast than Red Rowan,
 I ween my legs hae ne'er bestrode!"

* Stir.

† Frightened.

‡ Inquire.

§ Lifted.

|| Rent.

“ And mony a time,” quo’ Kinnmont Willie,
 “ I’ve prick’d a horse out owre the furs ;*
 But sin’ the day I back’d a steed,
 I never wore sic cumbrous spurs !”

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
 When a’ the Carlisle bells were rung,
 And a thousand men, in horse and foot,
 Cam wi’ the keen Lord Scroop along.

Buccleuch has turn’d to Eden water,
 Even where it flow’d frae bank to brim,
 And he has plunged in wi’ a’ his band,
 And safely swam them through the stream.

He turn’d him on the further side,
 And at Lord Scroop his glove flung he—
 “ An ye like na my visit in merry England,
 In fair Scotland come visit me !”

All sore astonished stood Lord Scroop,
 He stood as still as rock o’ stane ;
 He scarcely daured to trew† his eyes,
 When through the water they had gane.

“ He is either himsel a devil frae hell,
 Or else his mither a witch maun be ;
 I wadna hae ridden that wan water
 For a’ the gowd in Christentie !”

GRÆME AND BEWICK.

[The following, with a slight variation from a Newcastle chap-copy, is from “The Minstrelsy.” Sir Walter says :—

“ Given in the first edition, from the recitation of a gentleman, who professed to have forgotten some verses. These have, in the present edition, been partly restored, from a copy obtained by the recitation of an ostler in Carlisle, which has also furnished some slight alterations.

“ The ballad is remarkable, as containing probably the very latest allusion to the institution of brotherhood in arms, which was held so sacred in the days of chivalry, and whose origin may be traced up to the Scythian ancestors of Odin. The first two lines of verse four are introduced to fill up a hiatus.”]

GUDE Lord Græme is to Carlisle gane,
 Sir Robert Bewick there met he,
 And arm in arm to the wine they did go,
 And they drank till they were baith merrie.

* Furrows.

† Believe.

Gude Lord Græme has ta'en up the cup,
"Sir Robert Bewick, and here's to thee!
And here's to our twa sons at hame!
For they like us best in our ain countrie."—

"O were your son a lad like mine,
And learn'd some books that he could read,
They might hae been twa brethren bauld,
And they might hae bragged the Border side.

"Yet will I drink to our twa sons at hame,
For they like us best in our ain countrie;
But your son's a lad, and he is but bad,
And billie to my son he canna be."

"I sent him to the schools, and he wadna learn;
I bought him books, and he wadna read;
But my blessing shall he never earn,
Till I see how his arm can defend his head."—

Gude Lord Græme has a reckoning called,
A reckoning then called he;
And he paid a crown, and it went roun',
It was all for the gude wine and free.

And he has to the stable gane,
Where there stude thirty steeds and three;
He's ta'en his ain horse amang them a',
And hame he rade sae manfullie.

"Welcome, my auld father!" said Christie Græme,
"But where sae lang fra hame were ye?"—
"It's I hae been at Carlisle town,
And a baffled man by thee I be.

"I hae been at Carlisle town,
Where Sir Robert Bewick he met me;
He says ye're a lad, and ye are but bad,
And billie to his son ye canna be.

"I sent ye to the schools, and ye wadna learn;
I bought ye books, and ye wadna read;
Therefore my blessing ye shall never earn,
Till I see with Bewick thou save thy head."

“Now, God forbid, my auld father,
That ever sic a thing sud be!
Billie Bewick was my master, and I was his scholar,
And aye sae weel as he learned me.”

“O hand thy tongue, thou limmer loon,
And of thy talking let me be!
If thou does na end me this quarrel soon,
There is my glove, I’ll fight wi’ thee.”

Then Christie Græme he stooped low
Unto the ground, you shall understand;—
“O father, put on your glove again,
The wind has blown it from your hand?”

“What’s that thou says, thou limmer loon?
How dares thou stand to speak to me?
If thou do not end this quarrel soon,
There’s my right hand thou shalt fight with me.”—

Then Christie Græme’s to his chamber gane,
To consider weel what then should be;
Whether he should fight with his auld father,
Or with his billie Bewick, he.

“If I sud kill my billie dear,
God’s blessing I shall never win;
But if I strike at my auld father,
I think ’twad be a mortal sin.

“But if I kill my billie dear,
It is God’s will, so let it be;
But I make a vow, ere I gang frae hame,
That I shall be the next man’s dee.”*—

Then he’s pnt on’s back a gude auld jack,
And on his head a cap of steel,
And sword and buckler by his side;
O gin he did not become them weel!

We’ll leave off talking of Christie Græme,
And talk of him again belive;
And we will talk of bonny Bewick,
Where he was teaching his scholars five.

* I shall be the next man to die.

When he had taught them well to fence,
 And handle swords without any doubt,
 He took his sword under his arm,
 And he walk'd his father's close about.

He looked atween him and the sun,
 And a' to see what there might be,
 Till he spied a man in armour bright,
 Was riding that way most hastilie.

"O wha is yon, that came this way,
 Sae hastilie that hither came?
 I think it be my brother dear,
 I think it be young Christie Græme.

"Ye're welcome here, my billie dear,
 And thrice ye're welcome unto me!"—
 "But I'm wae to say, I've seen the day,
 When I am come to fight wi' thee.

"My father's gane to Carlisle town,
 Wi' your father Bewick there met he:
 He says I'm a lad, and I am but bad,
 And a baffled man I trow I be.

"He sent me to schools, and I wadna learn;
 He gae me books, and I wadna read;
 Sae my father's blessing I'll never earn,
 Till he see how my arm can guard my head."

"O God forbid, my billie dear,
 That ever such a thing sud be!
 We'll take three men on either side,
 And see if we can our fathers agree."

"O haud thy tongue, now, billie Bewick,
 And of thy talking let me be!
 But if thou'rt a man, as I'm sure thou art,
 Come owre the dyke, and fight wi' me."

"But I hae nae harness, billie, on my back,
 As weel I see there is on thine."—
 "But as little harness as is on thy back,
 As little, billie, shall be on mine."

Then he's thrown off his coat o' mail,
 His cap of steel awa flung he ;
 He stuck his spear into the ground,
 And he tied his horse unto a tree.

Then Bewick has thrown aff his cloak,
 And's psalter-book frae's hand flung he ;
 He laid his hand upon the dyke,
 And ower he lap most manfullie.

O they hae fought for twa lang hours ;
 When twa lang hours were come and gane,
 The sweat drapp'd fast frae aff them baith,
 But a drap of blude could not be seen.

Till Græme gae Bewick an akward stroke,
 An akward stroke strucken sickerlie ;
 He has hit him under the left breast,
 And dead-wounded to the ground fell he.

" Rise up, rise up, now, billie dear,
 Arise and speak three words to me !
 Whether thou's gotten thy deadly wound,
 Or if God and good leeching may succour thee ?"

" O horse, O horse, now, billie Græme,
 And get thee far from hence with speed ;
 And get thee out of this country,
 That none may know who has done the deed."—

" O I have slain thee, billie Bewick,
 If this be true thou tellest to me ;
 But I made a vow, ere I cam frae hame,
 That aye the next man I wad be."

He has pitch'd his sword in a moodie-hill,*
 And he has leap'd twenty lang feet and three,
 And on his ain sword's point he lap,
 And dead upon the ground fell he.

'Twas then came up Sir Robert Bewick,
 And his brave son alive saw he ;
 " Rise up, rise up, my son," he said,
 " For I think ye hae gotten the victorie."

* A mole-hill—Scottice, *moudhewart's hill*.

“ O haud your tongue, my father dear,
 Of your pridefu’ talking let me be!
 Ye might hae drunken your wine in peace,
 And let me and my billie be.

“ Gae dig a grave, baith wide and deep,
 And a grave to haud baith him and me;
 But lay Christie Græme on the sunny side,
 For I’m sure he wan the victorie.”

“ Alack! a wae!” auld Bewick cried,
 “ Alack! was I not much to blame?
 I’m sure I’ve lost the liveliest lad
 That e’er was born unto my name.”

“ Alack! a wae!” quo’ gude Lord Græme,
 “ I’m sure I hae lost the deeper lack!
 I durst hae ridden the Border through,
 Had Christie Græme been at my back.

“ Had I been led through Liddesdale,
 And thirty horsemen guarding me,
 And Christie Græme been at my back,
 Sae soon as he had set me free!

“ I’ve lost my hopes, I’ve lost my joy,
 I’ve lost the key but and the lock;
 I durst hae ridden the world round,
 Had Christie Græme been at my back.”



THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL.

[Professor Aytoun has given in his collection the version from the “Border Minstrelsy,” with the addition of two verses from Mr. Robert Chambers’s version of “The Two Clerks of Owsenford,” of which ballad he assumes “The Wife of Usher’s Well” to form a part, having heard them recited as one ballad by an aged relative. Professor Aytoun, very justly I think, declines to receive this as evidence, attributing their conjunction to the habit of the reciters, who frequently mixed up one narrative with another. I have ventured to draw more largely on Mr. Chambers’s copy than the Professor has done, as I think to the improvement of the ballad.]

THERE lived a wife at Usher’s Well,
 And a wealthy wife was she;
 She had twa stout and stalwart sons,
 And she sent them owre the sea.

They hadna been a week frae her,
 A week but barely aye,
 When word cam to the carline wife
 That her twa sons were gane.

They hadna been a week frae her,
 A week but barely three,
 Whan word cam to the carline wife
 That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
 Nor freshes in the flood,
 Till my twa sons come hame to me
 In earthly flesh and blood!"

The hallow days o' yule were come,
 And the nights were lang and mirk,
 When in and cam her ain twa sons,
 And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
 Nor yet in ony sheugh;
 But at the gates o' Paradise,
 That birk grew fair eneugh.

"Blaw up the fire, now, maidens mine,
 Bring water frae the well!
 For a' my house shall feast this nicht,
 Since my twa sons are well.

"Oh, eat and drink my merry men;
 The better shall ye fare,
 For my twa sons they are cum hame
 To me for ever mair."

And she has gane and made the bed,
 She's made it saft and fine;
 And she's happit them in her gray mantle,
 Because they were her ain.

But the young cock crew in the merry linkum,*
 And the wild fowl chirped for day;
 And the aulder to the younger said,
 "Brither, we maun away.

* This is obscure: may it not be a corrupted spelling of a phrase denoting the dawn?

“The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
 The channerin’* worm doth chide;
 Gin we be missed out o’ our place,
 A sair pain we maun bide.”

“Lie still, lie still but a little wee while,
 Lie still but if we may;
 Gin my mither should miss us when she wakes,
 She’ll gae mad ere it be day.”

Oh, it’s they’ve ta’en up their mither’s mantle,
 And they’ve hung it on a pin:
 “Oh, lang may ye hing, my mither’s mantle,
 Ere ye hap us again!”

“Fare-ye-weel, my mither dear!
 Fareweel to barn and byre!
 And fare-ye-weel, the bonny lass
 That kindles my mither’s fire.”



JAMIE TELFER.

[The incidents related in this vigorous and graphic ballad took place about the middle of the sixteenth century. Sir Walter Scott presumes that the Willie Scott who was slain in the encounter with the captain of Bewcastle and his men was a natural son of the laird of Buccleuch.]

It fell about the Martinmas tyde,
 When our Border steeds get corn and hay,
 The captain of Bewcastle hath boun’ him to ride
 And he’s owre to Tividale to drive a prey.

The first ae guide that they met wi’,
 It was high up Hardhaughswire;
 The second guide that they met wi’,
 It was laigh down in Borthwickshire.

“What tidings, what tidings, my trusty guide?”
 “Nae tidings, nae tidings, I hae to thee;
 But, gin ye’ll gae to the fair Dodhead,
 Mony a cow’s calf I’ll let thee see.”

* Fretting.

And whan they cam to the fair Dodhead,
 Right hastily they clam* the peel;
 They loosed the kye out, ane and a',
 And ranshackled† the house right weel.

Now Jamie Telfer's heart was sair,
 The tear aye rowing in his e'e;
 He pled wi' the captain to hae his gear,
 Or else revenged he wad be.

The captain turned him round and leugh;
 Said—"Man, there's naething in thy house,
 But ae auld sword without a sheath,
 That hardly now wad fell a mouse!"

The sun was na up, but the moon was down,
 It was the gryming‡ o' a new fa'n snaw,
 Jamie Telfer has run ten miles a-foot,
 Between the Dodhead and the Stobs's Ha'.

And whan he cam to the fair tower yett,
 He shouted loud, and weel cried he,
 Till out bespak auld Gibby Elliot—
 "Wha's this that brings the fray to me?"

"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
 And a harried man I think I be!
 There's naething left at the fair Dodhead,
 But a waefu' wife and bairnies three."

"Gae seek your succour at Branksome Ha',
 For succour ye'se get nane frae me!
 Gae seek your succour where ye paid black-mail,§
 For, man! ye ne'er paid money to me."

Jamie has turned him round about,
 I wat the tear blinded his e'e—
 "I'll ne'er pay mail to Elliot again,
 And the fair Dodhead I'll never see!"

"My hounds may a' rin masterless,
 My hawks may flee frae tree to tree;
 My Lord may grip my vassal lands,
 For there again may I never be."

* Climbed.

† Ransacked.

‡ Sprinkling.

§ Money paid for protection and assistance.

He has turned him to the Tiviot side,
 E'en as fast as he could dri'e,
 Till he cam to the Contart cleugh,
 And there he shouted baith loud and hie.

Then up bespak him auld Jock Grieve—
 "Wha's this that brings the fray to me?"
 "It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
 A harried man I trow I be.

"There's naething left in the fair Dodhead,
 But a greeting wife and bairnies three,
 And sax poor calves stand i' the sta',
 A' routing loud for their minnie."*

"Alack a wae!" quo' auld Jock Grieve,
 "Alack! my heart is sair for thee!
 For I was married on the elder sister,
 And you on the youngest o' a' the three."

Then he has ta'en out a bonny black,
 Was right weel fed wi' corn and hay,
 And he's set Jamie Telfer on his back,
 To the Catslockhill to tak' the fray.

And whan he cam to the Catslockhill,
 He shouted loud and weel cried he,
 Till out and spak him William's Wat—
 "O wha's this brings the fray to me?"

"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
 A harried man I think I be!
 The captain o' Bewcastle has driven my gear;
 For God's sake rise, and succour me!"

"Alas for wae!" quo' William's Wat,
 "Alack, for thee my heart is sair!
 I never cam by the fair Dodhead,
 That ever I fand thy basket bare."

He's set his twa sons on coal-black steeds,
 Himsel' upon a freckled gray,
 And they are on wi' Jamie Telfer,
 To Branksome Ha' to tak the fray.

And whan they cam to Branksome Ha',
 They shouted a' baith loud and hie,
 Till up and spak him bauld Buccleuch,
 Said—"Wha's this brings the fray to me?"

"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
 And a harried man I think I be!
 There's nought left in the fair Dodhead,
 But a greeting wife and bairnies three."

"Alack for wae!" quoth the gude auld lord,
 "And ever my heart is wae for thee!
 But fye, gar cry on Willie, my son,
 And see that he come to me speedilie!"

"Gar warn the water, braid and wide,*
 Gar warn it soon and hastily!
 They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,
 Let them never look in the face o' me!"

"Warn Wat o' Harden, and his sons,
 Wi' them will Borthwick water ride;
 Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,
 And Gilmanscleugh, and Commonsidge."

"Ride by the gate at Priestthaughswire,
 And warn the Currors o' the Lee;
 As ye come down the Hermitage Slack,
 Warn doughty Willie o' Gorrinberry."

The Scots they rade, the Scots they ran,
 Sae starkly and sae steadilie!
 And aye the ower-word o' the thrang,
 Was—"Rise for Branksome readilie!"

The gear was driven the Frostylee up,
 Frae the Frostylee unto the plain,
 Whan Willie has looked his men before,
 And saw the kye right fast drivin'.

"Wha drives thir kye?" 'gan Willie say,
 "To mak an outspeckle† o' me?"
 "It's I, the captain o' Bewcastle, Willie;
 I winna layne‡ my name for thee."

* Warn the men who live by the river side.

† A laughingstock.

‡ Hide.

“O will ye let Telfer’s kye gae back,
 Or will ye do aught for regard o’ me?
 Or by the faith o’ my body,” quo’ Willie Scott,
 “I’se ware my dame’s calf-skin on thee!”

“I winna let the kye gae back,
 Neither for thy love, nor yet thy fear;
 But I will drive Jamie Telfer’s kye,
 In spite of every Scot that’s here.”

“Set on them, lads!” quo’ Willie than;
 “Fye, lads, set on them cruellie!
 For ere they win to the Ritterford,
 Mony a toom* saddle there sall be!”

Then till’t they gaed, wi’ heart and hand;
 The blows fell thick as bickering hail;
 And mony a horse ran masterless,
 And mony a comely cheek was pale!

But Willie was stricken ower the head,
 And through the knapsca[†] the sword has gane;
 And Harden grat for very rage,
 Whan Willie on the ground lay slain.

But he’s ta’en aff his gude steel-cap,
 And thrice he’s waved it in the air—
 The Dinlay[‡] snaw was ne’er mair white,
 Nor the lyart locks o’ Harden’s hair.

“Revenge! revenge!” auld Wat ’gan cry;
 “Fye, lads, lay on them cruellie!
 We’ll ne’er see Tiviot-side again,
 Or Willie’s death revenged shall be.”

O mony a horse ran masterless,
 The splintered lances flew on hie;
 But or they wan to the Kershope ford,
 The Scots had gotten the victory.

Jock o’ Brigham there was slain,
 And Jock o’ Barlow, as I hear say;
 And thirty mae o’ the captain’s men,
 Lay bleeding on the ground that day.

* Empty.

† Helmet.

‡ A mountain in Liddesdale.

The captain was run thro' the thick o' the thigh—
 And broken was his right leg bane!
 If he had lived this hundred year,
 He had never been loved by woman again.

"Hae back thy kye!" the captain said;
 "Dear kye, I trow, to some they be!
 For gin I should live a hundred years,
 There will ne'er fair lady smile on me."

Then word is gane to the captain's bride,
 Even in the bower where that she lay,
 That her lord was prisoner in enemy's land,
 Since to Tividale he had led the way.

"I wad loured* hae had a winding-sheet,
 And helped to put it ower his head,
 Ere he had been disgraced by the Border Scot,
 When he ower Liddel his men did lead!"

There was a wild gallant amang us a',
 His name was Watty wi' the Wudspurs,†
 Cried—"On for his house in Stanegirthside,
 If any man will ride with us!"

When they cam to the Stanegirthside,
 They dang wi' trees, and burst the door;
 They loosed out a' the captain's kye,
 And set them forth our lads before.

There was an auld wife ayont the fire,
 A wee bit o' the captain's kin—
 "Wha daur loose out the captain's kye,
 Or answer to him and his men?"

"It's I, Watty Wudspurs: loose the kye!
 I winna layne my name frae thee!
 And I will loose out the captain's kye,
 In scorn o' a' his men and he."

When they cam to the fair Dodhead,
 They were a welcum sight to see!
 For instead of his ain ten milk-kye,
 Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three.

* Rather.

† Hotspur, or Madspur.

And he has paid the rescue shot,
 Baith wi' gowd, and white monie;
 And at the burial o' Willie Scott,
 I wot was mony a weeping e'e.

LONDON LACKPENNY.

[The author of this ballad, John Lydgate, a Benedictine monk of Bury St. Edmund's, was a popular writer in his own day. He was born about the year 1375. The time of his death is unknown. Mr. Robert Bell says:—"The following ballad is curious as a record of the street cries and trades of London towards the close of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth century. The subject of which it treats was a frequent theme with the poets of the period. That the want of money pressed more heavily on the writers of songs and ballads than on most other people is probable enough; but it is evident, from the numerous allusions to the advantages and influence of wealth which abound in the current tales and satires, that poverty had a harder up-hill fight against the contumely of the world in those days than is generally supposed. A full purse, and even the possession of landed estates, was generally typified under the common designation of Penny, advanced for the purposes of the poet to the dignity of knighthood. Sir Penny was a famous character in those bantering compositions, some of which, bearing his name, describe, under the allegory of his successful adventures, the triumphant progress of riches. In Lackpenny, the Penniless of later times, we have the social antithesis to Sir Penny."]

To London once my steps I bent,
 Where truth in no wise should be faint;
 To Westminster-ward I forthwith bent,
 To a man of law to make complaint;
 I said, "For Mary's love, that holy saint!
 Pity the poor that would proceed!"
 But for lack of money I could not speed.

And as I thrust the press* among,
 By froward chance my hood was gone;
 Yet for all that I stayed not long,
 Till to the King's Bench I was come.
 Before the judge I kneeled anon,
 And prayed him for God's sake to take heed.
 But for lack of money I might not speed.

Beneath them sat clarkès a great rout,
 Which fast did write by one assent;
 There stood up one, and cried about,
 "Richard, Robert, and John of Kent."
 I wist not well what this man meant,

* Crowd.

He cried so thick there indeed ;
But he that lacked money might not speed.

Unto the common place I yodè thoo,*
Where sat one with a silken hood ;
I did him reverence for I ought to do so,
And told my ease as well as I could,
How my goods were defrauded me by falsehood.
I got not a mum of his mouth for my meed,
And for lack of money I might not speed.

Unto the Rolls I got me thence,
Before the clerks of the Chaneerÿ,
Where many I found earning of pence,
But none at all once regarded me,
I gave them my plaint upon my knee :
They liked it well when they had it read ;
But lacking money I could not be sped.

In Westminster Hall I found out one
Which went in a long gown of raye ;†
I erouehed and kneelèd before him anon,
For Mary's love, of help I him pray.
“ I wot not what thou meanest,” gan he say :
To get me thence he did me bede ;
For lack of money I could not speed.

Within this Hall, neither rich nor yet poor
Would do for me aught, although I should die ;
Which seeing, I got me out of the door,
Where Flemings began on me for to cry,
“ Master, what will you copen‡ or buy ?
Fine felt hats, or spectacles to read ?
Lay down your silver, and here you may speed.”

Then to Westminster-gate I presently went,
When the sun was at high prime ;
Cooks to me they took good intent,
And proffered me bread, with ale and wine,
Ribbs of beef, both fat and full fine.
A fair cloth they gan for to spread ;
But wanting money I might not there speed.

* I went then.

† Striped cloth.

‡ To chap or exchange.

Then unto London I did me hie,
 Of all the land it beareth the prize.
 "Hot peascods!" one began to cry,
 "Strawberries ripe!" and "Cherries in the rise!"*
 And bad me come near, and buy some spice;
 Pepper and saffron they gan me bede;†
 But for lack of money I might not speed.

Then to the Chepe‡ I began me drawn,
 Where much people I saw for to stand:
 One offered me velvet, silk, and lawn,
 Another he taketh me by the hand;
 "Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land."
 I never was used to such things indeed;
 And wanting money I might not speed.

Then full I went by London Stone,
 Throughout all Canwyke Street;§
 Drapers much cloth offered me anon;
 Then comes me one cried, "Hot sheep's feet;"
 One cried mackerel; ryster green, another gan greet;
 One bade me a hood to cover my head;
 But for want of money I might not be sped.

Then I hied me unto East-chepe;
 One cries ribs of beef, and many a pie;
 Pewter pots they clattered on a heap;
 There was harp, pipe, and minstrelsy.
 "Yea, by cock!" "Nay, by cock!"|| some began cry;
 Some songe of Jenkin and Julian for then mede;
 But for lack of money I might not speed.

Then into Cornhill anon I yode,
 Where was much stolen gear among;
 I saw where hung mine own hood,
 That I had lost among the throng;
 To buy my own hood I thought it wrong;
 I knew it well as I did my creed,
 But for lack of money I could not speed.

* Branch.

§ Candlewick-street.

† They began to offer to me.

‡ Westcheap.

|| A vulgar corruption of a profane oath.

The taverner took me by the sleeve,
 "Sir," saith he, "will you our wine essay?"
 I answered, that cannot much me grieve,
 A penny can do no more than it may;
 I drank a pint and for it did pay;
 Yet soon a hungered from thence I yode,
 And wanting money I could not speed.

Then hied I me to Billingsgate;
 And one cried, "Hoo! go we hence!"
 I prayed a bargeman, for God's sake,
 That he would spare me my expense.
 "Thou 'scap'st not here," quod he, "under twopence;
 I list not yet bestow my alms deed."
 Thus lacking money I could not speed.

Then I conveyed me into Kent,
 For of the law would I meddle no more;
 Because no man to me took intent,
 I dight* me to do as I did before,
 Now Jesus, that in Bethle'm was bore,
 Save London, and send true lawyers their meed;
 For whoso wants money with them shall not speed.

BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

[It was during a visitation of the plague, or pestilence, in the seventeenth century, that Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, two companions, daughters of the Lairds of Kinraid and Ledurch, in Perthshire, retired to a bower on the banks of the Almond. A young gentleman of Perth, who was in love with one or other of them, procured them their food and other necessities; but he carried the infection with him, and they both died. According to the usual practice of the time, the victims of the plague were not buried in the usual place of sepulture, but were buried at a place called Dronoch Haugh, near the spot where they died. The words usually sung to the old air were composed by Allan Ramsay. The present version is that given by Mr. Sharpe, with several verbal emendations from the copy printed by Lyle in his "Ancient Ballads and Songs."]

O BESSIE BELL, and Mary Gray,
 They were twa bonnie lasses,
 They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,
 And theekit it ower wi' rashes.

* Prepared.

They theekit it ower wi' rashes green,
 They theekit it ower wi' heather;
 But the pest cam' frae the burrows-toun,
 And slew them baith thegither.

They thought to lie in Methven kirkyard,
 Amang their noble kin,
 But they maun lie in Dronoch Haugh,
 On the bent before the sun.

And Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
 They were twa bonnie lasses;
 They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,
 And theekit it ower wi' rashes.

ALLAN-A-MAUT.

[Professor Aytoun says—"This curious old ditty, in honour of malt, which possibly may be the original of the popular ballads, still current in England and Scotland, under the name of 'John Barleycorn,' was preserved in the Bannatyne MSS., and has been printed in the collections of Messrs. Jamieson and Laing."]

WHEN he was young, and clad in green,
 Having his hair about his e'en,
 Baith men and women did him mene,
 When he grew on yon hillès hie:
 Why should not Allan honoured be?

His foster-father furth of the toun,
 To vissy Allan he made him boune;
 He saw him lying, alace, in swoun,
 For fault of help, and like to dee:
 Why should not Allan honoured be?

They saw his head begin to rive,
 Syne for a nourice they sent belive,
 Wha brocht wi' her fifty and five
 Of men of war full privily:
 Why should not Allan honoured be?

They rushed forth like hellish rooks,
 And every ane o' them had hooks;
 They caught him shortly in their clooks,
 Syne band him in a cradle of tree:
 Why should not Allan honoured be?

They brocht him inward in the land,
Syne every friend made him a band,
While they might either gang or stand,
Never a foot frae him to flee :
Why should not Allan honoured be ?

The greatest coward in this land,
Frae he wi' Allan enter in band,
'Tho' he may neither gang nor stand,
Yet forty shall not gar him flee :
Why should not Allan honoured be ?

Sir Allan's hewmont is a cup,
With a segg feather on its top ;
Frae hand to hand so does he hop,
Till some may neither speak nor see :
Why should not Allan honoured be ?

In Yule, when ilk man sings his carol,
Gude Allan lies into a barrel ;
When he is there, he doubts nae peril,
To come on him by land or see :
Why should not Allan honoured be ?

Yet was there never so gay a gallan',
Frae he met wi' our master Allan,
But, gif he hauld him by the hallan,
Backward upon the floor falls he !
Why should not Allan honoured be ?

My master Allan grew so stark,
While he made mony cunning clerk ;
Upon their faces he sets his mark,
A blude-red nose beside their e'e :
Why should not Allan honoured be ?

My master Allan I sair may curse ;
He leaves nae money in my purse,
At his command I maun disburse,
Mair nor the twa part o' my fee :
Why should not Allan honoured be ?

And last, of Allan to conclude,
 He is benign, courtass, and gude,
 And serves us of our daily food,
 And that with liberalitie :
 Why should not Allan honoured be ?

THE RAID OF THE REIDSWIRE.

[This ballad refers to a battle between the English and Scotch, fought in 1575. Maitland, in his "History of Scotland," gives the following account of it:—

"Sir John Forrester, warden of the English side, and Sir John Carmichael of the Scottish, having met at a place called Red Swyre for the redress of some border enormities, it happened that a bill was filed against an Englishman, whom, according to the Border laws, the Scots warden demanded to have delivered to him, till the plaintiff had satisfaction. But Forrester, either wearied with business or willing to shift his demand, answered, Enough had been done that day, but that the party injured should be indemnified at the next meeting. Carmichael insisting on present performance, they fell to foul words, which made their attendants draw their weapons, and let fly their arrows. A fight ensuing, the Scots gave back, as being inferior in number; but, receiving a reinforcement of some Jedburgh men, who came to attend on the warden, they renewed their attack upon the English, and in their turn prevailed. The pursuit lasted two miles. Sir George Heron, warden of Tindale and Rhedesdale, with twenty-four English, were killed. The warden himself, Francis Russel, son to the Earl of Bedford, Cuthbert Collingwood, James Ogle, Henry Fenwick, Esqs., &c., being taken prisoners. This was equally displeasing to Queen Elizabeth and the Regent. He sent for the prisoners, and, using them with courtesy, despatched them instantly back, and obliged Carmichael to go to England, upon her Majesty's demand, whence, however, the business being impartially examined, he was dismissed with honour." I have left the quaint spelling intact.]

ON July seventh, the suthe to say,
 At the Reidswire the tryst was set;
 Our wardens they affixt the day,
 And, as they promist, sae they met.
 Alas! that day I'll ne'er forget!
 Was sure sae feird, and then sae fain—
 They came thair justice for to get,
 Will never grein* to cum again.

Carmichael was our warden then,
 He caused the country to conveene,
 And the Laird's Wat, that worthie man,
 Brocht in his sirname weil besene:†
 The Armstrangs, that aye hae been
 A hardy house, but not a hale,
 The Elliot's honours to mentain,
 Brocht down the laiv‡ o' Liddisdale.

* Long.

† Well appointed.

‡ Remainder.

Then Tividale came to wi' speid ;
 The sheriff brocht the Douglas down,
 Wi' Cranstane, Gladstane, gude at neid,
 Baith Rule Water, and Hawick toun.
 Beanjeddert bauldly maid him boun,
 Wi' a' the Trumbules, strang and stout ;
 The Ruthirfuirds, with grit renoun,
 Convoyit the town of Jedbruch out.

With other clanns I cannocht tell,
 Because our warning was nocht wyde.—
 Be this our folk hae taen the fell,
 And plantit palliones their to byde.
 We lukit down the uther syde,
 And saw cum breisting ower the brae,
 And Sir John Forster was their gyde,
 With fyftene hundrid men and mae.

It grievit him sair, that day, I trow,
 Wi' Sir George Hearoune of Schipsydehouse :
 Because we were not men enow,
 He counted us not worth a louse.
 Sir George was gentle, meik, and douse,
 But *he* was hail and het as fyre ;
 And yet, for all his cracking crouse,*
 He, rewd the raid o' the Reidswire.

To deal with proud men is but pain ;
 For either must ye ficht or flee,
 Or else nae answer mak again,
 But play the beist, and let him be.
 It was nae wondir tho' he was hie,
 Had Tynedale, Reedsdaile, at his hand,
 Wi' Cuchsdaile, Gladsdaill on the lee,
 And Hebsrime, and Northumberland.

Yet was our meiting meik enough,
 Begun with merriness and mows,
 And at the brae, abune the heugh,
 The clark sat down to call the rows.†
 And sum for kye, and sum for ewes,
 Callit in of Dandie, Hob, and Jock—
 I saw, cum merching ower the knows,
 Fyve hundrid Fennicks in a flock.

* Talking big.

† Rolls.

With jack and speir, and bowis all bent
And warlike weapons at their will,
Howbeit they were not weil content,
Yet be me troth, we feir'd nae ill.
Sum gaed to drink, and sum stude still,
And sum to cards and dyce them sped;
Till on ane Farnstein they fyled a bill,
And he was fugitive that fled.

Carmichael bad them speik out plainlie,
And cloke nae cause for ill nor gude;
The uther, answering him as vainlie,
Began to reckon kin and blude;
He raise, and raxed* him where he stude,
And bade him match him with his marrows,
Then Tynedale heard these reasuns rude,
And they lute aff a flight of arrows.

Then was there nocht but bow and speir,
And ilka man pullit out a brand;
“A Schafton and a Fennick!” their:
Gude Symington was slain frae hand.
The Scotsmen cried on other to stand,
Frae time they saw John Robson slain—
What should they cry? the king's command
Could cause no cowards turn again.

Up rose the laird to red the cumber,
Which would not be for all his boast;
What could we doe with sic a number?
Five thousand men into a host.
Then Henry Purdie proved his cost,
And very narrowlie had mischiefed him,
And there we had our warden lost,
Wert not the grit God he relieved him.

Another thro' the breiks him bair,
While flatlies to the ground he fell:
Then thought I weel we had lost him there,
Into my stomach it struck a knell!
Yet up he raise, the treuth to tell ye,
And laid about him dints full dour;
His horsemen they raid sturdily,
And stude about him in the stoure.

* Stretched himself up.

Then raise the slogan with ane shout—
 “Fy! Tynedale to it!—Jedbruch’s here!”
 I trow he was not half sae stout,
 But anse his stomach was asteir.
 With gun and genzie,* bow and speir,
 Men might see mony a cracked crown!
 But up amang the merchant geir,
 They were as busy as we were down.

The swallow tail frae tackles flew,
 Five hundreth flain† into a flight,
 But we had pistolets enew,
 And shot among them as we might.
 With help of God the game gaed right,
 Fra time the foremost of them fell;
 Then ower the knowe without goodnight,
 They ran with mony a shout and yell.

But after they had turned backs,
 Yet Tynedale men they turned again;
 And had not been the merchant packs,
 There had been mae of Scotland slain.
 But, Jesu! if the folks were fain
 To put the bussing on their thies;
 And so they fled, wi’ a’ their main,
 Down ower the brae, like cloggit bees.

Sir Francis Russel ta’en was there,
 And hurt, as we hear men rehearse;
 Proud Wallinton was wounded sair,
 Albeit he be a Fennick fierce.
 But if ye would a souldier search,
 Amang them a’ were ta’en that night,
 Was nane sae worthie to put in verse,
 As Collingwood, that courteous knight.

Young Henry Schafton, he is hurt;
 A souldier shot him wi’ a bow:
 Scotland has cause to mak great sturt,
 For laiming of the laird of Mow.
 The Laird’s Wat did weel, indeed;
 His friends stood stoutlie by himsell:
 With little Gladstane, gude in need,
 For Graden kend na gude be ill.

* Engine of war.

† Arrows.

The Sheriff wanted not gude will,
 Howbeit he might not fight so fast,
 Beanjeddert, Hundlie, and Hunthill,
 These three, they laid weel on at last.
 Except the horsemen of the guard
 If I could put men to availe,
 None stoutlier stood out for their laird,
 Nor did the lads of Liddisdail.

But little harness had we there;
 But auld Badreule had on a jack,
 And did right weel, I you declare,
 With all his Trumbules at his back.
 Gude Edgerstane was not to lack,
 Nor Kirktown, Newton, noble men!
 Thirs* all the specials I of speake,
 By† others that I could not ken.

Who did invent that day of play,
 We need not fear to find him soon;
 For Sir John Forster, I dare well say,
 Made us this noisome afternoon.
 Not that I speak precislie out,
 That he supposed it would be perril;
 But pride, and breaking out of feud,
 Gar'd Tynedale lads begin the quarrel.

LORD LOVEL.

[The following is reprinted from Mr. Kinloch's collection, who tells us that it was taken down from the recitation of a lady in Roxburgshire. He conjectures that the hero must have been a member of the family of Delaval, of Seaton Delaval, in Northumberland. The name is given in ancient chronicles as De Lovel, and a Sir George Lovel is one of the heroes of Otterburn.

A popular but evidently more modern version was printed from an old broadside in 1846, and included in the volume of "Ancient Poems" published by the Percy Society in that year. This will be found printed next in order.]

LORD LOVEL stands at his stable-door,
 Mounted upon a grey steed;
 And bye came Lady Nanciebel,
 And wished Lord Lovel much speed.

* These are.

† Besides.

"O where are ye going, Lord Lovel,
My dearest tell to me?"

"O I am going a far journey,
Some strange countries to see.

"But I'll return in seven long years,
Lady Nanciebel to see."

"O seven, seven, seven long years,
They are much too long for me."

When he was gone a year away,
A year but barely ane,
A strange fancy came into his head
That fair Nanciebel was gane.

It's then he rode, and better rode,
Until he came to the town;
And then he heard a dismal noise,
For the church-bells a' did sound.

He asked what the bells rang for,
They said, "Its for Nanciebel;
She died for a discourteous squire,
And his name is Lord Lovel."

The lid of the coffin he opened up,
The linens he faulded down;
And aye he kissed her pale, pale lips,
And the tears came tumbling down.

"Weel may I kiss these pale, pale lips,
For they will never kiss me;
I'll make a vow, and keep it true,
That they'll ne'er kiss ane but thee."

Lady Nancie died on Tuesday's night,
Lord Lovel upon the next day:
Lady Nancie died from pure, pure love,
Lord Lovel for deep sorrow.*

MODERN VERSION.

LORD LOVEL he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed
When up came Lady Nancy Bell,
To wish her lover good speed, speed,
To wish her lover good speed.

* Sorrow.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,

"Oh! where are you going?" said she;

"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see, to see,
Strange countries for to see."

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" said she;

"Oh! when will you come back?" said she:

"In a year or two—or three, at the most,
I'll return to my fair Nancÿ-cÿ,
I'll return to my fair Nancÿ."

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Bell he would go see, see,
Lady Nancy Bell he would go see.

So he rode, and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London-town;
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells,
And the people all mourning round, round,
And the people all mourning round.

"Oh! what is the matter?" Lord Lovel he said,

"Oh! what is the matter?" said he;

"A lord's lady is dead," a woman replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancÿ-cÿ,
And some call her Lady Nancÿ."

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud he turnèd down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down, down,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, sorrow,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' church,
 Lord Lovel was laid in the choir ;
 And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
 And out of her lover's a brier, brier,
 And out of her lover's a brier.

They grew, and they grew, to the church steeple, too,
 And then they could grow no higher ;
 So there they entwined in a true lover's knot,
 For all lovers true to admire-mire,
 For all lovers true to admire.

JOCK O' HAZELGREEN.

[The following is constructed from the versions of Mr. Kinloch and Mr. Buchan. I have availed myself of sundry emendations from Mr. Chambers's fine version, the printed copies having been collated by him along with a further version supplied by Mr. Kinloch, and another which he took down from recitation. It was a fragment of this ballad which suggested to Sir Walter Scott his fine ballad of "Jock o' Hazeldean."]

As I went forth to take the air
 Intill an evening clear,
 I heard a pretty damsel
 Making a heavy bier.*
 Making a heavy bier, I wot,
 But and a piteous mean ;†
 And aye she sighed, and said, " Alas !
 For Jock o' Hazelgreen."

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The stars were shining clear ;
 When thro' the thickets o' the wood
 An auld knicht did appear.
 Says, " Wha has dune you wrang, fair maid,
 And left you here alane ?
 Or who has kissed your lovely lips,
 That ye ca' Hazelgreen ?"

" Haud your tongue, kind sir," she said,
 " And do not banter sae ;
 O why will ye add affliction
 Unto a lover's wae ?

* Lamentation.

† Moan.

"For nae man has dune me wrang," she said,
"Nor left me here alane ;
And nane has kissed my lovely lips,
That I ca' Hazelgreen."

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladye ?
Why weep ye by the tide ?
How blythe and happy nicht he be,
Gets you to be his bride ?
Gets you to be his bride, fair maid,
And him I'll no bemean ;
But when I tak' my words again,
Whom ca' ye Hazelgreen ?

"What like a man was Hazelgreen ?
Will ye shaw him to me ?"
"He is a comely proper youth,
I in my days did see.
His shoulders broad, his arms lang,
He's comely to be seen ;"
And aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

"If ye'll forsake this Hazelgreen,
And go along wi' me,
I'll wed ye to my eldest son—
Make you a lady free."
"It's for to wed your eldest son,
I am a maid owre mean ;
I'd rather stay at hame," she says,
"And dee for Hazelgreen."

Then he's ta'en out a siller kaim—
Kaimed down her yellow hair ;
And lookit in a diamond bricht,
To see if she were fair.
"My girl, ye do all maids surpass,
That ever I hae seen ;
Cheer up your heart, my lovely lass—
Forget young Hazelgreen."

"Young Hazelgreen he is my love,
And ever mair shall be ;
I'll nae forsake young Hazelgreen
For a' the gowd ye'll gie."

But aye she sighed, and said, "Alas!"
 And made a piteous mean;
 And aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

But he has ta'en her up behind—
 Set her upon his horse;
 And they rode on to Embro'-town,
 And lichted at the Cross.
 And he has coft her silken claes—
 She look'd like any queen;
 "Ye surely now will sigh nae mair
 For Jock o' Hazelgreen?"

"Young Hazelgreen he is my love,
 And ever mair shall be;
 I'll nae forsake young Hazelgreen
 For a' the gowd ye'll gie."
 And aye she sighed, and said, "Alas!"
 And made a piteous mean;
 And aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

Then he has coft for that lady
 A fine silk riding gown;
 Likewise he coft for that lady
 A steed, and set her on:
 Wi' menji feathers in her hat—
 Silk stockings and siller shoon;
 And they hae ridden far athort,
 Seeking young Hazelgreen.

And when they came to Hazelyetts,
 They lichted down therein:
 Monie were the braw ladyes there,
 Monie ane to be seen.
 When she lichted down amang them a',
 She seemed to be their queen;
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazelgreen.

Then forth he came young Hazelgreen,
 To welcome his father free;
 "You're welcome here, my father dear,
 An' a' your companie."

But when he looked owre his shoulder,
 A licht laugh then gae he ;
 Says, " If I getna this ladye,
 It's for her I maun dee.

" I must confess this is the maid
 I ance saw in a dream ;
 A walking thro' a pleasant shade,
 As she had been a queen.
 And for her sake I vowed a vow,
 I ne'er would wed but she ;
 Should this fair ladye cruel prove,
 I'll lay me down and dee."

" Now haud your tongue, young Hazelgreen,
 Let a' your folly be :
 If ye be sick for that ladye,
 She's thrice as sick for thee.
 She's thrice as sick for thee, my son,
 As bitter doth complean ;
 And a' she wants to heal her waes
 Is Jock o' Hazelgreen."

He's ta'en her in his arms twa,
 Led her thro' bower and ha' ;
 " Cheer up your heart, my dearest May
 Ye're ladye owre them a'.
 The morn shall be our bridal day,
 The nicht's our bridal e'en ;
 Ye'se ne'er mair hae cause to mean
 For Jock o' Hazelgreen."

PROUD LADY MARGARET.

[Several versions of this ballad are extant under various names. Mr. Buchan's is called "The Courteous Knight." The version in the "Border Minstrelsy" bears the title we retain. Mr. Dixon's is called "The Bonny Hind Squire." The present copy is the result of a collation of the several versions.

I am unable to give any explanation of the mysterious allusion to "Pirie's Chair."]

'Twas on a night, an evening bright,
 When the dew began to fa',
 Lady Margaret was walking up and down,
 Looking ower the castle wa'.

She lookit east, and she lookit west,
 To see what she could spy,
 When a gallant knight cam' in her sight,
 And to the gate drew nigh.

"God mak you safe and free, fair maid,
 God mak you safe and free!"

"O sae fa' you, ye courteous knight,
 What is your will wi' me?"

"My will wi' you is nae sma', lady,
 My will wi' you's nae sma';
 And since there's nane your bower within,
 Ye'se hae my secrets a'.

"It's I am come to this castle,
 To seek the love o' thee;
 And if you do not grant me love,
 All for your sake I'll dee."

"If you should dee for me, sir knight,
 There's few for you will mean;*
 For mony a better has died for me,
 Whose graves are growing green."

"O winna ye pity me, fair maid,
 O winna ye pity me?
 O winna ye pity a courteous knight,
 Whose love is laid on thee?"

"Ye sae ye are a courteous knight,
 But I think ye are nane,
 I think ye're but a miller lad,
 By the colour o' your claithing.

"But ye maun read my riddle," she said,
 "And answer me questions three;
 And but ye read them richt," she said,
 "Gae stretch ye out and dee.

"Now, what is the flower, the ae first flower,
 That grows on muir or dale?
 And what is the bird, the bonnie bird,
 Sings next the nightingale,
 And what is the finest thing," she says,
 "That king or queen can wale?"†

* Moan or lament.

† Choose.

“The primrose is the ae first flower,
That springs on muir or dale ;
The mavis is the sweetest bird
Next to the nightingale ;
And yellow gowd’s the finest thing,
That king or queen can wale.”

“But what’s the little coin,” she said,
“Wad buy my castle bound ?
And what’s the little boat,” she said,
“Can sail the world a’ round ?”

“O hey, how mony sma’ pennies
Mak thrice three thousand pound ?
O hey, how mony sma’ fishes
Swim a’ the salt sea round ?”

“I think ye are my match,” she said,
“My match, and something mair ;
Ye are the first ere got the grant
O’ love frae my father’s heir

“My father was lord o’ nine castles,
My mither lady o’ three ;
My father was lord o’ nine castles,
And there’s nane to heir but me,
Unless it be Willie, my ae brither,
But he’s far ayont the sea.”

“If your father’s lord o’ nine castles,
Your mither lady o’ three ;
It’s I am Willie, your ae brither,
Was far ayont the sea.”

“If ye be Willie, my ae brither,
As I doubt sair ye be,
This nicht I’ll neither eat nor drink,
But gae along wi’ thee.”

“Ye’ve owre ill-washen feet, Margaret,
And owre ill-washen hands,
And owre coarse robes on your body,
Along wi’ me to gang.

“The worms they are my bedfellows,
And the cauld clay my sheet,
And the higher that the wind does blaw,
The sounder do I sleep.

“My body’s buried in Dunfermline,
Sae far ayont the sea ;
But day nor night nae rest can I get,
A’ for the pride of thee.

“Leave aff your pride, Margaret,” he says,
“Use it not ony mair,
Or, when ye come where I hae been,
You will repent it sair.

“Cast off, cast off, sister,” he says,
“The gowd band frae your croun ;
For if you gang where I hae been,
You’ll wear it laigher doun.

“When ye’re in the good kirk set,
The gowd pins in your hair,
Ye tak mair delight in your feckless dress,
Than ye do in your morning prayer.

“And when ye walk in the kirkyard,
And in your dress are seen,
There is nae lady that sees your face,
But wishes your grave were green.

“You’re straight and tall, handsome withal,
But your pride owergangs your wit ;
If you do not your ways refrain,
In Pirie’s chair you’ll sit.

“In Pirie’s chair you’ll sit, I say,
The lowest seat o’ hell ;
If you do not amend your ways,
It’s there that ye must dwell !”

Wi’ that he vanished frae her sight,
In the twinkling of an eye ;
And naething mair the lady saw,
But the gloomy clouds and sky.

YOUNG HUNTIN.

[Messrs. Kinloch, Motherwell, and Buchan have given versions of this ballad from recitation, called respectively, "Young Redin," "Earl Richard," and "Young Hunting." Scott gives a version in his "Minstrelsy" under the name of "Earl Richard," and another called "Lord William." Mr. Chambers and Professor Aytoun have compiled versions from various authorities, and I now venture upon another compilation.]

LADY MAISRY forth frae her bower cam,
 And on her watch-tower stude,
 She thocht she heard a bridle ring,
 The sound did her heart gude.

She thocht it was her first true love,
 That she had loved lang syne ;
 But it was her new love, Huntin,
 Come frae hunting o' the hind.

"Gude morrow, gude morrow, Lady Maisry,
 God mak ye safe and free ;
 I'm come to take my last fareweel,
 And pay my last visit to thee."

"O stay, O stay then, young Huntin,
 O stay with me this nicht ;
 Ye sall hae cheer, an' charcoal clear,
 And candles burning bricht."

"I thank you for your licht, lady,
 Sae do I for your coal,
 But a fairer maid than ten o' thee
 Waits me at Brannan's Well."*

"O gin your love be changed, my dear,
 Since better canna be,
 At least ye will, for auld lang syne,
 Stay this ae night wi' me !"

When they were at the supper set,
 And merrily drinking wine,
 The ladie has ta'en a sair sickness,
 And till her bed has gane.

* Brander's Well, in Kinloch's version. Brannan, which is substituted, was the name of a saint.

Young Huntin he has followed her,
And a dowie man was he,
He fand his true love in her bower,
And the tear was in her e'e.

When he was in her arms laid,
And gi'eing her kisses sweet,
Then out she's ta'en a little penknife,
And wounded him sae deep.

"O lang, lang is the 'winter nicht,
And slowly daws the day,
There is a slain knieht in my bower,
And I wish he were away!"

And up then spak her bower-maiden,
An' she spak up wi' spite,
"An there be a slain knieht in your bower,
It's yoursell that has the wyte!"

"O heal this deed on me, Catherine,
O heal this deed on me,
And the silks that were shapen for me, 'gain Pache,
They sall be sewed for thee."

They hae booted him, and spurred him,
As he had been to ride;
A hunting horn about his neck,
A sharp sword by his side.

And they rade on, and further on,
A' the lang simmer's tide,
Until they cam to a wan water,
And a' men ca's it Clyde.

To the deepest part in Clyde water,
And there they flang him in,
And put a turf on his breast bane
To haud young Huntin down.

Then up and spak the popinjay,
That sat aboon her heid,
"Ladye keep weel your green cleidin
Frae gude young Huntin's bleid."

“O I’ll keep better my green cleidin
Frae ae drap o’ his bleid,
Than thou canst keep thy chattering tongue,
That brattles in thy heid.”

O it fell out upon a day,
The king was boun to ride ;
And he has mist him, young Huntin,
Suld hae ridden by his side.
And he has sent to Maisry’s bower,
To speir where he nicht bid.

And they hae called her Lady Maisry,
And she sware by the thorn,
That she saw not him, young Huntin,
Sin yesterday at morn.

The ladie turned her round about,
Wi’ meikle mournfu’ din,
“It fears me sair o’ Clyde’s water,
That he is drown’d therein.”

“Gar douk,* gar douk,” the king he cried,
“Gar douk for gowd and fee ;
O wha will douk for Huntin’s sake,
Or wha will douk for me?”

They hae douked in at ae weil-head,†
And out aye at the ither ;
“We can douk nae mair for young Huntin,
Although he were our brither.”

It fell that in that ladie’s castle
The king was boun to bed,
And out and spak the popinjay
That flew abune his heid.

“Leave off your douking on the day,
And douk upon the nicht ;
And where that saikless knicht lies slain,
The candles they’ll burn bricht.

“There are twa ladies in yon bower,
And even in yon ha’,
And they hae killed him, young Huntin,
And casten him awa’.

“They booted him, and spurred him,
As he'd been gaun to ride,
A hunting-horn about his neck,
A sharp sword by his side.

“In the deepest pot in Clyde's water,
It's there they flang him in,
Wi' a turf on his breist bane
To haud young Huntin down.”

They left their douking on the day,
And doukit on the nicht,
And where that saikless knicht lay slain,
The candles they burn'd bricht.

In the deepest pot o' Clyde water,
They found young Huntin in,
A green turf tied across his breist
To keep that gude lord down.

O white, white were his wounds washen,
As white as a linen clout,
But when Lady Maisry she cam' near,
His wounds they gushed out.

“It's surely been my bower-woman,
O ill may her betide!
I ne'er wad slain him, young Huntin,
And thrown him in the Clyde.”

The king he called his hewers all,
To hew down wood and thorn;
For to put up a strong bale fire,
That fair May for to burn.

Then they hae made a big bane-fire,
The bower-woman to brin;*
It wadna light upon her cheek,
Nor would it on her chin,
But it took upon the cruel hands,
That put young Huntin in.

* Burn.

Then they've ta'en out the bower-woman,
 And put the ladië in,
 And first it lighted on her cheek,
 And syne upon her chin,
 And syne it took on the fause, fause arms,
 Young Huntin lay within.

FAIR ANNIE.

[Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Motherwell, and Mr. Jamieson give versions of this ballad. That in "The Minstrelsy" is called "Lord Thomas and Fair Annie;" Mr. Motherwell's is entitled "Fair Annie," a title which we retain; Mr. Jamieson recovered two versions from recitation, called respectively, "Lady Jane and Proud Helen," and from them he constructed his ballad. I agree with Professor Aytoun, in thinking that the ballad of "Lady Jane," as it stands, is the best version extant, and I have followed him in using it mainly in the compilation of the following. Mr. Jamieson tells us "that the tradition which commonly accompanies this tale, says that he was aware of his bride's being the sister of his mistress, and that he had courted her not with a view of retaining her as his wife, but of receiving from her father a portion for Lady Jane (Annie), whom he intended to marry." This is borne out by his behaviour as recorded in the version of "Lady Jane," recovered by Mr. Jamieson. He says:—

"Rise up, rise up, my bierly * bride,
 I think my bed's but cauld;
 I wadna hear my lady lament,
 For your tocher ten times tald.

"O seven ships did bring you here,
 And ane sall tak ye hame;
 The lave I'll keep for your sister Janet,
 For tocher she gat nane."

Mr. Jamieson translates a ballad from the Spanish under the same title, the incidents being almost identical.]

"LEARN to mak' your bed, Annie,
 And learn to lie your lane;
 For I maun owre the saut seas gang,
 A braw bride to bring hame.

"Wi' her I'll get baith gowd and gear,
 Wi' thee I ne'er gat nane;
 I got thee as a waif woman,
 I'll leave thee as the same.

"But wha will bake my bridal bread,
 And brew my bridal ale?
 And wha will welcome my bricht bride,
 That I bring owre the dale?"

“ It’s I will bake your bridal bread,
And brew your bridal ale;
And I will welcome your bricht bride,
That ye bring owre the dale.”

“ But she that welcomes my bricht bride,
Maun gang like maiden fair;
She maun lace her in her green cleiding,
And braid her yellow hair.”

“ O how can I gang maiden-like,
When maiden I am nane;
When I hae born ye seven sons,
And am wi’ bairn again?”

He set his feet into his ship,
His cock-boat on the main;
He swore it would be a year and a day
Ere he returned again.

Fair Annie stood in her bower door,
And lookit owre the land;
And there she saw her ain gude lord
Leading his bride by the hand.

She’s drest her sons i’ the scarlet red,
Herself i’ the dainty green;
And tho’ her cheek look’d pale and wan,
She weel might been a queen.

She called upon her eldest son:
“ Look yonder what you see;
For yonder comes your father dear,
Your stepmother him wi’.

“ You’re welcome hame, my ain gude lord,
To your halls but and your bowers;
You’re welcome hame, my ain gude lord,
To your castles and your towers;
Sae is your bricht bride you beside,
She’s fairer than the flowers!”

“ O what’n a lady’s that,” she says,
“ That welcomes you and me?
If I’m lang lady about this place,
Some good I will her dee.
She is sae like my sister Annie,
Was stown i’ the bower frae me.”

O she has served the lang tables,
Wi' the white bread and the wine ;
But ay she drank the wan water,
To keep her colour fine.

And as she gaed by the first table,
She leugh amang them a' ;
But ere she reach'd the second table,
She loot the tears down fa'.

She's ta'en a napkin lang and white,
And hung it on a pin ;
It was to dry her watery eyes,
As she ga'ed out and in.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men boun to bed ;
The bride but and the bonny bridegroom,
In ae chamber were laid.

She's ta'en her harp intill her hand,
To harp this twa asleep ;
And ay as she harpit and she sang,
Full sorely did she weep.

" O seven full fair sons hae I born
To the gude lord o' this place ;
And I wish that they were seven hares,
And them to rin a race,
And I mysel a gude greyhound,
And I wad gie them chase !

" O seven full fair sons hae I born
To the gude lord o' this ha' ;
And I wish that they were seven rattons
To rin frae wa' to wa',
And I mysel a gude grey cat,
And I would worry them a' !"

" My gown is on," said the new-come bride,
" My shoon are on my feet ;
And I will to fair Annie's chamber,
And see what gars her greet.

" O wha was your father, Annie ?" she says,
" And wha was your mother ?
And had ye e'er a sister dear,
Or had ve e'er a brother ?"

“ The Earl o’ Richmond was my father,
 His lady was my mother ;
 And a’ the bairns beside mysel
 Was a sister and a brother.”

“ O weel befa’ your sang, Annie,
 I wat ye hae sung in time :
 Gin the Earl o’ Richmond was your father,
 I wat sae was he mine.

“ Come to your bed, my sister dear,
 It ne’er was wrang’d for me ;
 I had but ae kiss o’ his merry mouth,
 As we cam’ owre the sea.

“ There were five ships o’ gude red gowd
 Cam’ owre the seas wi’ me ;
 It’s twa o’ them will take me hame,
 And three I’ll leave wi’ thee.

“ Three o’ them I’ll leave wi’ thee,
 For tocher gat ye nane ;
 But thanks to a’ the powers in heaven,
 That I gae maiden hame !”



THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN.

SCOTTISH VERSION.

[In the English version of this ballad, the victory at Otterburn is all but claimed for Lord Percy, the redoubted Hotspur ; and Sir Hugh Montgomery is claimed as a captive of the Percy, the fact being that it was the Percy who was taken prisoner and carried into Scotland, Montgomery making him pay for the building of Penoon Castle, in Ayrshire, as his ransom. The English version is a fine ballad, although I may not be called upon to agree with several English editors in accounting it superior to the Scottish ballad. As both versions are printed here, readers have the opportunity of judging for themselves.

The invasion of Northumberland by the Earl of Douglas took place in 1388, and a graphic account of it will be found in Sir Walter Scott’s “Tales of a Grandfather.” Douglas, accompanied by five thousand followers, had penetrated to the neighbourhood of Newcastle, where he was met by the English under Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, sons of the Earl of Northumberland. In the fight which ensued, Douglas and Sir Henry Percy (Hotspur) encountered personally, and in the struggle Douglas secured the spear of the Percy, to the end of which was attached a small pennon, ornamented with pearls and the lion of the Percies. Douglas shook the trophy aloft, and declared he would carry it into Scotland, and plant it on the walls of his castle at Dalkeith. “That,”

said Percy, "thou shalt never do ; I will regain my lance ere thou canst get back to Scotland." "Then," said Douglas, "come to seek it, and thou shalt find it before my tent." During the retreat, the Scots army encamped at Otterburn, where they were attacked by the English under the command of Hotspur. Douglas was slain early in the fight, with his dying breath desiring that his fall should be hidden from his men, and declaring that an old prophecy regarding his family should be fulfilled—that a dead Douglas should win a field.]

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When muirmen win their hay,
That the doughty Earl of Douglas rade
Into England to drive a prey.

He has chosen the Lindsays licht,
With them the Gordons gay ;
But the Jardines would not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.

And he has harried the dales o' Tyne,
And half o' Bambroughshire ;
And the Otter-dale he burnt it haill,
And set it a' on fire.

And he march'd up to New Castel,
And rade it round about :
"O wha is the lord o' this castel,
Or wha is the ladie o't?"

But up spak proud Lord Percy then,
And O but he spak hie :
"It's I am the lord o' this castel,
My wife is the ladie gay."

"If thou art the lord o' this castel,
Sae weel it pleases me ;
For ere I cross the Border fells,
The tane* of us shall dee."

He took a lang spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free ;
And forth to meet the Douglas there,
He rade richt furiouslie.

But O how pale his ladie look'd
Frae aff the castle wa',
When down before the Scottish speir
She saw proud Percy fa' !

“ Had we twa been upon the green,
And never an eye to see,
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell,*
But your sword shall gae wi’ me.”

“ But gae up to the Otterburn,
And bide there dayis three;
And gin I come not ere they end,
A fause knight ca’ ye me!”

“ The Otterburn is a bonnie burn,
’Tis pleasant there to be;
But there is nought at Otterburn
To feed my men and me.

“ The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
The birds fly wild frae tree to tree;
But there is neither bread nor kail†
To feed my men and me.

“ Yet I will stay at the Otterburn,
Where you shall welcome be;
And, if ye come not at three dayis end,
A fause lord I’ll ca’ thee.”

“ Thither will I come,” proud Percy said,
“ By the might of our Ladye!”
“ There will I bide thee,” said the Douglas,
“ My troth I plight to thee!”

They lichted high on Otterburn,
Upon the bent sae broun;
They lichted high on Otterburn,
And threw their pallions down.

And he that had a bonnie boy,
Sent out his horse to grass;
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
His ain servant he was.

Then up and spake a little boy
Was near of Douglas’ kin:
“ Methinks I see the English host
Come branking‡ us upon!

* Skin.

† Scotch broth.

‡ Riding gallantly.

“ Nine wargangs beiring braid and wide,
Seven banners beiring hie ;
It wad do any living gude,
To see their colours flee !”

“ Ye lee, ye lee, ye leear loud,
Sae loud I hear ye lee ;
For Percy had not men yestreen
To dight* my men and me.

“ But if this be true, my little boy,
That thou tells unto me,
The brawest bour in Otterburn
Shall be thy morning fee.

“ But if it be false, my little boy,
And a lee thou tells to me,
On the highest tree in Otterburn
Sune hangit shalt thou be.

“ But I hae dream’d a drearie dream,
Ayont the Isle o’ Skye ;
I saw a deid man win a fight,
And I think that man was I.”

He belted on his gude braidsword,
And to the field he ran ;
But he forgot the helmet strong,
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy with the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu’ fain ;
They swakkitt† swords till sair they swat,
Till the bluid ran down like rain.

But Percy wi’ his gude braidsword,
That could sae sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
That he fell to the ground.

And then he call’d his little foot-page,
And said—“ Run speedilie,
And fetch my ain dear sister’s son,
Sir Hugh Montgomerie.

* Fight, or beat.

† Crossed.

“ My nephew gude ! ” the Douglas said,
“ What recks the death o’ ane ?
Last night I dream’d a drearie dream,
And I ken the day’s thy ain !

“ My wound is deep ; I fain would sleep !
Take thou the vanguard of the three ;
And hide me in the bracken bush
That grows on yonder lily lea.

“ O bury me by the bracken bush,
Beneath the blumin’ brier ;
Let never living mortal ken
That a kindly Scot lies there ! ”

He lifted up that noble lord,
With the saut tear in his ee ;
And he hid him in the bracken bush,
That his merrie men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew ;
But many a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons gude, in English bluid,
They steep’d their hose and shoon ;
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till a’ the fray was dune.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other was fain ;
They swakkit swords, and sair they swat,
And the bluid ran down like rain.

“ Yield thee, O yield thee, Percy ! ” he said,
“ Or else I will lay thee low ! ”
“ To whom shall I yield,” Earl Percy said,
“ Sin’ I see that it maun be so ? ”

“ Thou shalt not yield to lord or loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me ;
But yield thee to the bracken bush
That grows upon yon lily lea ! ”

“ I will not yield to a bracken bush,
 Nor yet will I to a brier ;
 But I would yield to Lord Douglas,
 Or Hugh Montgomery if he were here.”

As sune as he knew it was Montgomery,
 He stuck his sword-point in the grund :
 Montgomery was a courteous knight,
 And quickly took him by the hand.

This deed was dune at the Otterburn,
 About the breaking o’ the day ;
 Earl Douglas was buried by the bracken bush,
 And Percy led captive away.



THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN.

ENGLISH VERSION.

THE FIRST FYTTE.

IT fell about the Lammas tide,
 When husbands win their hay,*
 The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
 Into England to take a prey.

The Earl of Fife, withouten strife,
 He bound him over Solway ;
 The great would ever together ride,
 That race they may rue for aye.

Over Ottercap hill they cam in,
 And so down by Rotheley crag,
 Upon Green Leighton they lighted down,
 Styrande† many a stag ;

And boldly brente‡ Northumberland,
 And harried many a town ;
 They did our Englishmen great wrong
 To battle that were not bown.

* When husbandmen gather the hay harvest.

† Stirring.

‡ Burnt.

Then spake a berne* upon the bent,
Of comfort that was not cold,
And said, "We have brente Northumberland,
We have all wealth in hold.

"Now we have harried all Bamboroughshire,
All the wealth in the world have we;
I rede† we ride to Newcastle.
So still and stalworthlie."

Upon the morrow, when it was day,
The standards shone full bright;
To the Newcastle they took the way,
And thither they came full right.

Sir Henry Percy lay at the Newcastle,
I tell you, withouten dread;
He has been a March-man all his days,
And kept Berwick-upon-Tweed.

To the Newcastle when they came,
The Scots they cried on hight:
"Sir Harry Percy, an thou bist within,
Come to the field and fight:

"For we have brente Northumberland,
Thy heritage good and right;
And syne my lodging I have take,
With my brand dubbed many a knight."

Sir Harry Percy came to the walls,
The Scottish host for to see:
"And thou hast brente Northumberland,
Full sore it rueth me.

"If thou hast harried all Bamboroughshire
Thou hast done me great envy;
For the trespass thou hast me done,
The one of us shall die."

"Where shall I bide thee?" said the Douglas;
"Or where wilt thou come to me?"

"At Otterburn, in the high way,
There mayst thou well lodged be.‡

* A child; a youthful warrior.

† Counsel

‡ Otterburn is about thirty miles from Newcastle.

"The roe full reckless there she rins,
To make thee game and glee;
The falcon and the pheasant both,
Among the holtes* on hie.

"There mayst thou have thy wealth at will,
Well lodged there mayst thou be;
It shall not be long ere I come thee till,"
Said Sir Harry Percy.

"There shall I bide thee," said the Douglas,
"By the faith of my body."
"Thither shall I come," said Sir Harry Percy,
"My troth I plight to thee."

A pipe of wine he gave them over the walls;
For sooth as I you say,
There he made the Douglas drink,
And all his host that day.

The Douglas turn'd him homeward again,
Forsooth withouten nay;
He took his lodging at Otterburn
Upon a Wednesday;

And there he pyght† his standard down,
His getting‡ more and less;
And syne he warn'd his men to go
And get their geldings gress.

A Scottish knight hoved upon the bent,
A watch I dare well say;
So was he ware on the noble Percy
In the dawning of the day.

He prick'd to his pavilion door,
As fast as he might ronne;
"Awaken, Douglas!" cried the knight,
"For His love that sits in throne.

"Awaken, Douglas!" cried the knight,
"For thou mayst waken with wyne;§
Yonder have I spied the proud Percy.
And seven standards with him."

* Woods.

† Pitched.

‡ Plunder.

§ Joy.

“Nay, by my troth,” the Douglas said,
 “It is but a feignèd tale;
 He durst not look on my broad banner,
 For all England so hale.*

“Was I not yesterday at the Newcastle,
 That stands so fair on Tyne?
 For all the men the Percy had,
 He could not garre me once to dyne.”†

He stepp’d out at his pavilion door,
 To look an it were less :
 “Array you, lordyngs, one and all,
 For here begins no peace.

“The Earl of Menteith, thou art my cme,‡
 The forward I give to thee;
 The Earl of Huntley cawte§ and keen,
 He shall with thee be.

“The Lord of Buchan, in armour bright,
 On the other hand he shall be;
 Lord Johnstone, and Lord Maxwell,
 They two shall be with me.

“Swynton fair field upon your pride
 To battle make you bown;
 Sir Davy Scot, Sir Walter Steward,
 Sir John of Agerstone.”

THE SECOND FYTTE.

The Percy came before his host,
 Which ever was a gentle knight,
 Upon the Douglas loud did he cry,
 “I will hold that I have hight;||

“For thou hast brente Northumberland,
 And done me great envy;
 For this trespass thou hast me done,
 The one of us shall die.”

* So stout.

† The meaning here is obscure; we may presume it implies that the Percy could not stop him.

‡ Uncle.

§ Cautious.

|| Pledged.

The Douglas answer'd him again,
With great words up on hie,*
And said, "I have twenty against thy one,
Behold, and thou mayst see."

With that the Percy was grieved sore,
For sooth as I you say;
He lighted down upon his foot,
And shot his horse clean away.

Every man saw that he did so,
That ryall was ever in rout;
Every man shot his horse him fro,
And light him round about.

Thus Sir Harry Percy took the field,
For sooth as I you say;
Jesu Christ in heaven on high,
Did help him well that day.

But nine thousand, there was no more,
If chronicle will not layne;†
Forty thousand Scots and four
That day fought them again.

But when the battle began to join,
In haste there came a knight,
Then letters fair forth hath he ta'en,
And thus he said full right:

"My lord, your father he greets you well,
With many a noble knight;
He desires you to bide,
That he may see this fight.

"The baron of Grastock is come out of the west,
With him a noble companie;
All they lodge at your father's this night,
And the battle fain would they see."

"For Jesu's love," said Sir Harry Percy,
"That died for you and me,
Wend to my lord, my father, again,
And say thou saw me not with ee;

* In a lofty tone,

† Tell an untruth.

“ My troth is plight to yon Scottish knight,
 It needs me not to layne,
 That I should bide him upon this bent,
 And I have his troth again ;

“ And if that I wend off this ground,
 For sooth unfoughten away,
 He would me call but a coward knight,
 In his land another day.

“ Yet had I lever to be rynde* and rent,
 By Mary that mykel may,†
 Than ever my manhood should be reproved
 With a Scot another day.

“ Wherefore shoot, archers, for my sake,
 And let sharp arrows flee ;
 Minstrels, play up for your warison,‡
 And well quit it shall be.

“ Every man think on his true love,
 And mark him to the Trinitie ;
 For to God I make mine a-vow
 This day will I not flee.”

The bloody heart in the Douglas arms,
 His standard stood on hie,
 That every man might full well know ;
 Beside stood starrès three.§

The white lion on the English part,
 For sooth, as I you sayne,
 The luces and the crescents both ;
 The Scots fought them again.

Upon Saint Andrew loud gan they cry,
 And thrice they shout on hight,
 And syne mark'd them on our Englishmen,
 As I have told you right.

Saint George the bright, our Lady's knight,
 To name they were full fain,
 Our Englishmen they cried on hight,
 And thrice they shout again.

* Torn.

† Great maid.

‡ Reward.

§ In the Douglas arms the heart is crowned by three stars,

With that sharp arrows began to flee,
 I tell you in certàin ;
 Men of arms began to join ;
 Many a doughty man was there slain.

The Percy and the Douglas met,
 That either of them was fain ;
 They schapp'd* together, while that they sweat,
 With swords of fine Collayne ;†

Till the blood from their basenets ran
 As the roke‡ doth in the rain.
 "Yield thee to me," said the Douglas,
 "Or else thou shalt be slain ;

"For I see by thy bright basenet,
 Thou art some man of might ;
 And so I do by thy burnish'd brand,
 Thou art an earl or else a knight."

"By my good faith," said the noble Percy,
 "Now hast thou rede full right ;
 Yet will I never yield me to thee,
 While I may stand and fight."

They swappè§ together, while that they sweat,
 With swordès sharp and long ;
 Each on other so fast they beat,
 Till their helms came in pieces down.

The Percy was a man of strength,
 I tell you in this stound ;
 He smote the Douglas at the sword's length,
 That he fell'd him to the ground.

The sword was sharp, and sore did bite,
 I tell you in certàin ;
 To the heart he did him smite,
 Thus was the Douglas slain.

The standards stood still on each side ;
 With many a grievous graen,
 There they fought the day, and all the night,
 And many a doughty man was slain.

* Crossed swords.

† Cologne.

‡ Literally, as the water runs down the face of a rock during rain.

§ Fought.

There was no freke* that there would flee,
But stiffly in stour did stand,
Each one hewing on other while they might drie,†
With many a baleful brand.

There was slain upon the Scottish side,
For sooth and certainlie,
Sir James of Douglas there was slain,
That day that he did dee.

The Earl of Menteith he was slain
Grysely groan'd upon the ground ;
Sir Davy Scot, Sir Walter Steward,
Sir John of Agerstone.

Sir Charles Murray in that place,
That never a foot would fly ;
Sir Hugh Maxwell, a lord he was,
With Douglas did he die.

There was slain upon the Scottish side,
For sooth as I you say,
Of four and forty thousand Scots,
Went but eighteen away.

There was slain upon the English side,
For sooth and certainlie,
A gentle knight, Sir John Fitzhugh,
It was the more pitie.

Sir James Harebotell there was slain,
For him their hearts were sore ;
The gentle Lovel there was slain,
That the Percy's standard bore.

There was slain upon the English side,
For sooth as I you say,
Of nine thousand Englishmen,
Five hundred came away ;

The others were slain in the field,
Christ keep their souls from woe,
Seeing there were so few friends
Against so many a foe !

* Man.

† As long as they were able.

Then on the morn they made them biers
 Of birch and hazel gray;
 Many a widow with weeping tears
 Their maiks* they fetch away.

This fray began at Otterburn,
 Between the night and the day;
 There the Douglas lost his life,
 And the Percy was led away.

Then was there a Scottish prisoner ta'en,
 Sir Hugh Montgomery was his name,
 For sooth as I you say,
 He borrow'd the Percy home again.†

Now let us all for the Percy pray,
 To Jesu most of might,
 To bring his soul to the bliss of heaven,
 For he was a gentle knight.



CHEVY CHASE; OR, THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT.

[There are two versions of this ballad. The first is the ancient ballad, originally published by Hearne, who reprinted it from the copy in the Ashmolean collection at Oxford, which was written by Sheale of Tamworth, a reciter of ballads and stories. The second is a modernized version, supposed to be of the time of Elizabeth. The latter, although much inferior to the original, is a fine ballad, and is memorable from Addison's allusion to it in Nos. 70 and 74 of the *Spectator*. He was evidently ignorant of the original. Sir Philip Sidney says, in his "Defence of Poesy," "Certainly I must confess my own barbarousness: I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind crowder,‡ with no rougher voice than rude style, which being so evil apparelled in the dirt and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it be trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?"]

Addison's criticism is genial and hearty; in his first paper, in speaking of Percy's behaviour when the Douglas fell, he cautions his reader "not to let the simplicity of the style, which one may well pardon in so old a poet, prejudice him against the greatness of the thought." He warms up in his second paper, feeling that this simplicity is the highest characteristic of the ballad, and speaks of its being "full of the majestic simplicity which we admire in the greatest of the ancient poets," certainly a more enduring quality than "the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar."

In the ballad of the "Battle of Otterburn," the minstrel adheres to actual history as nearly as partisanship will admit, but this cannot be said of the incidents recounted in "Chevy Chase." It is undoubtedly of later date than the "Battle of Otterburn," from

* Husbands.

† Was exchanged for him.

‡ Singer, or fiddler.

the fact that actual incidents are introduced into it in almost the same words as occur in the ballad of that name. I am inclined to believe that it is an English version of the "Battle of Otterburn," with the position of parties reversed, a piece of partisanship as likely as it is pardonable. That the original version has more of the antique flavour about it than the ballad of the "Battle of Otterburn," is owing to its preservation through Sheale's copy.]

THE FIRST FYTTE.

THE Percy out of Northumberland,
 And a vow to God made he,
 That he would hunt in the mountains
 At Cheviot within days three,
 In the maugre of doughty Douglas,
 And all that ever with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviot,
 He said he would kill and carry them away :
 "By my faith," said the doughty Douglas again,
 "I will let* that hunting if that I may."

Then the Percy out of Bamborough cam,
 With him a mighty meany ;†
 With fifteen hundred archers bold,
 They were chosen out of shires three.

This began on a Monday at morn,
 In Cheviot the hills so hie :
 The child may rue that is unborn,
 It was the more pitie.

The drivers through the woods went
 For to raise the deer ;
 Bowmen bickert upon the bent
 With their broad arrows clear.

Then the wild‡ through the woods went
 On every side shear ;§
 Greyhounds through the groves glent
 For to kill their deer.

They began in Cheviot the hills above
 Early on a Monanday ;
 By that it drew to the hour of noon
 A hundred fat harts dead there lay.

* Hinder.

† Crew, company.

‡ Wild deer.

§ Entirely.

They blew a mort upon the bent,
They 'sembled on sides shear ;*
To the quarry then the Percy went,
To see the brittling of the deer.

He said, " It was the Douglas promise
This day to meet me here ;
But I wist he would fail verament ;"†
A great oath the Percy swear.

At last a squire of Northumberland
Look'd at his hand full nigh ;
He was 'ware o' the doughty Douglas coming,
With him a mighty meany,

Both with spear, bill, and brand.
It was a mighty sight to see ;
Hardier men, both of heart nor hand
Were not in Christiantie.

They were twenty hundred spearmen good,
Withouten any fail ;
They were born along by the water of Tweed,
In the bounds of Teviotdale.

" Leave off the brittling of the deer," he said,
" And to your bows look ye tak good heed ;
For sith ye were o' your mothers born
Had ye never so mickle need."

The doughty Douglas on a steed
He rode at his men beforne ;
His armour glitter'd as did a glede ;‡
A bolder baron was never born.

" Tell me what men ye are," he says,
" Or whose men that ye be ;
Who gave you leave to hunt in this
Cheviot chase in the spite of me ?"

The first man that ever him an answer made,
It was the good Lord Percy ;
" We will not tell thee what men we are," he says,
" Nor whose men that we be ;
But we will hunt here in this chase
In spite of thine and of thee.

* On all sides.

† Truly, really.

‡ A burning coal.

"The fattest harts in all Cheviot
We have kill'd, and cast to carry them away."
"By my troth," said the doughty Douglas again,
"Therefore the one of us shall dee this day."

Then said the doughty Douglas
Unto the Lord Percy :
"To kill all these guiltless men,
Alas ! it were great pitie.

"But, Percy, thou art a lord of land,
I am an earl call'd within my country ;
Let all our men upon a parti stand,
And do the battle of thee and of me."

"Now Christ's curse on his crown," said the Lord Percy,
"Whosoever thereto says nay,
By my troth, doughty Douglas," he says,
"Thou shalt never see that day ;

'Neither in England, Scotland, nor France,
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But and fortune be my chance,
I dare meet him on man for on.'*

Then bespake a squire of Northumberland,
Richard Witherington was his name :
"It shall never be told in South-England," he says,
"To King Harry the Fourth for shame.

"I wat ye be great lords twa,
I am a poor squire of land ;
I will never see my captain fight on a field,
And stand myself, and look on :
But while I may my weapon wield,
I will not fail both heart and hand."

That day, that day, that dreadful day :
The first fyttē here I find,
An you will hear any more o' the hunting o' the Cheviot,
Yet is there more behind.

* On, one—man to man.

THE SECOND FYTTE.

The Englishmen had their bows bent,
 Their hearts were good enow;
 The first of arrows that they shot off,
 Seven score spearmen they slew.

Yet bides the Earl Douglas upon the bent,
 A captain good enough;
 And that was seen verament,
 For he wrought them both woe and wouhe.*

The Douglas parted his host in three,
 Like a cheffe chieftain of pride;
 With sure spears of mighty tree
 They come in on every side.

Thorough our English archery
 Gave many a wound full wide;
 Many a doughty† they garred‡ to die,
 Which gainèd them no pride.

The Englishmen let their bows be,
 And pull'd out brands that were bright;
 It was a heavy sight to see,
 Bright swords on basenets light.

Thorough rich mail, and myne-ye-ple,§
 Many sterne they stroke down straight;
 Many a freke, that was full free,
 There under foot did light.

At last the Douglas and the Percy met,
 Like to captains of might and main;
 They swapt|| together till they both swat,
 With swords that were of fine Milaine,

These worthy frekes for to fight
 Thereto they were full fain,
 Till the blood out of their basenets spreng,
 As ever did hail or rain.

* Mischief.

† A brave man.

‡ Caused.

§ Cloth of many folds worn under the armour.

|| Exchanged blows.

“Hold thee, Percy,” said the Douglas,
“And i’ faith I shall thee bring
Where thou shalt have an earl’s wages
Of Jamie our Scottish king.

“Thou shalt have thy ransom free,
I hight thee hear this thing,
For the manfullest man yet art thou
That ever I conquer’d in field fighting.”

“Nay, then,” said the Lord Percy,
I told it thee beforne,
That I would never yielded be
To no man of a woman born.”

With that there came an arrow hastilie
Forth of a mighty wane,*
It hath stricken the Earl Douglas
In at the breast-bane.

Thorough liver and lungs both
The sharp arrow is gone,
That never after in all his life days
He spake mo words but ane,
That was, “Fight ye, my merry men, whiles ye may,
For my life days ben gane.”

The Percy leanèd on his hand,
And saw the Douglas dee;
He took the dead man by the hand,
And said, “Woe is me for thee!

“To have saved thy life I would have parted with
My lands for years three,
For a better man of heart, nor of hand,
Was not in all the north countrie.”

Of all that see a Scottish knight,
Was call’d Sir Hugh the Montgomerie,
He saw the Douglas to the death was dight,
He spendet† a spear of trustie tree.

* A mighty man.

† Grasped.

He rode upon a courser
Through a hundred archery ;
He never stinted, nor never blane,*
Till he came to the good Lord Percy.

He set upon the Lord Percy
A dint that was full sore ;
With a sure spear of a mighty tree
Clean thorough the body he the Percy bore,

At the tother side, that a man might see
A large cloth-yard and mair ;
Two better captains were not in Christiantie,
Than that day slain were there.

An archer of Northumberland,
Saw slain was the Lord Percy,
He bare a bend-bow in his hand,
Was made of trusty tree ;

An arrow, that a cloth-yard was lang,
To the hard steel halyde he ;
A dint that was both sad and sore,
He sat on Sir Hugh the Montgomerie.

The dint it was both sad and sair
That he of Montgomerie set ;
The swan-feathers that his arrows bair,
With his heart blood they were wet.

There was never a freke one foot would flee,
But still in stour did stand,
Hewing on each other while they might drie,†
With many a baleful brand.

This battle began in Cheviot
An hour before the noon,
And when even-song bell was rung
The battle was not half done.

They took on, on either hand
By the light of the moon ;
Many had no strength for to stand,
In Cheviot the hills aboon.

* Never slackened his pace.

† Were able.

Of fifteen hundred archers of England,
Went away but fifty and three;
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland
But even five and fiftie :

But all were slain Cheviot within ;
They had no strength to stand on hie ;
The child may rue that is unborn,
It was the more pitie.

There was slain with the Lord Percy,
Sir John of Agerstone,
Sir Roger the hinde Hartly,
Sir William the bold Heron.

Sir George the worthy Lovel,
A knight of great renown,
Sir Ralph the rich Rugby,
With dints were beaten down.

For Witherington my heart was wae,
That ever he slain should be ;
For when both his legs were hewn in two,
Yet he kneel'd and fought on his knee.

There was slain with the doughty Douglas,
Sir Hugh the Montgomerie,
Sir Davy Liddle, that worthy was,
His sister's son was he ;

Sir Charles a Murray, in that place,
That never a foot would flee ;
Sir Hugh Maxwell, a lord he was,
With the Douglas did he dee.

So on the morrow they made them biers
Of birch and hazel so gray ;
Many widows with weeping tears
Came to fetch their maiks away.

Teviotdale may carp of care,
Northumberland may make great moan,
For two such captains as slain were there,
On the March parts shall never be none.

Word is come to Edinborough,
 To Jamie, the Scottish king,
 That doughty Douglas, Lieutenant of the Marches,
 He lay slain Cheviot within.

His hands did he wail and wring,
 He said, "Alas! and woe is me!
 Such another captain Scotland within,"
 He said, "i' faith shall never be."

Word is come to lovely London,
 Till to the Fourth Harry our king,
 That Lord Percy, Lieutenant of the Marches,
 He lay slain Cheviot within.

"God have mercy on his soul!" said King Harry,
 "Good Lord, if Thy will it be!
 I have a hundred captains in England," he said,
 "As good as ever was he;
 But Percy, an I brook my life,
 Thy death well quit* shall be."

As our noble king made his a-vow,
 Like a noble prince of renown,
 For the death of the Lord Percy
 He did the battle of Humbledon;†

Where six and thirty Scottish knights
 On a day were beaten down:
 Glendale‡ glitter'd in their armour bright,
 Over castle, tower, and town.

This was the hunting of the Cheviot,
 That tear began this spurn;§
 Old men that knowen the ground well enough
 Call it the battle of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurn,
 Upon a Monanday;
 There was the doughty Douglas slain,
 The Percy never went away.

* Avenged.

† Fought Sept. 14th, 1402, in a field below the village of that name near Wooler, in Northumberland.

‡ Glendale Ward is situated in Humbledon.

§ This seems to be, according to Mr. Robert Bell, a proverb: "That tearing or pulling occasioned this spurn or kick."

There was never a time on the March parts
Since the Douglas and Percy met,
But it was marvel an the red blood ran not,
As the rain does in the street.

Jesu Christ our bayes bete,*
And to the bliss us bring!
Thus was the hunting of the Cheviot;
God send us all good ending.

CHEVY CHASE.

(MODERN VERSION.)

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn,
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
To kill and bear away:
The tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay.

Who sent Earl Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport;
The English earl not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

* Our ills abate.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt,
When daylight did appear.

And long before high noon they had
An hundred fat bucks slain;
Then having dined, the drovers went
To rouse them up again.

The bowmen muster'd on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Their backsides all, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deer;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here.

"If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay."
With that, a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say:

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,
All marching in our sight.

"All men of pleasant Teviotdale,
Fast by the river Tweed:"
"Then cease your sport," Earl Percy said,
"And take your bows with speed.

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For there was never champion yet
In Scotland or in France,

“That ever did on horseback come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear.”

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

“Show me,” he said, “whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer.”

The man that first did answer make
Was noble Percy he;
Who said, “We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be.

“Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest hart to slay;”
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:

“Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die:
I know thee well, an earl thou art,
Lord Percy, so am I.

“But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.

“Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside:”
“Accursed be he,” Lord Percy said,
“By whom this is denied.”

Then stept a gallant squire forth,
(Witherington was his name)
Who said, “I would not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

"That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on :
You be two earls," said Witherington,
"And I a squire alone.

"I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand ;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true ;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Douglas had the bent ;
A captain moved with mickle pride
The spears to shivers sent.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might ;
Like lions moved they laid on loud,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of temper'd steel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said ;
"In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high avancèd be
By James, our Scottish king.

“Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee;
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see.”

“No, Douglas,” quoth Earl Percy then,
“Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.”

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart—
A deep and deadly blow:

Who never spoke more words than these—
“Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Percy sees my fall.”

Then leaving strife, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said, “Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land!

“O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more renownèd knight
Mischance did never take.”

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call’d,
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And pass’d the English archers all
Without all dread or fear;
And through Earl Percy’s body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a veh'ment force and might
He did his body gore ;
The spear ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain ;
An English archer then perceived
The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree ;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his shaft he set,
The gray goose-wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun ;
For when they rung the evening-bell
The battle scarce was done.

With the Earl Percy there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and good Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps ;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery ;
Sir Charles Carrel, that from the field
One foot would never fly.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,
His sister's son was he ;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd
Yet savèd could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like wise
Did with Earl Douglas die ;
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three ;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail ;
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away :
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

" O heavy news !" King James did say ;
" Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy Chase.

" Now God be with him," said our king,
" Sith 'twill no better be ;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he.

"Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take;
And be revengèd on them all,
For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow full well the king perform'd,
After, on Humbledown;
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown.

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands die:
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease!



THE BONNIE BANKS O' FORDIE; OR, THE DUKE OF PERTH'S THREE DAUGHTERS.

[Mr. Motherwell gives a version under the title of "Babylon; or, the Bonnie Banks o' Fordie;" and Mr. Kinloch gives another under the title of "The Duke of Perth's Three Daughters." Previous editors have endeavoured to find a local habitation for this tradition, and have associated it with the family of Drummond, of Perth. As a legend exactly similar is current in Denmark, this appears a bootless quest.]

THERE were three ladies lived in a bower,
(Hey how bonnie!)
And they went out to pu' a flower,
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

They hadna pu'ed a rose but ane,
(Hey how bonnie!)
When up started to them a banisht man,
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

He's ta'en the first sister by her hand,
(Hey how bonnie!)
He's turned her round and made her stand,
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

"It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife?"
(Hey how bonnie!)
"Or will ye dee by my wee penknife?"
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

"Before I'll be called a rank robber's wife,"
(Hey how bonnie!)
"I'll rather dee by your wee penknife,"
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

Then out he's ta'en his wee penknife,
(Hey how bonnie!)
And he's parted her and her sweet life,
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

He's ta'en the second ane by the hand,
(Hey how bonnie!)
He's turned her round and made her stand,
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

"It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife?"
(Hey how bonnie!)
"Or will ye dee by my wee penknife?"
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

"Before I'll be called a rank robber's wife,"
(Hey how bonnie!)
"I'll rather dee by your wee penknife,"
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

Then out he's ta'en his wee penknife,
(Hey how bonnie!)
And he's parted her and her sweet life,
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

He's ta'en the youngest ane by the hand,
(Hey how bonnie!)
And he's turned her round and made her stand,
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

"It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife?"
(Hey how bonnie!)
"Or will ye dee by my wee penknife?"
(On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

"It's I'll not be called a rank robber's wife,"
 (Hey how bonnie!)
 "Nor will I dee by your wee penknife,"
 (On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

 "For I hae a brother in green wood tree,"
 (Hey how bonnie!)
 "An' gin ye kill me, it's he'll kill thee,"
 (On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

 "Come tell to me what's thy brother's name?"
 (Hey how bonnie!)
 "My brother's name it is Burd alane!"*
 (On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

 "O sisters, sisters, what hae I done?"
 (Hey how bonnie!)
 "O hae I done this ill to thee?"
 (On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

 "O since I've done this evil deed,"
 (Hey how bonnie!)
 "Good sall never be seen o' me,"
 (On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

 And he's ta'en out his wee penknife,
 (Hey how bonnie!)
 And twined himsel o' his ain sweet life,
 (On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.)

THE BROOM OF THE COWDENKNOWES.

[The following is the version of this ballad which appears in "The Border Minstrelsy." I have introduced several lines and phrases from those given by Mr. Buchan and Mr. Kinloch. The latter gives two versions under the titles of the "Laird of Ochiltree," and the "Laird of Lochnie."]

O THE broom, and the bonny broom,
 And the broom o' the Cowdenknowes!
 And aye sae sweet as the lassie sang
 I' the bucht, milking the ewes.

* Burd alane—a solitary person. This is introduced instead of Babylon (perhaps Baby-lone) in Mr. Motherwell's version, which I follow pretty closely.

The hills were high on ilka side,
And the bucht i' the lisk * o' the hill,
And aye, as she sang, her voice it rang,
Out ower the head o' yon hill.

There was a troop o' gentlemen
Cam riding merrilie by,
And one o' them has rade out o' the way,
To the bucht to the bonny May.

"Weel may ye save an' see, bonnie lass,
An' weel may ye save an' see."
"An' sae wi' you, ye weel-bred knicht,
An' what's your will wi' me?"

"The nicht is misty and mirk, fair May,
And I hae ridden astray,
And will ye be sae kind, fair May,
As come out and point my way?"

"Ride on, ride on, ye ramp rider,
Your steed's baith stout and strang;
For out o' the bucht I daurna come,
For fear that ye do me wrang."

"O winna ye pity me, bonnie lass?
O winna ye pity me?
O winna ye pity my poor steed
Stands trembling at yon tree?"

"I wadna pity your poor steed,
Tho' it were tied to a thorn;
For if ye wad gain my love the nicht,
Ye wad slight me ere the morn.

"For I ken ye by your weel-buskit hat,
And your merrie twinkling e'e,
That ye're the laird o' the Oakland hills,
An' ye may weel seem for to be."

"O I'm not the laird o' the Oakland hills,
Ye're far mista'en o' me;
But I'm ane o' the men about his house,
An' richt aft in his companie."

* Hollow. In the vernacular this means literally the thigh.

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
An' by the grass-green sleeve;
He's laid her down by the ewe-bucht wa',
An' speired at her sma' leave.

O he's ta'en out a purse o' gowd,
An' streaked her yellow hair;
"Now, tak ye that, my bonnie May,
O' me till ye hear mair."

Then he lap on his berry brown steed,
An' he rade after his men,
An' ane an' a' cried out to him,
"O, master, ye're tarried lang!"

"O I hae been east, an' I hae been west,
And I hae been far ower the knowes,
But the bonniest lass that ever I saw,
Is i' the bucht milking the ewes."

She's ta'en her milk-pail on her head,
An' she's gane singing hame:
"O whaur hae ye been, my ae dochter?
Ye hae nae been your lane."

"O naebody was wi' me, father,
O naebody has been wi' me;
The nicht is misty and mirk, father,
Ye may gang to the door an' see.

"But wae be to your ewe-herd, father,
And an ill deed may he dee;
He loves the bucht at the back o' the knowe,
And a tod has frichted me.

"There cam a tod to the bucht door,
The like I never saw,
And ere he had taken the lamb he did,
I had loured * he had ta'en them a'."

When twenty weeks were come an' gane,
Twenty weeks an' three,
The lassie begoud to look thin an' pale,
And thocht lang for his twinkling e'e.

* Rather.

It fell on a day, on a het simmer day,
 She was ca'ing out her kye,
 She spied the same troop o' gentlemen,
 As they were passing by.

"Weel may ye save an' see, bonnie May,
 Weel may ye save an' see,
 Weel I wat ye be a very bonnie May,
 But wha's aught that babe ye are wi'?"

Never a word could that lassie say,
 For never a ane could she blame,
 And never a word could the lassie say,
 But, "I hae a gudeman at hame."

"Ye lee, ye lee, my weel-faured May,
 Sae loud as I hear ye lee;
 For dinna ye mind yon misty nicht
 I was in the bucht wi' thee?"

"I ken you by your middle sae jimp,
 An' your merrie twinkling e'e,
 That ye're the bonnie lass o' the Cowdenknowes,
 An' ye may weel seem to be."

He lichted aff his berry brown steed,
 An' he's set that fair May on:
 "Ca' out your kye, gude father, yoursel,
 I'll ne'er ca' them out again."

"I am the laird o' the Oakland hills,
 I hae thirty plows an' three,
 An' I hae gotten the bonniest May
 That's in a' the south countrie."



SIR ALDINGAR.

[The subject of the two following ballads is the same; they are reprinted here from the "Reliques" and the "Minstrelsy." Similar legends are common to Denmark, Norway, Iceland, Germany, France, Italy, and Spain. In the English story the actors are King Henry, Queen Eleanor, and Sir Aldingar. Queen Eleanor is a name freely used in ballads, and it is possible the consort of Henry II. is the heroine. In introducing the ballad Percy says:—"This old fabulous legend is given from the editor's folio MS., with conjectural emendations, and the insertion of some additional stanzas to supply

and complete the story. It has been suggested to the editor that the author of the poem seems to have had in his eye the story of Gunhilda, who is sometimes called Eleanor (?), and was married to the emperor (here called king) Henry."

The reader is referred, for a graphic sketch of the various legends, to an admirable introductory note appended to the ballad in Mr. Child's collection, vol. iii. p. 234.]

Our king he kept a false steward,
Sir Aldingar they him call;
A falsen steward than he was one,
Served not in bower nor hall.

He would have lain by our comely queen,
Her dear worship to betray;
Our queen she was a good woman,
And evermore said him nay.

Sir Aldingar was wroth in his mind,
With her he was never content,
Till traitorous means he could devise,
In a fire to have her brent.*

There came a lazar to the king's gate,
A lazar both blind and lame;
He took the lazar upon his back,
Him on the queen's bed has lain.

"Lie still, lazar, wheras thou liest,
Look thou go not hence away;
I'll make thee a whole man and a sound
In two hours of the day."

Then went him forth Sir Aldingar,
And hied him to our king:
"If I might have grace, as I have space,
Sad tidings I could bring."

"Say on, say on, Sir Aldingar,
Say on the sooth to me."
"Our queen hath chosen a new, new love,
And she will have none of thee.

"If she had chosen a right good knight,
The less had been her shame;
But she hath chose her a lazar man,
A lazar both blind and lame."

‘ If this be true, thou Aldingar,
 The tidings thou tellest to me,
 Then will I make thee a rich, rich knight,
 Rich both of gold and fee.

“ But if it be false, Sir Aldingar,
 As God now grant it be !
 Thy body, I swear by the holy rood,
 Shall hang on the gallows tree.”

He brought our king to the queen’s chamber,
 And opened to him the door :
 “ A lodlye* love,” King Harry says,
 “ For our queen, dame Elinore !

“ If thou were a man, as thou art none,
 Here on my sword thoust die ;
 But a pair of new gallows shall be built,
 And there shalt thou hang on high.”

Forth then hied our king, iwysse,†
 And an angry man was he,
 And soon he found queen Elinore,
 That bride so bright of blee.‡

“ Now God you save, our queen, madame,
 And Christ you save and see !
 Here you have chosen a new, new love,
 And you will have none of me.

“ If you had chosen a right good knight,
 The less had been your shame ;
 But you have chose you a lazar man,
 A lazar both blind and lame.

“ Therefore a fire there shall be built,
 And brent all shalt thou be.”—
 “ Now out, alack !” said our comely queen,
 “ Sir Aldingar’s false to me.

“ Now out, alack !” said our comely queen,
 “ My heart with grief will brast :§
 I had thought swevens|| had never been true,
 I have proved them true at last.

* Loathly. † I wis—certainly. ‡ Complexion. § Burst. || Dreams.

"I dreamt in my sweven on Thursday eve
 In my bed wheras I lay
 I dreamt a grype* and a grimly beast
 Had carried my crown away ;

"My gorget and my kirtle of gold,
 And all my fair head-gear ;
 And he would worry me with his tush,†
 And to his nest y-bear :

"Saving there came a little gray hawk,
 A merlin him they call,
 Which until the ground did strike the grype,
 That dead he down did fall.

"Gif I were a man, as now I am none,
 A battle would I prove,
 To fight with that traitor Aldingar :
 At him I cast my glove.

"But seeing I'm able no battle to make,
 My liege, grant me a knight
 To fight with that traitor, Sir Aldingar,
 To maintain me in my right."

"Now forty days I will give thee
 To seek thee a knight therin :
 If thou find not a knight in forty days,
 Thy body it must brenn.‡

Then she sent east, and she sent west,
 By north and south bedeene ;§
 But never a champion could she find,
 Would fight with that knight so keen.

Now twenty days were spent and gone,
 No help there might be had ;
 Many a tear shed our comely queen,
 And aye her heart was sad.

Then came one of the queen's damselles,
 And knelt upon her knee :
 "Cheer up, cheer up, my gracious dame,
 I trust yet help may be.

* Griffin.

† Tusks.

‡ Burn.

§ Without stay ; constantly.

“ And here I will make mine avow,
And with the same me bind,
That never will I return to thee,
Till I some help may find.”

Then forth she rode on a fair palfrey,
O'er hill and dale about ;
But never a champion could she find,
Would fight with that knight so stout.

And now the day drew on apace,
When our good queen must die ;
All woe-begone was that fair damselle,
When she found no help was nigh.

All woe-begone was that fair damselle,
And the salt tears fell from her eye ;
When lo ! as she rode by a rivers side,
She met with a tiny boy.

A tiny boy she met, God wot,
All clad in mantle of gold ;
He seemed no more in mans likeness,
Than a child of four year old.

“ Why grieve you, damselle fair ? ” he said,
“ And what doth cause you moan ? ”
The damselle scant would deign a look,
But fast she prickèd on.

“ Yet turn again, thou fair damselle,
And greet thy queen from me ;
When bale is at highest, boot is highest ;
Now help enough may be.

“ Bid her remember what she dreamt,
In her bed wheras she lay ;
How when the grype and the grimly beast
Would have carried her crown away,

“ Even then there came the little gray hawk,
And saved her from his claws :
Then bid the queen be merry at heart,
For heaven will fend her cause.”

Back then rode that fair damselle,
And her heart it leapt for glee :
And when she told her gracious dame,
A glad woman then was she.

But when the appointed day was come,
No help appeared nigh ;
Then woeful, woeful was her heart,
And the tears stood in her eye.

And now a fire was built of wood,
And a stake was made of tree ;
And now queen Elinor forth was led,
A sorrowful sight to see.

Three times the herald he waved his hand,
And three times spake on high ;
“ Gif any good knight will fend this dame,
Come forth, or she must die.”

No knight stood forth, no knight there came,
No help appeared nigh ;
And now the fire was lighted up,
Queen Elinor she must die.

And now the fire was lighted up,
As hot as hot might be ;
When riding upon a little white steed,
The tiny boy they see.

“ Away with that stake, away with those brands,
And loose our comely queen :
I am come to fight with Sir Aldingar,
And prove him a traitor keen.”

Forth then stood Sir Aldingar ;
But when he saw the child,
He laughed, and scoffed, and turned his back,
And weened he had been beguiled.

“ Now turn, now turn thee, Aldingar,
And either fight or flee ;
I trust that I shall avenge the wrong,
Though I am so small to see.”

The boy pulled forth a well good sword,
So gilt it dazzled the ee ;
The first stroke stricken at Aldingar
Smote off his legs by the knee.

“ Stand up, stand up, thou false traitor,
And fight upon thy feet,
For, and thou thrive as thou beginn'st,
Of height we shall be meet.”

“ A priest, a priest,” sayes Aldingar,
“ While I am a man alive ;
“ A priest, a priest,” sayes Aldingar,
“ Me for to houzle* and shrive.

“ I would have lain by our comely queen,
But she would never consent ;
Then I thought to betray her unto our king,
In a fire to have her brent.

“ There came a lazar to the kings gates,
A lazar both blind and lame ;
I took the lazar upon my back,
And on her bed had him layn.

“ Then ran I to our comely king,
These tidings sore to tell :
But ever alack !” says Aldingar,
“ Falsing† never doth well.

“ Forgive, forgive me, queen, madame
The short time I must live :”
“ Now Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,
As freely I forgive.”

“ Here take thy queen, our King Harry,
And love her as thy life,
For never had a king in Christentie
A truer and fairer wife.”

King Harry ran to clasp his queen,
And loosed her full soon ;
Then turned to look for the tiny boy :—
The boy was vanished and gone.

* Give the sacrament.

† Lying.

But first he had touched the lazar man,
 And stroked him with his hand ;
 The lazar under the gallows tree
 All whole and sound did stand.

The lazar under the gallows tree
 Was comely, straight, and tall ;
 King Henry made him his head steward,
 To wait within his hall.

SIR HUGH LE BLOND.

[“The tradition upon which the ballad is founded is universally current in the Mearns; and the editor is informed that, till very lately, the sword with which Sir Hugh le Blond was believed to have defended the life and honour of the Queen was carefully preserved by his descendants, the Viscounts of Arbuthnot. That Sir Hugh of Arbuthnot lived in the thirteenth century is proved by his having (1282) bestowed the patronage of the church of Garvoch upon the monks of Aberbrothwick, for the safety of his soul.”—*Register of Aberbrothwick, quoted by Crawford in Peerage.*]

“I was favoured with the following copy of *Sir Hugh le Blond* by K. Williamson Burnet, Esq., of Monboddie, who wrote it down from the recitation of an old woman long in the service of the Arbuthnot family. Of course, the diction is very much humbled, and it has, in all probability, undergone many corruptions; but its antiquity is indubitable, and the story, though indifferently told, is in itself interesting. It is believed that there have been many more verses.”—SCOTT.]

THE birds sang sweet as ony bell,
 The world had not their make ;
 The Queen she's gone to her chamber,
 With Rodingham to talk.

“I love you well, my Queen, my dame,
 'Dove land and rents so clear ;
 And for the love of you, my Queen,
 Would thole* pain most severe.”

“If well you love me, Rodingham,
 I'm sure so do I thee ;
 I love you well as any man
 Save the King's fair body.”

“I love you well, my Queen, my dame ;
 'Tis truth that I do tell :
 And for to lie a night with you,
 The salt seas I would sail,”

“Away, away, O Rodingham !
You are both stark and stour ;
Would you defile the King’s own bed,
And make his Queen a whore ?

“To-morrow you’d be taken sure,
And like a traitor slain ;
And I’d be burnèd at a stake,
Although I be the Queen.”

He then stepp’d out at her room door,
All in an angry mood ;
Until he met a leper-man
Just by the hard way-side.

He intoxicate the leper-man,
With liquors very sweet ;
And gave him more and more to drink,
Until he fell asleep.

He took him in his arms twa,
And carried him along,
Till he came to the Queen’s own bed,
And there he laid him down.

He then stepp’d out of the Queen’s bower,
As swift as any roe,
Till he came to the very place
Where the King himself did go.

The King said unto Rodingham—
“What news have you to me ?”
He said, “Your Queen’s a false woman,
As I did plainly see.”

He hastened to the Queen’s chamber,
So costly and so fine,
Until he came to the Queen’s own bed,
Where the leper-man was lain.

He lookèd on the leper-man,
Who lay on his Queen’s bed ;
He lifted up the snaw-white sheets,
And thus he to him said :

"Plooky,* plooky are your cheeks,
And plooky is your chin;
And plooky are your arms twa,
My bonny Queen's lain in.

"Since she has lain into your arms,
She shall not lie in mine;
Since she has kissed your ugsome† mouth,
She never shall kiss mine.

In anger he went to the Queen,
Who fell upon her knee;
He said, "You false, unchaste woman,
What's this you've done to me?"

The Queen then turn'd herself about,
The tear blinded her ee—
"There's not a knight in a' your court
Dare give that name to me."

He said, "'Tis true that I do say;
For I a proof did make:
You shall be taken from my bower,
And burnèd at a stake.

"Perhaps I'll take my word again,
And may repent the same,
If that you'll get a Christian man
To fight that Rodingham."

"Alas! alas!" then cried our Queen,
"Alas! and woe to me!
There's not a man in all Scotland
Will fight with him for me."

She breathed unto her messengers,
Sent them south, east, and west;
They could find none to fight with him,
Nor enter the contest.

She breathèd on her messengers,
Sent them to the north;
And there they found Sir Hugh le Blond,
To fight him he came forth.

* Pimpily.

† Loathsome.

When unto him they did unfold
The circumstance all right,
He bade them go and tell the Queen,
That for her he would fight.

The day came on that was to do
That dreadful tragedy;
Sir Hugh le Blond was not come up
To fight for our lady.

"Put on the fire," the monster said:
"It is twelve on the bell."
"'Tis scarcely ten, now," said the King;
"I heard the clock mysell."

Before the hour the Queen is brought,
The burning to proceed;
In a black velvet chair she's set,
A token for the dead.

She saw the flames ascending high,
The tears blinded her ee?
"Where is the worthy knight," she said,
"Who is to fight for me?"

Then up and spak the King himsell,
"My dearest, have no doubt,
For yonder comes the man himsell,
As bold as e'er set out."

They then advanced to fight the duel
With swords of tempered steel,
Till down the blood of Rodingham
Came running to his heel.

Sir Hugh took out a lusty sword,
'Twas of the metal clear,
And he has pierced Rodingham
Till's heart-blood did appear.

"Confess your treachery now," he said,
"This day before you die?"
"I do confess my treachery,
I shall no longer lie:

“ I like to wicked Haman am,
 This day I shall be slain.”
 The Queen was brought to her chamber,
 A good woman again.

The Queen then said unto the King,
 “ Arbattle’s near the sea ;
 Give it unto the northern knight,
 That this day fought for me.”

Then said the King, “ Come here, Sir Knight,
 And drink a glass of wine ;
 And, if Arbattle’s* not enough,
 To it we’ll Fordoun join.”



ROOKHOPE RYDE.

[Versions of this ballad, differing but slightly, appear in “The Minstrelsy,” and in “The Bishopric Garland.” The editor, Mr. Ritson, gives the following note:—

“ A bishopric Border song, composed in 1569, taken down from the chanting of George Collingwood, the elder, late of Boltsburn, in the neighbourhood of Ryhope, who was interred at Stanhope, the 16th December, 1785.

“ Rookhope is the name of a valley about five miles in length ; at the termination of which Rookhope burn empties itself into the river Wear, and is in the north part of the parish of Stanhope, in Weardale. Rookhope-head is the top of the vale.”—RITSON.

The date was not 1569, as stated by Mr. Ritson, but 1572.]

ROOKHOPE stands in a pleasant place,
 If the false thieves wad let it be ;
 But away they steal our goods apace,
 And ever an ill death may they dee !

And so is the men of Thirlwall and Williehaver,†
 And all their companies thereabout,
 That is minded to do mischief,
 And at their stealing stands not out.

* Arbattle is the ancient name of the barony of Arbuthnot. Fordun has long been the patrimony of the same family.—S.

† Thirlwall, or Thirlitwall, is said by Fordun, the Scottish historian, to be a name given to the Picts’ or Roman wall, from its having been thirled, or perforated, in ancient times, by the Scots and Piets.

Willie-haver, or Willeva, is a small district or township in the parish of Lanercost, near Beweastledale, in Cumberland, mentioned in the ballad of *Hobie Noble*.—RITSON.

But yet we will not slander them all,
For there is of them good enow ;
It is a sore consumed tree
That on it bears not one fresh bough.

Lord God ! is not this a pitiful case,
That men dare not drive their goods to the fell,
But limmer thieves drives them away,
That fears neither heaven nor hell ?

Lord, send us peace into the realm,
That every man may live on his own !
I trust to God, if it be his will,
That Weardale men may ne'er be overthrown.

For great troubles they've had in hand,
With borderers pricking hither and thither,
But the greatest fray that e'er they had,
Was with the men of Thirlwall and Williehaver.

They gather'd together so royally,
The stoutest men and the best in gear ;
And he that rade not on a horse,
I wat he rade on a weel-fed mear.

So in the morning, before they came out,
So weel I wot they broke their fast ;
In the [forenoon* they came] unto a bye fell,
Where some of them did eat their last.

When they had eaten aye and done,
They say'd some captains here needs must be !
Then they choosed forth Harry Corbyl,
And " Symon Fell," and Martin Ridley.

Then o'er the moss, where as they came,
With many a brank and whew,
One of them could to another say,
" I think this day we are men enew.

* This would be about eleven o'clock, the usual dinner-hour in that period.—
RITSON.

“For Weardale-men is a journey ta'en ;
 They are so far out o'er yon fell,
 That some of them's with the two earls,*
 And others fast in Bernard castell.

“There we shall get gear enough,
 For there is nane but women at hame ;
 The sorrowful fend that they can make,
 Is loudly cries as they were slain.”†

Then in at Rookhope-head they came,
 And there they thought tul a had their prey
 But they were spy'd coming over the Dry-rig,
 Soon upon Saint Nicolas' day.‡

Then in at Rookhope-head they came,
 They ran the forest but a mile ;
 They gather'd together in four hours
 Six hundred sheep within a while.

And horses I trow they gat,
 But either ane or twa ;
 And they gat them all but ane
 That belang'd to great Rowley.

That Rowley was the first man that did them spy,
 With that he raised a mighty cry ;
 The cry it came down Rookhope burn,
 And spread through Weardale hastily.

* The two earls were Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Charles Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland, who, on the 15th of November, 1569, at the head of their tenantry and others, took arms for the purpose of liberating Mary, Queen of Scots, and restoring the old religion. They besieged Barnard Castle, which was, for eleven days, stoutly defended by Sir George Bowes, who, afterward, being appointed the Queen's marshal, hanged the poor constables and peasantry by dozens in a day, to the amount of 800. The Earl of Northumberland, betrayed by the Scots, with whom he had taken refuge, was beheaded at York on the 22nd of August, 1572; and the Earl of Westmoreland, deprived of the ancient and noble patrimony of the Nevils, and reduced to beggary, escaped over sea, into Flanders, and died in misery and disgrace, being the last of his family.—RITSON. See *The Rising in the North*, and *Northumberland betrayed by Douglas*.

† This is still the phraseology of Westmoreland: a *poorly* day, a *softly* man, and the like.—RITSON.

‡ The 6th of December.

Then word came to the bailiff's house
 At the East gate,* where he did dwell;
 He was walked out to the Smale-burns,†
 Which stands above the Hanging-well.

His wife was wae when she heard tell,
 So weel she wist her husband wanted gear;
 She gar'd saddle him his horse in haste,
 And neither forgot sword, jack, nor spear.

The bailiff got wit before his gear came,
 That such news was in the land;
 He was sore troubled in his heart,
 That on no earth that he could stand.

His brother was hurt three days before,
 With limmer thieves that did him prick;
 Nineteen bloody wounds lay him upon,
 What ferly‡ was't that he lay sick?

But yet the bailiff shrinked nought,
 But fast after them he did hie;
 And so did all his neighbours near,
 That went to bear him company.

But when the bailiff was gathered,
 And all his company;
 They were numbered to never a man
 But forty under fifty.

The thieves was numbered a hundred men,
 I wat they were not of the worst
 That could be choosed out of Thirlwall and Williehaver,
 [I trow they were the very first.]§

* Now a straggling village so called; originally, it would seem, the gate-house, or ranger's lodge, at the east entrance of Stanhope-park. At some distance from this place is West-gate, so called for a similar reason.—RITSON.

† The mention of the bailiff's house at the East-gate is (were such a proof wanting) strongly indicative of the authenticity of the ballad. The family of Emerson of East-gath, a fief, if I may so call it, held under the bishop, long exercised the office of bailiff of Wolsingham, the chief town and borough of Weardale, and of Forster, &c., under successive prelates.—SURTEES.

‡ A place in the neighbourhood of East-gate, known at present, as well as the Dry-rig, or Smale-burns.—RITSON.

§ What miracle.

§ The reciter, from his advanced age, could not recollect the original line thus imperfectly supplied.—RITSON.

But all that was in Rookhope-head,
And all that was i' Nuketon-eleugh,
Where Weardale-men o'ertook the thieves,
And there they gave them fighting eneugh.

So sore they made them fain to flee,
As many was "a'" out of hand;
And, for tul have been at home again,
They would have been in iron bands.

And for the spae of long seven years
As sore they mighten a' had their lives;
But there was never one of them
That ever thought to have seen their "wives."

About the time the fray began,
I trow it lasted but an hour,
Till many a man lay weaponless,
And was sore wounded in that stour.

Also before that hour was done,
Four of the thieves were slain,
Besides all those that wounded were,
And eleven prisoners there was ta'en.

George Carriek, and his brother Edie,
Them two, I wot they were both slain;
Harry Corbyl, and Lennie Carrick,
Bore them company in their pain.

One of our Weardale-men was slain,
Rowland Emerson his name hight;
I trust to God his soul is well,
Because he "fought" unto the right.

But thus they say'd, "We'll not depart
While we have one:—speed baek again!"
And when they came amongst the dead men,
There they found George Carrick slain.

And when they found George Carriek slain,
I wot it went well near their "heart;"
Lord, let them never make a better end,
That comes to play them sicken a "part."

I trust to God, no more they shall,
 Except it be one for a great chance;
 For God will punish all those
 With a great heavy pestilence.

Thir limmer thieves, they have good hearts,
 They nevir think to be o'erthrown ;
 Three banners against Weardale-men they bare,
 As if the world had been all their own.

Thir Weardale-men, they have good hearts,
 They are as stiff as any tree ;
 For, if they'd every one been slain,
 Never a foot back man would flee.

And such a storm amongst them fell
 As I think you never heard the like ;
 For he that bears his head so high,
 He oft-times falls into the dyke.

And now I do entreat you all,
 As many as are present here,
 To pray for [the] singer of this song,
 For he sings to make blithe your cheer.



WILLIE'S DROWNED IN YARROW.

[This sweet and pathetic ballad has been printed in various shapes. Mr. Buchan gives two versions, without noticing their connexion, called respectively "The Haughs o' Yarrow," and "Willie's drowned in Gamery." The following version is constructed as follows—Verses two, four, eleven, and twelve are from the "Tea-table Miscellany;" verses one, three, five, six, seven, eight, and nine are from Mr. Buchan's "Haughs o' Yarrow;" verse ten is from "Willie's drowned in Gamery," and is the only verse in it worthy of being placed side by side with the others. I have some confidence in believing that the version thus compiled is the best and the most perfect which has yet appeared.]

Down in yon garden, sweet and gay,
 Where bonnie grows the lilie,
 I heard a fair maid singing, say,
 "My wish be wi' sweet Willie.

"Willie's rare and Willie's fair,
 And Willie's wondrous bonny,
 And Willie's hecht to marry me,
 Gin e'er he married ony.

"Willie's gane where I thought on,
And does not hear me weeping;
Draws mony a tear frae true love's ee,
When other maids are sleeping.

"Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
This night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live lang winter night
I'll lie twin'd of my marrow.

"Ye southlan' winds, blaw to the north,
To the place where he's remaining;
Convey these kisses to his mouth,
And tell him how I'm faining.

"O tell sweet Willie to come down,
And bid him nae be cruel,
And tell him not to break the heart
Of his love and only jewel.

"O tell sweet Willie to come down,
And hear the mavis singing;
And see the birds on ilka bush,
And leaves around them hinging.

"The lav'roek there in her white breast,
And gentle throat sae narrow;
There's sport eneuch for gentlemen
On Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

"O! Leader Haughs are wide and braid,
And Yarrow haughs are bonny;
There Willie hecht to marry me,
If e'er he married ony.

"Willie's fair and Willie's rare,
And Willie's wondrous bonny;
There's nane wi' him that can compare,
I love him best o' ony.

"O cam' you by yon water-side?
Pu'd ye the rose or lily?
Or cam' ye by yon meadow-green?
Or saw ye my sweet Willie?"

She sought him east, she sought him west,
 She sought him braid and narrow ;
 Syne, in the cleaving o' a craig,
 She fand him drown'd in Yarrow.

ANNIE LAURIE.

[The following is from Mr. Sharpe's collection. The lines were composed by Douglas of England in honour of Miss Laurie of Maxwellton, previous to 1688, who afterwards married Ferguson of Craigdarroch. The modern version of this ballad is too well known to require to be quoted here.]

MAXWELTON banks are bonnie,
 Where early fa's the dew,
 Where me and Annie Laurie
 Made up the promise true ;
 Made up the promise true,
 And ne'er forget will I,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
 I'd lay down my head and die.

She's backit like a peacock,
 She's breastit like a swan,
 She's jimp about the middle,
 Her waist ye weel may span ;
 Her waist ye weel may span,
 She has a rolling eye,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
 I'd lay down my head and die.

LORD THOMAS OF WINESBERRIE.

[Mr. Kinloch fancies that, "from the striking similarity of some of the incidents detailed in this ballad to those related by Pitseottie (the historian), to have occurred in the secret expedition of James V. to France in 1536 in search of a wife, a strong presumption arises that it relates to that event." If this be so, the title of Lord Thomas of Winesberrie was assumed. Pitseottie says that when James visited the Duke of Vendôme, to whose daughter he was in some measure betrothed, he "would not shew himself openlie at that tyme, but disguysed himself as he had beine ane servant, to be unknowin to the duik or his wayff, or the gentlewoman who sould have beine his spous, thinkand to spy her beautie and behaviour unkend be her." Although "manie love tokenes" had passed between them, the lady, it would seem, did not please his fancy.—"Thairfore the king past in haist to the king of Francee (Francis I.), quhair he was for the tyme at hunting, accompanied with his wayff, his sone, and his dochter,

with maney uther lustie ladies, besydes deukes, carles, lordis, and barones." There he met Magdalene, the king's eldest daughter, at that time in a very delicate state of health. Notwithstanding that the consuls of France and Scotland did not favour the match, on account of the delicate health of the princess, they were so enamoured of each other that they were married. The objections to the marriage appear to have been well grounded, as the princess died about forty days after her arrival in Scotland.

Mr. Buchan will not admit that the ballad alludes to the marriage of James V. In his version, "Lord Thomas of Winesberry" is the real title of the hero, who was chamberlain to the King of France. By collating the two ballads some indelicate expressions, which are frequently repeated, have been got rid of without any injury to the narrative.]

It fell on a time, when the king o' France,
Went hunting five months and more,
His dochter fell in love wi' Winesberrie,
Frae Scotland newly come o'er.

But it fell ance upon a day,
The king he did come home;
She becked and she bowed him ben,
And did him there welcome.

"What ails thee, my dochter Janet?
What makes thee look sae wan?
Ye've either been sick, or very sick,
Or else ye love a man."

"Ye're welcome, ye're welcome, dear father,
Ye're welcome hame to your ain;
For I ha'e been sick, and very sick,
Thinking lang for your coming hame.

"O pardon, O pardon, dear father!
A pardon ye'll grant me?"
"Nae pardon, nae pardon, my dochter!
Nae pardon I'll grant thee.

"O! is it to a man o' micht,
Or is it to a man o' mean?
Or to onie o' thae rank robbers
That I sent hame frae Spain?"

"It is not to a man o' micht,
Nor yet to a man that's mean;
It is to Thomas o' Winesberry,
And for him I suffer pain."

“If it be Thomas o’ Winesberrie,
 As I trust well it be,
 Before I either eat or drink,
 Hie hangit sall he be.

“O ! where are all my weel-wicht men,
 That I pay meat and fee ;
 That will gae for him true Thomas,
 And bring him here to me.”

She turned her richt and round about,
 The tear blindit her ee :
 “If ye do onie ill to Lord Thomas,
 Ye’se never get gude o’ me.”

When Thomas was brocht afore the king,
 His claithing was o’ the silk ;
 His yellow hair hung dangling down,
 And his skin was like the milk.

“It was nae wonder, Lord Thomas,
 My dochter fell in love wi’ thee,
 For war I a woman, as I am a man,
 My bed-fellow ye should be.

“O will ye marry my dochter Janet,
 To be heir to a’ my land ?
 O ! will ye marry my dochter Janet,
 Wi’ the truth o’ your richt hand ?”

“I will marry your dochter Janet,
 Wi’ the truth o’ my richt hand ;
 But I’ll hae nane o’ your goud or gear,
 I’ve eneuch in fair Scotland.

“But I will marry your dochter Janet—
 I care na’ for your land ;
 For she’s be a queen and I a king,
 When we come to fair Scotland.”

HYNDE ETIN.

[Etin, in old Scottish popular poetry and tradition, signified giant, or ogre. Dr. Leyden says, “The Red Etin is still a popular character in Scotland ; and, according to the vulgar etymology of his name, is always represented as an insatiable gormandizer on red or raw flesh.” “Roaring like a Red Etin” is applied to any one who is

more than ordinarily clamorous. In Forfarshire they speak of a man who does a cruel or savage deed as being "fierce as a Red Etin." The legend is common to Norway, Sweden, and Germany.

Mr. Kinloch, Mr. Buchan, and Mr. Motherwell give versions of the ballad—the latter under the title of "Young Hastings the Groom." I have used them all in compiling the following, and have further to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. Chambers and Professor Aytoun for several emendations.]

MAY MARGARET stood in her bower-door,
Sewing at her silken seam;
She heard a note in Elmond wood,
And wished she there had been.

She loot the seam fa' frae her side,
The needle to her tae,
And she's awa' to Elmond wood
As fast as she could gae.

She hadna' pu'd a nut, a nut,
A nut but barely ane,
Till up started the Hynde Etin,
Says, "Lady, lat alane !

"O why pu' ye the nut, the nut,
Or why brak ye the tree ?
For I am forester o' this wood—
Ye sould speir leave o' me."

But aye she pu'd the ither berry,
Nae thinking o' the skaith,
And said, "To wrang ye, Hynde Etin,
I wad be unco laith."

But he has ta'en her by the yellow locks,
And tied her till a tree;
And said, "For slichting my commands,
An ill death ye sall dree."

He pu'd a tree out o' the wood,
The biggest that was there;
And he houkit a cave monie fathoms deep,
And put May Margaret there.

"Now rest ye there, ye saucy May !
My woods are free for thee;
And gif I tak' ye to mysel',
The better ye'll like me !"

Nae rest, nae rest May Margaret took,
Sleep gat she never nane;
Her back lay on the cauld, cauld floor,
Her head upon a stane.

“O tak’ me out,” May Margaret cried;
“O tak’ me hame to thee;
And I sall be your bounden wife
Until the day I dee.”

He took her out o’ the dungeon deep,
And awa’ wi’ him she’s gane;
But sad was the day an Earl’s dochter
Gaed hame wi’ Hynde Etin.

O they hae lived in Elmond wood
For nine lang years and one;
Till six prettie sons to him she bore,
And the seventh she’s brocht home.

These seven bairns, sae fair and fine,
That she did to him bring,
They never were in good church door,
Nor ever got good kirking.

And aye at nicht, wi’ harp in hand,
She harped them asleep;
And she sat down at their bedside,
And bitterlie did weep.

Said, “Ten lang years now have I lived
Within this cave o’ stane;
And never was at gude kirk-door,
Nor heard the kirk bell ring.

It fell out ance upon a day,
Hynde Etin went frae hame;
And he’s ta’en wi’ him his eldest son,
To gang alang wi’ him.

“A question I wad ask, father,
An’ ye wadna angry be!”
“Say on, say on, my bonnie boy,
Ye’s e nae be quarrell’d by me.”

"I see my mither's cheeks aye weet,
Alas! they are seldom dry;"

"Nae wonder, nae wonder, my bonnie boy,
Though she should brast and die.

"Your mother was an Earl's dauchter,
Sprung frae a high degree,
And she might hae wed the first in the land,
Had she nae been stown by me.

"But we'll shoot the laverock in the lift,
The buntlin' on the tree,
And ye'll carry them hame to your mither,
See if she'll merrier be."

It fell upon another day,
Hynde Etin he thocht lang;
And he is to the hunting gane,
As fast as he could gang.

"O I will tell to you, mither,
An' ye wadna angry be."

"Speak on, speak on, my bonnie boy,
Ask onything at me!"

"As we cam frae the hind hunting,
I heard the kirk bells ring."

"My blessings on you, my bonnie boy!
I wish I'd been there alane.

"My blessing on your heart, my boy,
O were I there alane!

I hae na been in the haly kirk,
Sin' twelve lang years are gane!"

He's ta'en his mither by the hand,
His six brithers also;
And they are on through Elmond wood
As fast as they could go.

They wist na weel whaur they were gaen,
Wi' the stratlins* o' their feet;
They wist na weel whaur they were gaen,
Till at her father's yett.

* Straddlings.

“ I hae nae money in my pocket,
But royal rings hae three :
I'll gie them you, my eldest son,
And ye'll walk there for me.

“ Ye'll gie the first to the proud porter,
And he will let you in ;
Ye'll gie the neist to the butler boy,
And he will show you ben ;

“ Ye'll gie the third to the minstrel
That's harping in the ha' :
He'll play success to the bonnie boy,
That comes frae greenwood shaw.”

He gied the first to the proud porter,
And he opened and loot him in,
He gied the neist to the butler boy,
And he has showed him ben ;

He gied the third to the minstrel,
That was harping in the ha',
And he played success to the bonnie boy,
That cam' frae greenwood shaw.

Now when he came before the Earl,
He fell low on his knee ;
The Earl he turned him round about,
And the saut tear blint his ee.

“ Win up, win up, my bonnie boy,
Gang frae my companie ;
Ye look sae like my dear dauchter,
My heart will burst in three.”

“ If I look like your dear daughter,
A wonder it is nane ;
If I look like your dear dauchter,
For I am her eldest son.”

“ O tell me now, my little wee boy,
Where may my Margaret be ?”
“ She's just now standing at your yetts,
And my six brithers her wi'.”

"O where are a' my porter boys,
That I pay meat and fee,
To open my yetts baith wide and braid,
Let her come in to me?"

When she cam' in before the Earl,
She fell low on her knee;
"Win up, win up, my dauchter dear,
This day ye'll dine wi' me."

"Nae, but I canna eat, father,
Nor ae drap can I drink,
Till I see my mother and sister dear,
For lang for them I think.

"Ae bit I canna' eat, father,
Nor ae drap can I drink,
Until I see my dear husband,
For lang on him I think."

"O where are a' my rangers bauld,
That I pay meat and fee,
To search the forest far and wide,
And bring Etin to me?"

They searched the country wide and broad,
The forests far and near;
Till they found him into Elmond,
Tearing his yellow hair.

"Win up, win up now, Hynde Etin,
Win up and boun with me,
We're messengers come frae our lord:
The Earl wants you to see."

"O lat him tak frae me the head,
Or hang me on a tree,
For since I've lost my dear ladie,
Life's nae pleasure to me."

"Your head will nae be touch'd, Etin,
Nor hanged upon a tree:
Your lady's in her father's ha',
And a' he wants is thee."

When he cam in before the Earl,
 He fell low on his knee;
 "Arise, arise now, Hynde Etin,
 This day ye'se dine wi' me."

As they were at the dinner set,
 The young boy thus spak' he,
 "I wish we were at haly kirk,
 To get our Christendie!"

"Your asking's nae sae great, my boy,
 But granted it shall be;
 This day to gude kirk ye shall gang,
 Your mither shall gang you wi'."

When into the gude kirk they cam',
 She at the door did stan',
 She was sae sair sunk down wi' shame,
 She wadna come far'er ben.

Then out and spak' the parish priest,
 And a sweet smile gae he;—
 "Come ben, come ben, my lilie flower,
 Present your babes to me."

And he has ta'en and sained them a',
 And gi'en them Christendie;
 And they staid in her father's ha',
 And lived wi' mirth and glee.



BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

[Mr. Motherwell supposes that this ballad is probably a Lament for one of the adherents of the house of Argyle who fell in the battle of Glenlivet, on 3rd October, 1594. Mr. Finlay recovered three stanzas of the ballad, which he gave in the preface to his collection. Mr. Smith, in his "Scottish Minstrel," prints a version somewhat different.]

HIE upon Hielands,
 And low upon Tay,
 Bonnie George Campbell
 Rade out on a day.

Saddled and bridled
 And gallant rade he;
 Hame cam' his gude horse,
 But never cam' he!

Out cam' his auld mither
 Greeting fu' sair;
 And out cam' his bonnie bride,
 Riving her hair.
 Saddled and bridled
 And bootied rade he;
 Toom* hame cam' the saddle,
 But never cam' he!

"My meadow lies green,
 And my corn is unshorn
 My barn is to bigg,†
 And my babie's unborn."
 Saddled and bridled
 And bootied rade he;
 Toom' cam' the saddle,
 But never cam' he!

THE TWA CORBIES.

[I give the Scottish version of this ballad as printed in the "Minstrely." Mr. Ritson's "Three Ravens" and a fuller version of "The Twa Corbies," recovered by Mr. Motherwell, are also given here. This latter is evidently a more modern composition than the others. "Corbie" is the Scottish for raven. The Scottish versions have the advantage of the English in point of horror—the desertion of the slain knight is most complete.]

As I was walking all alane,
 I heard twa corbies making a mean;
 The tane unto the t'other gan say,
 "Whaur sall we gang and dine to-day?"

"In behint yon auld fail dyke,‡
 I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
 And naeboddy kens that he lies there,
 But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
 His hawk to fetch the wildfowl hame,
 His lady's ta'en another mate,
 Sae we may mak' our dinner sweet.

"Ye sall sit on his white hause bane,
 And I'll pyke out his bonny blue een,
 Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair,
 We'll theek§ our nest when it grows bare.

"Mony a ane for him makes mean,
 But nane sall ken whaur he is gane;
 O'er his white banes when they are bare,
 The wind sall blaw for evermair."

* Empty.

† Build.

‡ Turf wall.

§ Thatch.

THE TWA CORBIES.

Another Version, from Motherwell's Collection.

THERE were twa corbies sat on a tree,
Large and black as black might be,
And one until the other gan say,
'Where shall we gang and dine to-day?
Shall we dine by the wild saut sea?
Shall we dine 'neath the greenwood tree?

"As I sat on the deep sea sand,
I saw a fair ship nigh at land;
I waved my wings, I beat my beak,
The ship sunk, and I heard a shriek;
There they lie—one, two, and three;—
I shall dine by the wild saut sea."

"Come, I will show ye a sweeter sight,
A lonesome glen, and a new-slain knight;
His blood yet on the grass is hot,
His sword half drawn, his shafts unshot,—
And no one knows that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's away with another mate,
So we shall make our dinner sweet;
Our dinner's sure, our feasting free,
Come, and dine 'neath the greenwood tree.

"Ye shall sit on his white hause-bane,
I will pick out his bonny blue een;
Ye'll take a tress of his yellow hair,
To theek your nest when it grows bare;
The gowden down on his young chin
Will do to row my young ones in!

"O! cauld and bare his bed will be,
When winter's storms sing in the tree;
At his head a turf, at his feet a stone;
He will sleep, nor hear the maidens moan;
O'er his white bones the birds shall fly,
The wild deer bound, and foxes cry!"

THE THREE RAVENS.

From Ritson's "Ancient English Songs."

THERE were three ravens sat on a tree,
 Down, a down, hey down, hey down ;
 There were three ravens sat on a tree,
 With a down ;
 There were three ravens sat on a tree,
 They were as blacke as they might be,
 With a down, derrie, derrie, derrie, down, down.

The one of them said to his mate,
 Where shall we our breakfast take ?

Down in yonder green field,
 There lies a knight slain under his shield.

His hounds they lie down at his feet,
 So well they their master keep.

His hawks they fle so eagerly,
 There's nae fowl dare him come nigh.

Down then comes a fallow doe,
 As great with young as she might go.

She got him up upon her back,
 And carried him to Carthen lake.

She buried him before the prime ;
 She was dead herself ere even-song time.

God send every gentleman
 Such hawks, such hounds, and such a leman.

KATHERINE JOHNSTONE.

[This ballad is of more than ordinary interest, as being the original of Sir Walter Scott's famous ditty of "Lord Lochinvar." In Sir Walter's ballad it is Lord Lochinvar who carries off the bride; in the original it is Lochinvar who loses his bride. Several versions exist; the following is compiled from that in the "Minstrelsy," and from Mr. Motherwell's "Katherine Johnstone," with a few verbal emendations from other sources. Johnstone is substituted for Janfarie, as in Motherwell's ballad. The "four-and-twenty bonny boys, all clad in the Johnstone grey," who were willing to recover the bride, settles the name of the lady beyond question.]

THERE was a may, and a weel-faur'd may,
Lived high up in yon glen ;
Her name was Katherine Johnstone,
She was courted by mony men.

Up then cam' Lord Lauderdale,
Up frae the Lawland border ;
And he has come to court this may,
A' mounted in good order.

He tauld na her father, he tauld na her mother,
And he tauld na ane o' her kin ;
But he whisper'd the bonnie lassie hersel',
And did her favour win.

But up then cam' Lord Lochinvar,
Out frae the English border,
All for to court this bonnie may,
Weel mounted, and in order.

He tauld her father, he tauld her mother,
And a' the lave o' her kin ;
But he tauld na the bonnie may hersel',
Till on her wedding e'en.

She sent to the Lord o' Lauderdale,
Gin he wad come and see ;
And he has sent word back again,
Weel answered she should be.

The first line o' the letter he read,
He was baith glad and fain ;
But or he read the letter through,
He was baith pale and wan.

And he has sent a messenger,
And out through all his land,
And four-and-twenty armèd men
Were all at his command.

But he has left his merry men all,
Left them down on the lee,
And he's awa' to the wedding' house,
To see what he could see.

But when he came to the wedding house,
And there had lichted down ;
Whole four-and-twenty belted knights
Sate at a table roun'

They all rose up to honour him,
For he was of high renown ;
They all rose up to welcome him,
And bade him to sit down.

O meikle was the gude red wine
In silver cups did flow ;
But aye she drank to Lauderdale,
For with him she would go.

O meikle was the gude red wine
In silver cups gaed roun',
At length they began to whisper words,
None could them understand.

"Now cam ye here to fight," they said,
"Or cam ye here for play ?
Or cam ye here to drink gude wine,
On this her wedding-day ?"

"I cam na here to fight," he said,
"I cam na here to play ;
I'll but lead a dance wi' the bonny bride,
And mount and go my way."

They set her maidens behind her back,
To hear what they would say ;
The first word that he asked at her,
Was always answered "Nay."
The neist question he asked at her
Was "Mount, and come away."

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve ;
He's mounted her hie behind himsel',
At her kinsmen speired nae leave.

"Now take your bride, Lord Lochinvar !
Now take her if you may !
But if you take your bride again,
We'll call it but foul play."

There were four-and-twenty bonnie boys,
 A' clad in the Johnstone grey,*
 They said they would take the bride again,
 By the strong hand if they may.

Some o' them were right willing men,
 But they were na willing a';
 And four-and-twenty Leader† lads
 Bade them mount and ride awa'.

The whingers‡ flew frae gentle sides,
 The swords flew frae the shea's;
 And red and rosy was the blood
 Ran down the lily braes.

The blood ran down the Caddon bank,
 And down by Caddon brae;
 And meikle was the blood they shed
 Before they wan away.

"My blessing on your heart, sweet thing:
 Wae to your wilfu' will!
 There's mony a gallant gentleman
 Wha's blude ye have gar'd spill."

Now a' you lords of fair England,
 That are in England born,
 Come never here to seek a wife,
 For fear ye get the scorn.

They'll haik ye up, and settle ye bye,
 Till on your wedding day;
 Then gie ye frogs instead of fish,
 And play ye foul foul play.

BOTHWELL.

[A version of this ballad, in the "Minstrely," is called "Cospatrick;" another, in Mr. Buchan's collection, is entitled "Lord Dingwall." The following is from Herd's Collection, with the addition of several stanzas from Mr. Buchan's copy. The refrain in Mr. Buchan's copy is adopted instead of that in Herd's copy—"Hey doune, and a doune."]

* The livery of the ancient family of Johnstone.

† Lads from the banks of the Leader.

‡ Daggers.

As Bothwell was walking in the lawlands alane,
Bowling down, bowling down ;
He met six ladies sae gallant and fine.
And aye the birks a' bowing.

He cast his lot amang them a',
Bowling down, bowling down ;
And on the youngest his lot did fa'.
And aye the birks a' bowing.

He's brought her frae her mother's bower,
Bowling down, bowling down ;
Unto his strongest castle and tower.
And aye the birks a' bowing.

But aye she cried, and made great moan,
Bowling down, bowling down ;
And aye the tear cam' trickling down.
And aye the birks a' bowing.

"Come up, come up," said the foremost man ;
Bowling down, bowling down ;
"I think our bride comes slowly on.
And aye the birks a' bowing.

"O lady, sits your saddle awry,
Bowling down, bowling down ;
Or is your steed for you owre high ?"
And aye the birks a' bowing.

"My saddle is not set awry,
Bowling down, bowling down,
Nor carries me my steed owre high ;
And aye the birks a' bowing.

"But I am weary o' my life,
Bowling down, bowling down ;
Sin' I maun be Lord Bothwell's wife."
And aye the birks a' bowing.

He's blawn his horn sae sharp and shrill,
Bowling down, bowling down ;
Up start the deer on every hill.
And aye the birks a' bowing.

He's blawn his horn sae lang and loud,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
Up start the deer in gude green wood.
And aye the birks a' bowing.

His mother look'd owre the castle wa',
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
And she saw them ridin' ane and a'.
And aye the birks a' bowing.

She's called upon her maids by seven,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
To mak' his bed baith saft and even.
And aye the birks a' bowing.

She's called upon her cooks by nine,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
To mak' their dinner fair and fine.
And aye the birks a' bowing.

When day was gane and night was come,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
"What ails my love on me to frown ?
And aye the birks a' bowing.

"Or does the wind blow in your glove ?
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
Or runs your mind on another love ?"
And aye the birks a' bowing.

"Nor blows the wind within my glove,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
Nor runs my mind on another love ;
And aye the birks a' bowing.

"But I not maid nor maiden am,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
For I'm wi' bairn to another man."
And aye the birks a' bowing.

"I thought I'd a maiden sae meek and mild,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
But I have nought but a woman wi' child !"
And aye the birks a' bowing.

His mother's ta'en her up to a tower,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
And locked her in her secret bower.
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

" Now daughter mine, come tell to me,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
Wha's bairn this is that you are wi' ?"
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

" O mother dear, I canna learn,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
Wha is the father o' my bairn ;
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

" O we were sisters, sisters seven,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
The fairest women under heaven ;
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

" And we kiest kevels* us amang,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
Wha would to the greenwood gang,
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

" For to pu' the finest flowers,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
To put around our simmer bowers.
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

" I was the youngest o' them a' ;
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
The hardest wierd did me befa'.
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

" Into the greenwood I did gang,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
And pu'd the nuts as they down hang.
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

" I hadna stayed an hour my lane,
Bowin' down, bowin' down ;
Till I met a gentleman gallant and fine
And aye the birks a' bowin'.

* Cast lots.

“ He keepit me there sae late and sae lang,
Bowin down, bowin down ;
Till the evening set and birds they sang.
And aye the birks a’ bowin.

“ And a’ that he gi’ed me to my propine,*
Bowin down, bowin down ;
Was a pair o’ green gloves, and a gay gold ring ;
And aye the birks a’ bowin.

“ And three locks o’ his yellow hair,
Bowin down, bowin down ;
Bade me keep them for ever mair.”
And aye the birks a’ bowin.

O she has ta’en her through the ha’,
Bowin down, bowin down ;
And on her son began to ca’.
And aye the birks a’ bowin.

“ Now son, now son, come tell to me,
Bowin down, bowin down :
Where’s the green gloves I gave to thee ?”
And aye the birks a’ bowin.

“ I gied to a lady, sae fair and fine,
Bowin down, bowin down ;
The green gloves and a gay gold ring.
And aye the birks a’ bowin.

“ But I wad gie my castles and towers,
Bowin down, bowin down ;
I had that lady within my bowers ;
And aye the birks a’ bowin.

“ But I wad gie my very life,
Bowin down, bowin down ;
I had that lady to be my wife !”
And aye the birks a’ bowin.

“ Now keep, now keep your castles and towers,
Bowin down, bowin down ;
Ye have that lady within your bowers ;
And aye the birks a’ bowin.

“ Now keep, now keep your very life,
 Bowing down, bowing down ;
 You have that lady to be your wife.”
 And aye the birks a’ bowing.

O row my lady in satin and silk,
 Bowing down, bowing down ;
 And wash my son in the morning milk !”
 And aye the birks a’ bowing.



YOUNG WATERS.

[This ballad is reprinted from Herd’s Collection. Tradition is silent as to its having its origin in any real event.]

ABOUT Yule, when the wind blew cule,*
 And the round tables began,
 There came to wait in our King’s court
 Mony a weelfavour’d man.

The Queen lukit owre the castle wa’,
 Beheld baith dale and down ;
 And there she saw young Waters,
 Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
 His horsemen rade behind ;
 And a mantle o’ the burning gowd
 Did keip him frae the wind.

Gowden graith’d his horse before,
 And siller shod behind ;
 The horse young Waters rade upon
 Was fleeter than the wind.

Out then spoke a wylie lord,
 And to the Queen said he :
 “ O tell me wha’s the fairest face
 Rides in the companie ?”

“ I’ve seen lords, and I’ve seen lairds,
 And knights o’ hagh degree ;
 But a fairer face than young Waters’
 Mine eyne did never see.”

* Cool.

Out then spak the jealous King
 (And an angry man was he) :
“O, if he had been twice as fair,
 You might have excepted me !”

“You’re neither lord nor laird,” she says,
 “ But the King that wears the crown ;
There is not a knight in fair Scotland
 But to thee maun bow down.”

For a’ that she could do or say,
 Appeas’d he wadna be ;
But for the words that she had said,
 Young Waters he maun dee.

Sune they hae ta’en young Waters,
 Put fetters on his feet ;
Sune they hae ta’en young Waters,
 Thrown him in dungeon deep.

“Aft I have ridden thro’ Stirling town
 In the wind, but and the weet ;
But I ne’er rade thro’ Stirling town
 Wi’ fetters at my feet.

“Aft I have ridden thro’ Stirling town,
 In the wind, but and the rain ;
But I ne’er rade thro’ Stirling town,
 Ne’er to return again.”

They hae ta’en to the heiding hill
 That knight sae fair to see ;
And for the words the Queen had spoke,
 Young Waters he did dee.



LORD MAXWELL'S GOODNIGHT.

[This and the following ballad are from “The Border Minstrelsy.” John Lord Maxwell was at deadly feud with the Laird of Johnstone, Warden of the East Marches, which was further embittered on account of Johnstone’s attempting to apprehend Maxwell in pursuance of a royal commission granted in 1585 ; he having quarrelled with the Earl of Arran, the favourite of James VI. In one of the skirmishes which followed, Robert Maxwell, natural brother to the chieftain, burned Johnstone’s Castle of Lochwood, and in a subsequent encounter Johnstone himself was defeated and made prisoner, dying shortly after of grief at the disgrace he had sustained. Maxwell,

having some time after regained the royal favour, a bond of alliance was entered into between the rival clans. In 1593 the feud was revived again. A marauding band of the Johnstones having driven a prey of cattle from the lands of the lairds of Crichton, Sanquhar, and Drumlanrig (see next ballad), the injured parties, in order to enlist the sympathies of the clan Johnstone, entered into bonds of manrent, becoming liegemen to the chief of the clan; he, in return, giving them protection and assistance from their enemies. In a desperate conflict which ensued at Dryffe Sands, near Lockerby, the head of the house of Maxwell was slain. The Lord John Maxwell of the ballad, son to him who fell at Dryffe Sands, having avowed the deepest revenge for his father's death, was forbidden by the king to approach the Border, and, failing to obey the injunction, was for some time confined in Edinburgh Castle. Escaping from thence, on pretence of a friendly healing of all differences, he met Sir James Johnstone on the 6th of April, 1608, and shot him through the back with two poisoned bullets. The murderer fled to France, and, venturing back to Scotland, was apprehended, tried, and executed at Edinburgh on the 21st of May, 1613.]

“ ADIEU, madame, my mother dear
 But and my sisters three!
 Adieu, fair Robert of Orchardstane!
 My heart is wae for thee.
 Adieu, the lily and the rose,
 The primrose fair to see!
 Adieu, my lady, and only joy!
 For I may not stay with thee.

“ Though I hae slain the Lord Johnstone,
 What care I for their feid?
 My noble mind their wrath disdains,—
 He was my father's deid.
 Both night and day I labour'd oft
 Of him avenged to be;
 But now I've got what lang I sought,
 And I may not stay with thee.

“ Adieu, Drumlanrig! false wert aye—
 And Closeburn in a band!
 The Laird of Lag, frae my father that fled,
 When the Johnstone struck aff his hand!
 They were three brethren in a band—
 Joy may they never see!
 Their treacherous art, and cowardly heart,
 Has twined my love and me.

“ Adieu, Dumfries, my proper place,
 But and Carlaverock fair!
 Adieu, my castle of the Thrieve,
 Wi' a' my buildings there!

Adieu, Lochmaben's gate sae fair,
The Langholm-holm, where birks there be !
Adieu, my lady, and only joy !
For, trust me, I may not stay wi' thee.

“ Adieu, fair Eskdale, up and down,
Where my puir friends do dwell !
The bangisters will ding them down,
And will them sair compell.
But I'll avenge their feid mysell,
When I come owre the sea ;
Adieu, my lady, and only joy !
For I may not stay wi' thee.”

“ Lord of the land,” that ladye said,
“ O wad ye go wi' me,
Unto my brother's stately tower,
Where safest ye may be !
There Hamiltons, and Douglas baith,
Shall rise to succour thee.”
“ Thanks for thy kindness, fair my dame,
But I may not stay wi' thee.”

Then he tuik aff a gay gold ring,
Thereat hang signets three ;
“ Hae, tak' thee that, mine ain dear thing,
And still hae mind o' me :
But if thou take another lord,
Ere I come owre the sea—
His life is but a three days' lease,
Though I may not stay wi' thee.”

The wind was fair, the ship was clear,
That good lord went away ;
And most part of his friends were there,
To give him a fair convey.
They drank the wine, they didna spair,
Even in that gude lord's sight—
Sae now he's o'er the floods sae gray,
And Lord Maxwell has ta'en his Goodnight.

THE LADS OF WAMPHRAY.

[“The reader will find, prefixed to the foregoing ballad, an account of the noted feud betwixt the families of Maxwell and Johnstone. The following song celebrates the skirmish, in 1593, betwixt the Johnstones and Crichtons, which led to the revival of the ancient quarrel betwixt Johnstone and Maxwell, and finally to the battle of Dryffe Sands, in which the latter lost his life. Wamphray is the name of a parish in Annandale. Lethenhall was the abode of Johnstone of Wamphray, and continued to be so till of late years. William Johnstone of Wamphray, called the Galliard, was a noted freebooter. A place near the head of the Teviotdale retains the name of the Galliard’s Faulds (folds), being a valley where he used to secrete and divide his spoil with his Liddesdale and Eskdale associates. His *nom de guerre* seems to have been derived from the dance called the Galliard. The word is still used in Scotland, to express an active, gay, dissipated character. Willie of the Kirkhill, nephew to the Galliard, and his avenger, was also a noted Border robber. Previous to the battle of Dryffe Sands, so often mentioned, tradition reports that Maxwell had offered a ten-pound-land to any of his party who should bring him the head or hand of the Laird of Johnstone. This being reported to his antagonist, he answered, He had not a ten-pound-land to offer, but would give a five-meik-land to the man who should that day cut off the head or hand of Lord Maxwell. Willie of the Kirkhill, mounted upon a young grey horse, rushed upon the enemy, and earned the reward, by striking down their unfortunate chieftain, and cutting off his right hand.”—SCOTT.]

’TWIXT Girth-head and the Langwood end,
Lived the Galliard and the Galliard’s men;
But and the lads of Leverhay,*
That drove the Crichton’s gear away.

It is the lads of Lethenha’,
The greatest rogues amang them a’;
But and the lads of Stefenbiggin,
They broke the house in at the rigging.

The lads of Fingland, and Helbeck-hill,
They were never for good, but aye for ill;
’Twixt the Staywood-bush and Langside-hill,
They steal’d the brokit† cow and the brandit‡ bull.

It is the lads of the Girth-head,
The deil’s in them for pride and greed;
For the Galliard, and the gay Galliard’s men,
They ne’er saw a horse but they made it their ain

The Galliard to Nithsdale is gane,
To steal Sim Crichton’s winsome dun;
The Galliard is unto the stable gane,
But instead of the dun, the blind he has ta’en.

* Leverhay, Stefenbiggin, Girth-head, &c., are all situated in the parish of Wamphray.—S.

† Speckled.

‡ Striped.

“ Now Simmy, Simmy of the Side,
Come out and see a Johnstone ride !
Here’s the bonniest horse in a’ Nithside,
And a gentle Johnstone aboon his hide.”

Simmy Crichton’s mounted then,
And Crichtons has raised mony a ane ;
The Galliard trow’d his horse had been wight,
But the Crichtons beat him out o’ sight.

As soon as the Galliard the Crichton saw,
Behind the saugh-bush he did draw ;
And there the Crichtons the Galliard hae ta’en,
And nane wi’ him but Willie alane.

“ O Simmy, Simmy, now let me gang,
And I’ll never mair do a Crichton wrang !
O Simmy, Simmy, now let me be,
And a peck o’ gowd I’ll gie to thee !

“ O Simmy, Simmy, now let me gang,
And my wife shall heap it with her hand !”
But the Crichtons wadna let the Galliard be
But they hang’d him hie upon a tree.

O think then Willie he was right wae,
When he saw his uncle guided sae ;
“ But if ever I live Wamphray to see,
My uncle’s death avenged shall be !”

Back to Wamphray he is gane,
And riders has raised mony a ane ;
Saying—“ My lads, if ye’ll be true,
Ye shall a’ be clad in the noble blue.”

Back to Nithsdale they have gane,
And awa’ the Crichtons’ nowt* hae ta’en ;
But when they cam to the Wellpath-head,†
The Crichtons bade them light and lead.

* Cattle.

† The Wellpath is a pass by which the Johnstones were retreating to their fastnesses in Annandale. The Biddes-burn, where the skirmish took place betwixt the Johnstones and their pursuers, is a rivulet which takes its course among the mountains on the confines of Nithsdale and Annandale.—S.

And when they cam to the Biddes-burn,
The Crichtons bade them stand and turn ;
And when they cam to the Biddes-strand,
The Crichtons they were hard at hand.

But when they cam to the Biddes-law,
The Johnstones bade them stand and draw ;
“ We’ve done nae ill, we’ll thole* nae wrang,
But back to Wamphray we will gang.”

And out spoke Willie of the Kirkhill,
“ Of fighting, lads, ye’s e hae your fill ;”
And from his horse Willie he lap,
And a burnish’d brand in his hand he gat.

Out through the Crichtons Willie he ran,
And dang them down baith horse and man ;
O but the Johnstones were wondrous rude,
When the Biddes-burn ran three days blood !

“ Now, sirs, we have done a noble deed,—
We have revenged the Galliard’s bleid ;†
For every finger of the Galliard’s hand,
I vow this day I’ve killed a man.”

As they cam in at Evan-head,
At Ricklaw-holm they spread abroad ;
“ Drive on, my lads ! it will be late ;
We’ll hae a pint at Wamphray gate.

“ For where’er I gang, or e’er I ride,
The lads of Wamphray are on my side ;
And of a’ the lads that I do ken,
A Wamphray lad’s the king of men.”

LORD BEICHAN.

[The hero of this ballad is supposed to have been no less a personage than the father of Thomas à Becket, and the ballad is assumed to be a tolerably accurate account of his captivity and marriage. Young Becket had accompanied Richard Cœur de Lion to the holy wars. Hollinshed, speaking of the famous Thomas à Becket, says:—“This

* Stand ; bear.

† Blood.

* Ricklaw-holm is a place upon the Evan-water, which falls into the Annan below Moffat. Wamphray-gate was in those days an alehouse.—S.

Becket was born in London, his father being called Gilbert, but his mother was a Syrian woman, and by religion a Saracen." Susie Pye is, in all likelihood, a corruption of the Eastern name of the heroine.

The present version is principally compiled from the versions of Mr. Jamieson and Mr. Kinloch.

Mr. Jamieson gives in his collection a ballad, entitled "Young Beike," in which, if it be not another version of the same story, the incidents are precisely similar.]

YOUNG Beichan was in London born ;
 He was a man of high degree ;
 He pass'd through mony kingdoms great,
 Until he came to Grand Turkie.

He view'd the fashions of that land,
 Their way of worship viewed he ;
 But to Mahound or Termagant
 Wad Beichan never bend a knee,
 Which made him to be taken straight,
 And brocht afore their high jurie ;
 The savage Moor did speak upricht,
 And mak' him mickle ill to dree.

In ilka shoulder they've putten a bore,
 In ilka bore they've putten a tree ;
 And they've made him draw carts and wains,
 Till he was sick and like to dee.

But young Beichan was a Christian born
 And still a Christian was he ;
 Sae they've cast him in a dungeon deep,
 Both cauld and hunger sair to dree.

The Moor he had but ae daughter,
 Her name was callit Susie Pye ;
 And ilka day, as she took the air,
 Near Beichan's prison she passed by.

But ance it fell upon a day,
 She heard young Beichan sadly sing ;
 She listened to his tale of woe—
 A happy day for young Beichan.

"My hounds they a' go masterless,
 My hawks they flee frae tree to tree ;
 My younger brother will heir my land,
 My native shore I'll never see !"

She went away unto her chamber,
All night she never closed her ee ;
And when the day begowd to dawn,
At the prison door alane was she.

“O were I but the prison-keeper,
As I’m a ladie o’ hie degree,
I sune wad set this youth at large—
And send him to his ain countrie.”

She’s gied the keeper a piece o’ gowd,
And mony pieces o’ white monie ;
And he has thrawn the prison door,
And Susie Pye has got the key.

“O wha is this,” young Beichan he says,
“That steers* me or my sleep is gane ?
O weel was me, out owre the sea,
For sure I dreim’d I was at hame !”

“O hae ye got ony lands,” she says,
“Or castles in your ain countrie ?
And what wad ye gie to the ladie fair,
Frae prison strang wad set ye free ?”

“It’s I hae houses, and I hae lands,
Wi’ mony a castlè fair to see ;
And I wad gie a’ to that ladie gay,
Frae prison strang wad set me free.”

“Gie me the truth of your right hand,
The truth of it give unto me,
That for seven years ye’ll nae lady wed,
Unless it be along wi’ me.”

“I’ll gie ye the truth o’ my right hand,
The truth o’ it I’ll freely gie—
That for seven years I’ll stay unwed,
For the kindness thou dost shaw to me.”

She took him out o’ her father’s prison,
And gied to him the best o’ wine ;
And a brave health she drank to him—
“I wish, Lord Beichan, ye were mine.”

* Stirs ; disturbs.

“ It’s seven lang years I’ll mak a vow,
And seven lang years I’ll keep it true ;
If ye will na wed wi’ anither woman,
It’s I will wed nae man but you !”

She’s broken a ring frae her finger,
And to Beichan half o’ it gae she :
“ Keep it, to mind ye o’ that love—
The lady’s love that set you free.”

She’s ta’en him to her father’s port,
And gi’en to him a ship o’ fame :
“ Fareweel, fareweel, my young Beichan,
I fear I’ll ne’er see you again.”

Lord Beichan turn’d him round about,
And lowly, lowly loutit* he ;
“ Ere seven years come to an end,
I’ll tak’ you to mine ain countrie.”

Lord Beichan has come to London town ;
A happy, happy man was he !
The ladies a’ around him thranged,
To see him come frae slaverie.

His mother she had died o’ sorrow,
And a’ his brothers were dead but he ;
His lands they a’ were lying waste,
In ruins were his castles free.

Nae porter there stood at his yett,
Nae human creature could he see,
Except the screeching owls and bats,
Had he to bear him companie.

But gowd can weel mak’ the castles grow,
And he had gowd and jewels free ;
And sune the pages round him thranged,
To cheer him wi’ their companie.

Fair Susie Pye could get nae rest,
She langed sae sair her love to see ;
She thocht on him sae lang and sair,
That she grew sick and like to dee.

* Bowed ; saluted.

And for ever a voice within her breast,
Said, "Beichan has broke his vow to thee;"
So she's set her foot on good ship board,
And turned her back on her ain countrie.

She sailed east, she sailed west,
Till to fair England's shore she came;
When a bonnie shepherd she espied,
Feeding his sheep upon the plain.

"What news! what news! thou bonnie shepherd?
What news hast thou to tell to me?"
"Such news I hear, ladie," he says,
"The like was ne'er in this countrie.

"There is a weddin' in yonder ha',
Has lasted thirty days and three;
Lord Beichan winna bed wi' his bride,
For love o' ane that's ayont the sea."

She's put her hand in her pocket,
Gi'en him the red and the white monie;
"Hae, tak' ye that, my bonnie boy,
For the gude news thou tell'st to me."

And she has ta'en her gay gold ring,
That wi' her love she brak sae free;
Says, "Gie him that, ye proud porter,
And bid him come and speak to me."

When she came to young Beichan's gate,
She tirmed softly at the pin;
And sae ready was the proud porter
To open and let this ladie in.

"Is this young Beichan's hall," she said,
"Or is that noble lord within?"
"Yea, he's in the ha' amang them a',
And this is the day o' his weddin'."

"And has he wed anither love?
And has he clean forgotten me?"
And, sighing, said that lady fair,
"I wish I were in my ain countrie.

"Ye'll bid him send me a piece o' bread,
But and a cup o' his best wine;
And bid him mind the lady's love,
That ance did loose him out o' pyne."

Then in and cam' the bauld porter,
I wat he gae three shouts and three:
"The fairest ladie stands at your yett,
That ever my twa e'en did see."

"For on every finger she has a ring,
And on her midfinger she has three;
And as meikle gowd aboon her brow
As wad an earldom buy to me."

It's out then spak the bride's mither,
I wat an angry woman was she!
"Ye might hae excepted our bonny bride,
And twa or three o' our companie!"

"My dame, your daughter's fair eneugh,
And aye the fairer mat she be;
But the fairest time that e'er she was,
She'll nae compare wi' this ladie."

"My lord, she begs some o' your bread,
But and a cup o' your best wine;
And bids ye mind the lady's love,
That ance did loose ye out o' pyne."

Then up and started Lord Beichan,
I wat he made the table flee:
"I wad gie a' my yearly rent,
'Twere Susie Pye come owre the sea!"

Then quickly bied he down the stair,
Of fifteen steps he made but three;
He's ta'en his bonny love in his arms,
And kist, and kist her tenderlie.

"O hae ye ta'en anither bride?
And hae ye quite forgotten me?
And hae ye quite forgotten her,
That gave ye life and libertie?"

She lookit o'er her left shoulder,
 To hide the tear stood in her ee;
 "Now fare ye weel, young Beichan," she says,
 "I'll try to think nae mair on thee."

"O never, never, Susie Pye,
 For surely this can never be;
 Nor ever will I wed but her
 That's done and dree'd sae much for me!"

Syne up bespak the bride's mother;
 She was never heard to speak sae free:
 "Ye'll no forsake my ae daughter,
 Though Susie Pye has cross'd the sea?"

"Take hame, take hame, your daughter madam,
 For she is ne'er the waur o' me;
 She cam' to me on horseback riding,
 And she shall gang hame in chariot free."

He's ta'en Susie Pye by the milkwhite hand,
 He's led her through his halls sae hie;
 And aye as he kist her red rosy lips,
 "Ye're welcome, jewel, unto me!"

He's ta'en her by the milkwhite hand,
 And let her to yon fountain stane;
 He's changed her name from Susie Pye,
 And he's ca'd her his bonnie Lady Jane.

"Fye! gar a' our cooks make ready;
 And fye! gar a' our pipers play;
 And fye! gar trumpets sound thro' the toun,
 For Lord Beichan's wedded twice in ae* day!"

THE BORDER WIDOW'S LAMENT.

[Sir Walter Scott says:—"This fragment, obtained from recitation in the Forest of Ettrick, is said to relate to the execution of Cockburn of Henderland, a Border freebooter, hanged over the gate of his own tower, by James V. . . . They (the ruins of the castle) are situated near the mouth of the Meggat, which falls into St. Mary's Loch. . . . To the recesses of a neighbouring glen the wife of Cockburn is said to have retreated during the execution of her husband; and a place called the Lady's Seat is still shown,

where she is said to have striven to drown, amid the roar of a foaming cataract, the tumultuous noise which announced the close of his existence."

Cockburn's burial-place is still pointed out, the tombstone having the following inscription:—

"Here lyes Percy of Cockburn and his wife Margery."

Mr. Motherwell was the first to suggest that this ballad might be an adaptation from the English ballad of "The Lady turned Serving-man." Be this as it may, the ballad is as beautifully simple. There can be no doubt as to the propriety of its finding a place in any collection of ballad poetry.]

My love he built me a bonnie bower,
And clad it a' wi' lily flower,
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the King that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear,
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sew'd his sheet, making my maen,
I watch'd the corpse, myself alane;
I watch'd his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles* I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the mool on his yellow hair:
O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turn'd about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock o' his yellow hair,
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

* Sometimes.

SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

[The following is compiled from Mr. Pinkerton's copy and a version in Mr. Motherwell's Collection. The ballad commonly known by this title, and which was sold over the country as a broadside in my younger days, is modern, and was the composition of Michael Bruce.]

O HEARD ye o' Sir James the Rose,
The young heir o' Baleighan?
For he has killed a gallant squire,
Whase friends are out to tak' him.

Now he has gane to the house o' Mar,
Whaur nane might seek to find him,
To seek his dear he did repair,
Weining* she would befriend him.

"Whaur are ye gaen,† Sir James," she said,
"Or where awa' are ye riding?"
"O I am bound to a foreign land,
For now I'm under hiding;

"Whaur shall I gae, whaur shall I run,
Whaur shall I gae to lay me?
For I hae kill'd a gallant squire,
And his friends they seek to slay me."

"O gae ye down to yon laigh house,
And I'll pay there your lawing;
And as I am your leman true,
I'll meet ye at the dawing."

"I'll no gae down to yon laigh house,
For you to pay my lawing,
But I'll lie down upon the bent,
And bide there till the dawing."

He's turned him richt and round about,
And rowed him in his brechan,‡
And he has gane to tak' a sleep,
In the lawlands o' Baleighan.

He wasna weel gane out o' sight,
Nor was he past Millstrethen.
When four-and-twenty belted knights
Cam' riding owre the Lethan.

* Believing.

† Going.

‡ Plaid.

“ O hae ye seen Sir James the Rose,
The young heir o’ Baleighan ?
For he has kill’d a gallant squire,
And we’re sent out to take him.”

“ O I hae seen Sir James,” she said,
“ He pass’d by here on Monday,
Gin the steed be swift that he rides on,
He’s past the heights o’ Lundie.”

But as wi’ speed they rade awa’,
She loudly cried behind them,
“ Gin ye’ll gie me a worthy meid,*
I’ll tell ye whaur to find him.”

“ O tell, fair maid, and by our faith
Ye’se get his purse and brechan.”
“ Seek ye the bank aboon the mill,
I’ the lawlands o’ Baleighan.”

They sought the bank aboon the mill,
I’ the lawlands o’ Baleighan,
And there they found Sir James the Rose,
Was lying in his brechan.

Then up spak’ up Sir John the Græme,
Who had the charge in keeping,
“ It shall ne’er be said, brave gentlemen,
We kill’d a man when sleeping.”

They seized his braid sword and his targe,
And closely him surrounded ;
And when he waked out o’ his sleep,
His senses were confounded.

“ Rise up, rise up, Sir James,” he said,
“ Rise up, since now we’ve found ye,
We’ve ta’en the broadsword frae your side,
And angry men are round ye.”

“ O pardon, pardon, gentlemen,
Ha’e mercy now upon me !”
“ Such as you gave, such shall you have,
And so we fall upon thee.”

Now they've ta'en out his bleeding heart,
 And stuck it on a spear;
 Then took it to the house o' Mar,
 And show'd it to his dear.

"We couldna gie Sir James's purse,
 We couldna gie his brechan,
 But ye sall hae his bleeding heart,
 But and his bleeding tartan.

"Sir James the Rose, O for thy sake,
 My heart is now a-breaking;
 Curs'd be the day I wrocht thy wae
 Thou brave heir o' Baleighan!"

Then up she raise, and forth she gaes,
 And in that hour o' tein,*
 She wandered to the dowie glen,
 And never mair was seen.



LIZIE BAILLIE.

[There are several versions of this ballad; the following is from Herd, with the addition of the first stanza from Buchan's version, and several minor emendations from Jamieson's copy.]

It fell about the Lammas time,
 When flowers were fresh and green,
 Lizie Baillie to Gartartan went,
 To see her sister Jean.

Fair Lizie to Gartartan went,
 To see her sister Jean;
 And there she's met wi' Dunean Græme,
 And he's convoy'd her hame.

"My bonny Lizie Baillie,
 I'll row ye in my plaidie;
 And ye maun gang alang wi' me,
 And be a Hieland lady."

"I'm sure they wadna ca' me wise,
Gin I wad gang wi' you, sir;
For I can neither card nor spin,
Nor yet milk cow nor yowe, sir."

"My bonny Lizzie Baillie,
Let nane o' these things daunt ye;
Ye'll hae nae need to card or spin,
Your mither weel can want ye."

Now she's cast aff her bonny shoon,
Made o' the gilded leather,
And she's put on her Highland brogues,
To skip amang the heather.

And she's cast aff her bonny gown,
Made o' the silk and satin;
And she's put on a tartan plaid
To row amang the bracken.

She wadna hae a Lawland laird,
Nor be an English lady;
But she wad gang wi' Duncan Græme,
And row her in his plaidie.

She was na ten miles frae the toun
When she began to weary;
She aften looked back and said,
"Fareweel to Castlecary.

"The first place I saw my Duncan Græme,
Was near yon holly bush;
My father took frae me my rings,
My rings but and my purse.

"But I wadna gie my Duncan Græme
For a' my father's land,
Though it were ten times ten times mair,
And a' at my command!"

Now wae be to ye, loggerheads,
That dwell near Castlecary,
To let awa' sic a bonny lass,
A Hielandman to marry.

ROB ROY.

[The hero of this ballad was a son of the celebrated Rob Roy Macgregor. While under a sentence of outlawry for not appearing to stand his trial for murder, in 1753, he forcibly carried off Jane Kay, heiress of Edinbelly, in Stirlingshire, and retreated with her to the abode of one of his clan in Argyleshire, a mock ceremony of marriage being gone through. After some time the place of his retreat was discovered, the lady rescued and restored to her family, and the outlaw tried and executed. There are several versions of this ballad; the following is from Mr. Chambers's collection, and is the result of a collation of those of Burns, Maidment, and Kinloch.]

Rob Roy frae the Hiellands cam
 Unto the Lawland Border,
 To steal awa a gay ladye,
 To haud his house in order

He cam ower the loch o' Lynn,
 Twenty men his arms did carry;
 Himsell gaed in and fand her out,
 Protesting he would marry.

When he cam he surrounded the house,
 No tidings there cam before him,
 Or else the lady would have gone,
 For still she did abhor him.

"O will ye gae wi' me?" he says,
 "O will ye be my honey?
 Or will ye be my wedded wife?
 For I loe ye best of ony."

"I winna gae wi' you," she says,
 "I winna be your honey;
 I winna be your wedded wife,
 Ye loe me for my money."

* * * * *

Wi' mournful cries and watery eyes,
 Fast hauding by her mother,
 Wi' mournful cries and watery eyes,
 They were parted frae each other.

He gied her nae time to be dress'd,
 As ladies do when they're brides,
 But he hastened and hurried her awa,
 And rowed her in his plaids.

He mounted her upon a horse,
Himsell lap on behind her,
And they're awa to the Hieland hills,
Where her friends may never find her.

As they gaed owre the Hieland hills,
The lady aften fainted,
Saying, "Wae be to my cursed gowd,
This road to me invented!"

They rade till they came to Ballyshine,
At Ballyshine they tarried;
He brought to her a cotton gown,
Yet ne'er wad she be married.

Two held her up before the priest
Four carried her to bed O;
Maist mournfully she wept and cried,
When she by him was laid O!

[*The tune changes.*]

"O be content, O be content,
O be content to stay, lady,
For now ye are my wedded wife
Until my dying day, lady.

"Rob Roy was my father call'd,
Macgregor was his name, lady;
He led a band o' heroes bauld,
And I am here the same, lady.

"He was a hedge unto his friends,
A heckle to his foes, lady,
And every one that did him wrang,
He took him by the nose, lady.

"I am as bold, I am as bold
As my father was afore, lady;
He that daurs dispute my word
Shall feel my gude claymore, lady.

"My father left me cows and yowes,
And sheep, and goats, and a', lady,
And you and twenty thousand merks
Will mak me a man fu' braw, lady."

MISTRESS MOUSE.

[A popular nursery ditty, which was first printed in Mr. Sharpe's Collection.]

THERE lived a Puddy in a well,
And a merry Mouse in a mill.

Puddy he'd a-wooin' ride,
Sword and pistol by his side.

Puddy cam' to the Mouse's wonne;
"Mistress Mouse, are you within?"

"Yes, kind sir, I am within;
Saftly do I sit and spin."

"Madam, I am come to woo,
Marriage I must have of you."

"Marriage I will grant you name,
Till uncle Rotten he comes hame."

Uncle Rotten he's come hame,
"Fye, gar busk the bride along."

Lord Rotten sate at the head o' the table,
Because he was baith stout and able

Wha is't that sits next the wa',
But lady Mouse, baith jimp and sma'?

Wha is't that sits next the bride,
But Puddy wi' his yellow side?

Syne cam' the dewke* but and the drake,
The dewke took Puddy, and gar't him squake!

Then cam' in the gude grey cat,
Wi' a' her kitlens† at her back.

The Puddy he swam down the brook,
The drake he catch'd him in his fluke.‡

The cat she pu'd lord Rotten down,
The kitlens they did claw his crown.

But mistress Mouse, baith jimp and sma',
Crept into a hole beneath the wa';
"Squeak," quo' she, "I'm weel awa'!"

* Duck

† Kittens.

‡ Bill.

GLENLOGIE.

[This version of a very popular ballad was given by Mr. Sharpe, and adopted by Mr. Chambers and Professor Aytoun.]

FOUR-AND-TWENTY nobles sits in the king's ha';
Bonnie Glenlogie is the flower amang them a'.

In cam' Lady Jean, skipping on the floor,
And she has chosen Glenlogie 'mang a' that was there.

She turned to his footman, and thus she did say:
"Oh, what is his name, and where does he stay?"

"His name is Glenlogie, when he is from home,
He is of the gay Gordons; his name it is John."

"Glenlogie, Glenlogie, an you will prove kind,
My love is laid on you: I am telling my mind."

He turned about lightly, as the Gordons does a'
"I thank you, Lady Jean; my love's promised awa'."

She called on her maidens, her bed for to make;
Her rings and her jewels all from her to take,

In cam' Jeanie's father, a wae man was he;
Says, "I'll wed you to Drumfendrich; he has mair gold
than he."

Her father's own chaplain, being a man of great skill,
He wrote him a letter, indited it well.

The first line he looked at, a licht laugh laughed he;
But, ere he read through it, the tears blinded his ee.

Oh, pale and wan looked she, when Glenlogie cam in;
But even rosy grew she when Glenlogie sat down.

"Turn round, Jeanie Melville, turn round to this side;
And I'll be the bridegroom, and ye'll be the bride."

Oh, it was a merry wedding, and the portion down told,
Of bonnie Jeanie Melville, who was scarce sixteen years old!

WILLIAM'S GHOST.

[The following is constructed from the copy in Mr. Herd's collection, and the version given by Mr. Motherwell. The ballad is founded upon a Scottish superstition as to the interchange of love tokens on the death of one of the lovers.]

THERE cam a ghost to Marjorie's door,
Wi' mony a grievous maen ;
And aye he tirl'd at the pin,
But answer made she nane.

" O is't my father Philip ?" she says,
" Or is't my brother John ?
Or is't my true-love, Willie,
From England new come home ?"

" 'Tis not your father Philip," he says,
" Nor yet your brother John
But 'tis your true-love, Willie,
From England new come home."

" Hae ye brocht me ony o' the scarlets red,
Or ony o' the silks sae fine ?
Or hae ye brocht me ony precious things,
That merchants hae to tine ?"

" I hae na brocht ony scarlets sae red,
Nor yet ony silks sae gay ;
But I hae brocht you my winding-sheet,
Owre mony a bank and brae.

" Oh, sweet Marjorie ! oh, dear Marjorie !
For faith and charitie,
Will ye gie to me the faith and troth,
That I gied once to thee ?"

" Thy faith and troth I'll not gie to thee,
Nor yet shall our true love twin,*
Till that ye come within my bower,
And kiss me, cheek and chin."

" If I should come within your bower,
That am nae earthly man ;
And should I kiss your rosy lips,
Thy days would not be lang.

* Separate

"The cocks are crawling, Marjorie," he says,
 "The cocks are crawling again ;
 It's time the deid suld part frae the quick—
 Marjorie, I must be gane.

"Oh, sweet Marjorie, dear Marjorie !
 For faith and charitie,
 Gie me my faith and troth again,
 That I gied once to thee !"

"Thy faith and troth I'll ne'er gie thee,
 Nor yet shall our true love twin,
 Till you tak' me to your ain ha'-house,
 And wed me wi' a ring."

"My house is but yon lonesome grave,
 Afar out owre yon lee ;
 And it is but my spirit, Marjorie,
 That's speaking now to thee."

Now she has kiltit her robes o' green,
 A piece below her knee,
 And a' the live-lang winter nicht,
 The deid corpse followed she.

She followed him high, she followed him low,
 Till she cam to yon kirkyard green ;
 And there the deep grave opened up,
 And William he lay down.

"What three things are these, William," she said,
 "That stand here at your heid ?"
 "Oh, it's three maidens, Marjorie," he said,
 "That I promised once to wed."

"What three things are these, William," she said,
 "That stand close at your side ?"
 "Oh, it's three babies, Marjorie," he says,
 "That these three maidens had."

"What three things are these, William," she said,
 "That lie close at your feet ?"
 "Oh, it's three hell-hounds, Marjorie," he says,
 "That's waitin' my saul to keep !"

Then she's ta'en up her white, white hand,
 And struck him on the breist;
 Saying, "Have there again your faith and troth,
 And I wish your saul good rest."

FAIR JANET.

[From Mr. C. K. Sharpe's Ballad-book, 1823. Eight lines are deleted as being superfluous, and two stanzas have been introduced from "Willie and Annie," as in Mr. Herd's collection, and "Sweet Willie," printed by Mr. Finlay.]

"YE maun gang to your father, Janet;
 Ye maun gang to him soon;
 Ye maun gang to your father, Janet,
 In case that his days are dune."

Janet's awa to her father,
 As fast as she could hie;
 "O what's your will wi' me, father,
 O what's your will wi' me?"

"My will wi' you, Fair Janet," he said,
 "It is both bed and board;
 Some say that ye lo'e Sweet Willie,
 But ye maun wed a French lord."

"A French lord maun I wed, father?
 A French lord maun I wed?
 Then by my sooth," quo' Fair Janet,
 "He's ne'er enter my bed."

Janet's awa to her chamber,
 As fast as she could go;
 And wha's the first that tappit there,
 But sweet Willie, her jo!

"O we maun part this love, Willie,
 That has been lang between;
 There's a French lord coming ower the
 sea,
 To wed me wi' a ring."

"If we maun part this love, Janet,
 It will cause mickle wo;
 If we maun part this love, Janet,
 I'll into mourning go."

"But ye maun gang to your three sisters,
 Meg, Marion, and Jean;
 Tell them to come to Fair Janet,
 In case that her days are dune!"

Willie's awa to his three sisters,
 Meg, Marion, and Jean;
 "O haste and gang to Fair Janet,
 In case that her days are dune!"

Some drew to them their silken hose,
 Some drew to them their shoon;
 And they're awa to Fair Janet,
 By the hie licht o' the moon.

* * * *

"O I hae born this babe, Willie,
 Wi' mickle dule and pain;
 Tak hame, tak hame your babe, Willie,
 For nurse I daur be nane."

He's ta'en his young son in his arms,
 And kissed him cheek and chin;
 And he's awa to his mother's bower,
 By the hie licht o' the moon.

"O open, open, mother," he says,
 "O open and let me in ;
 The rain rains on my yellow hair,
 And the dew draps o'er my chin.

"O open, open, my dear mother,
 O open and let me in ;
 And I hae my young son in my arms,
 I fear that his days are dune."

With her fingers lang and sma',
 She lifted up the pin ;
 And, with her arms lang and sma',
 She took the babie in.

"Gae back, gae back now, sweet Willie,
 And comfort your fair ladye ;
 For, where ye had but ae nourice,
 Your young son shall hae three."

Willie he was scarce awa',
 And the lady put to bed,
 When in and came her father dear,
 "Mak haste and busk the bride."

"There's a sair pain in my head, father,
 There's a sair pain in my side ;
 And ill, oh ill, am I, father,
 This day to be a bride."

"O ye maun busk this bonnie bride,
 And put a gay mantle on ;
 For she maun wed this auld French
 lord,
 Though she should dee the morn."

Some put on the gay green robes,
 And some put on the broun ;
 But Janet put on the scarlet robes,
 To shine foremost through the toun.

And some they mounted the black steed,
 And some mounted the broun ;
 But Janet mounted the milk-white steed,
 To ride foremost through the toun.

"O wha will guide your horse, Janet ?
 O wha will guide him best ?"
 "O wha but Willie, my true-love ?
 He kens I lo'e him best."

And when they cam' to Marie's kirk,
 To tie the haly ban',
 Fair Janet's cheek looked pale and wan,
 And her colour gaed and cam'.

When dinner it was past and done,
 And dancing to begin
 "O we'll go tak the bride's maidens,
 And we'll go fill the ring,"

O ben then cam' the auld French lord,
 Saying, "Bride, will ye dance wi' me ?"
 "Awa, awa, ye auld French lord,
 Your face I downa see."

O ben then cam' now sweet Willie,
 He cam' wi' ane advance ;
 "O I'll gae tak the bride's maidens,
 And we'll gae tak a dance."

"I've seen other days wi' you, Willie,
 And sae hae mony mae :
 Ye would hae danced wi' me yoursell,
 Let a' my maidens gae."

O up then spak now sweet Willie,
 Saying, "Bride, will ye dance wi' me ?"
 "Ay, by my sooth, and that I will,
 Though my back should break in
 three !"

She hadna turned her through the dance,
 Through the dance but thrice,
 When she fell down at Willie's feet,
 And up did never rise.

She's ta'en her bracelet frae her arm,
 Her garter frae her knee ;
 "Gie that, gie that, to my young son,
 He'll ne'er his mother see."

Willie's taen the key o' his coffer,
 And gi'en it till his man.
 "Bid her be kind to my young son,
 For father he has nane.

"Gar deal, gar deal the bread," he
 cried,
 "Gar deal, gar deal the wine—

This day hae seen my true-love's
 death,
 This night shall witness mine."

The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,
 The tither in Marie's quire;
 Out of the tane there grew a birk,
 And the tither a bonnie brier.

AULD MAITLAND.

[There has been much discussion as to the genuineness of this ballad. To one who is thoroughly intimate with our legendary ballad poetry, the question for or against is more a matter of instinct than of argument: the trained ear will catch the ring of the spurious metal at once. Notwithstanding that Sir Walter Scott and Dr. John Leyden were both satisfied as to its authenticity, I am constrained to agree with Professor Aytoun in thinking that it is not a genuine traditionary ballad, but a modern production, which could only have passed muster with Scott and Leyden when they were in the full heat of their ballad hunting for "The Minstrelsy."

In his introduction to the ballad, Sir Walter says:—

"This ballad, notwithstanding its present appearance, has a claim to very high antiquity. It has been preserved by tradition, and is, perhaps, the most authentic instance of a long and very old poem exclusively thus preserved. It is only known to a few old people upon the sequestered banks of the Ettrick; and is published as written down from the recitation of the mother of Mr. James Hogg, who sings, or rather chants it with great animation. She learned the ballad from a blind man, who died at the advanced age of ninety, and is said to have been possessed of much traditionary knowledge."

Professor Aytoun says:—

"My doubt as to the antiquity of this ballad is founded, as all such doubts ought to be, on intrinsic evidence. No man alive can be more fully impressed than I am with the reverence and respect which are due to the opinions of Scott and Leyden, who both considered it to be genuine; nevertheless, my convictions are so strong, that it would be cowardice to conceal them. The diction appears to me to be throughout imitative; but what weighs with me most is this—that the ballad is so defective in dramatic construction, that I cannot understand how it could have passed into, or been maintained by tradition. No ballad can possibly be transmitted orally for centuries unless it has a clear intelligible story, with a main plot, to which all the accessories tend. It must be made for the reciter, and so framed that each successive verse shall aid his memory. The ballad of 'Auld Maitland' is either very ancient, or it is purely modern. There are no manuscript copies to fall back upon. Now, let any one who feels sufficient interest in such a question as this try the following experiment. Let him con over the ballad until he has learned it by rote or by heart, and then, after the interval of a couple of months, let him attempt to recite it. I am perfectly confident that, unless he has acquired a *memoria technica*, he will break down. And why? Simply because the ballad was never made for recitation. It is singularly deficient in the very quality which tends most to the preservation of ancient song.

"Real evidence, however, must always overcome presumption; and if it were anywhere stated that Scott or Leyden had *heard* the ballad recited by old Mrs. Hogg, there

could be no room for doubt. But I find no such statement. On the contrary, it is expressly said that the ballad was written down from her recitation by 'a country farmer.'"

We have no better evidence as to the authenticity of many of the ballads whose genuineness is accepted than that given in favour of "Auld Maitland;" but here internal evidence, such as Professor Aytoun leads, appear to me to settle conclusively that it is of modern origin. Let the reader compare the structure of this Ballad with that of "Kinmont Willie," "Jamie Telfer," "Johnnie Armstrong," "Sir Patrick Spens," "Jock o' the Side," and "The Battle of Otterburn," and he will be in a position to judge for himself.]

THERE lived a king in southern land,
King Edward hight his name;
Unwordily he wore the crown,
Till fifty years were gane.

He had a sister's son o's ain,
Was large o' blood and bane;
And afterward, when he came up,
Young Edward hight his name.

One day he came before the king,
And kneeled low on his knee—
"A boon, a boon, my good uncle,
I crave to ask o' thee!

"At our lang wars, in fair Scotland,
I fain hae wished to be;
If fifteen hundred waled* wight men
You'll grant to ride wi' me."

"Thou sall hae thae, thou sall hae mae;
I say it sickerlie;
And I mysell, an auld gray man,
Arrayed your host sall see."

King Edward rade, King Edward ran—
I wish him dool and pyne!
Till he had fifteen hundred men
Assembled on the Tyne.

And thrice as many at Berwicke†
Were all for battle bound,
*Who, marching forth wi' false Dunbar,
A ready welcome found.*

* Chosen.

† North Berwick, according to some reciters.

They lighted on the banks of Tweed,
And blew their coals sae het,
And fired the Merse and Teviotdale,
All in an evening late.

As they fared up o'er Lammermore,
They burned baith up and down,
Until they came to a darksome house !
Some ca' it Leader-Town.

"Wha hauds this house?" young Edward cried,
"Or wha gies't ower to me?"
A gray-hair'd knight set up his head,
And crackit right crouselly :

"Of Scotland's king I haud my house ;
He pays me meat and fee ;
And I will keep my gude auld house,
While my house will keep me."

They laid their sowies to the wall,
Wi' mony a heavy peal ;
But he threw ower to them agen
Baith pitch and tar barrel.

With springalds, stanes, and gads of airn,
Amang them fast he threw ;
Till mony of the Englishmen
About the wall he slew.

Full fifteen days that braid host lay,
Sieging auld Maitland keen,
Syne they hae left him, hail and feir,
Within his strength o' stane.

Then fifteen barks, all gaily good,
Met them upon a day,
Which they did lade with as much spoil
As they could bear away.

"England's our ain by heritage ;
And what can us withstand,
Now we hae conquer'd fair Scotland,
With buckler, bow, and brand ?"

Then they are on to the land o' France,
Where auld King Edward lay,
Burning baith castle, tower, and town,
That he met in his way.

Untill he came unto that town,
Which some call Billop-Grace,
There were auld Maitland's sons, a' three,
Learning at schule, alas !

The eldest to the youngest said,
" O see ye what I see ?
Gin a' be trew yon standard says,*
We're fatherlesse a' three.

" For Scotland's conquered, up and down ;
Landmen we'll never be :
Now will ye go, my brethren two,
And try some jeopardy ?"

Then they hac saddled twa black horse,
Twa black horse and a grey ;
And they are on to King Edward's host,
Before the dawn o' day.

When they arrived before the host,
They hovered on the lay—
" Wilt thou lend me our king's standard,
To bear a little way ?"

" Where was thou bred ? where was thou born
Where, or in what countrie ?"
" In north of England I was born :
(It needed him to lee).

" A knight me gat, a lady bore,
I'm a squire of high renowne ;
I well may bear't to any king,
That ever yet wore crowne."

" He ne'er came of an Englishman,
Had sic an ee or bree ;
But thou art the likest Auld Maitland,
That ever I did see."

* Edward had quartered the arms of Scotland with his own.

“But sic a gloom on ae brow-head,
Grant I ne’er see agane!
For mony of our men he slew,
And mony put to pain.”

When Maitland heard his father’s name,
An angry man was he!
Then lifting up a gilt dagger,
Hung low down upon his knee—

He stabbed the knight the standard bore,
He stabbed him cruellie;
Then caught the standard by the neuk,
And fast awa rade he.

“Now, is’t na time, brothers,” he cried,
“Now, is’t na time to flee?”
“Ay, by my sooth!” they baith replied,
“We’ll bear you companie.”

The youngest turned him in a path,
And drew a burnished brand,
And fifteen of the foremost slew,
Till back the lave did stand.

He spurred the grey into the path,
Till baith his sides they bled—
“Grey! thou maun carry me away,
Or my life lies in wad!”

The captain lookit ower the wa’,
About the break o’ day;
There he beheld the three Scots lads
Pursued along the way.

“Pull up portcullize! down draw-brigg!
My nephews are at hand;
And they sall lodge wi’ me to-night,
In spite of all England.”

Whene’er they came within the yate
They thrust their horse them frae,
And took three lang spears in their hands,
Saying, “Here sall come nae mae!”

And they shot out, and they shot in,
Till it was fairly day;
When mony o' the Englishmen
About the draw-brigg lay.

Then they hae yoked carts and wains,
To ca' their dead away,
And shot auld dykes aboon the lave,
In gutters where they lay.

The king, at his pavilion door,
Was heard aloud to say,
"Last night three o' the lads o' France
My standard stole away.

"Wi' a fause tale, disguised, they came,
And wi' a fauser trayne;
And to regain my gaye standard,
These men were a' down slayne."

"It ill befits," the youngest said,
"A crowned king to lie;
But, or that I taste meat and drink,
Reprovèd sall he be."

He went before King Edward strait,
And kneeled low on his knee;
"I wad hae leave, my lord," he said,
"To speak a word wi' thee."

The king he turned him round about,
And wistna what to say—
Quo' he, "Man, thou's hae leave to speak,
Tho' thou should speak a' day."

"Ye said, that three young lads o' France,
Your standard stole away,
Wi' a fause tale, and fauser trayne,
And mony men did slay:

"But we are nane the lads o' France,
Nor e'er pretend to be;
We are three lads o' fair Scotland,
Auld Maitland's sons are we,

“Nor is there men, in a’ your host,
 Daur fight us three to three.”
 “Now, by my sooth,” young Edward said,
 “Weel fitted ye shall be !

‘Piercy sall wi’ the eldest fight,
 And Ethert Lunn wi’ thee :
 William of Lancaster, the third,
 And bring the fourth to me !”

“*Remember, Piercy, aft the Scot**
Has cow’rd beneath thy hand :
 For every drap of Maitland blood,
 I’ll gie a rig of land.”

He clankèd Piercy ower the head,
 A deep wound and a sair,
 Till the best blood o’ his bodie
 Came rinning down his hair.

“Now I’ve slayne ane ; slay ye the twa ;
 And that’s gude companie ;
 And if the twa suld slay you baith,
 Ye’se get na help frae me.”

But Ethert Lunn, a baited bear,
 Had many battles seen ;
 He set the youngest wonder sair,
 Till the eldest he grew keen—

“I am nae king, nor nae sic thing :
 My word it shanna stand !
 For Ethert sall a buffet bide,
 Come he beneath my brand.”

He clankit Ethert ower the head,
 A deep wound and a sair,
 Till the best blood o’ his bodie
 Came rinning ower his hair.

“Now I’ve slayne twa ; slay ye the ane ;
 Is na that gude companye ?
 And tho’ the ane suld slay you baith,
 Ye’se get na help o’ me.”

* The two first lines are modern to supply an imperfect stanza,

The twa-some they hae slayne the ane ;
They maul'd him cruellie ;
Then hung them over the draw-brigg,
That all the host might see.

They rade their horse, they ran their horse,
Then hovered on the lee ;
“We be three lads o' fair Scotland,
That fain wad fighting see !”

This boasting, when young Edward heard,
An angry man was he !
“I'll tak yon lad, I'll bind yon lad,
And bring him bound to thee !”

“Now God forbid,” King Edward said,
“That ever thou suld try !
Three worthy leaders we hae lost,
And thou the fourth wad lie.

“If thou shouldst hang on yon draw-brigg,
Blythe wad I never be !”
But, wi' the poll-axe in his hand,
Upon the brigg sprang he.

The first stroke that young Edward gae,
He struck wi' might and mayn ;
He clove the Maitland's helmet stout,
And bit right nigh the brayn.

When Maitland saw his ain blood fa',
An angry man was he !
He let his weapon frae him fa',
And at his throat did flee.

And thrice about he did him swing,
Till on the grund he light,
Where he has balden young Edward,
Tho' he was great in might.

“Now let him up,” King Edward cried
“And let him come to me !
And for the deed that thou hast done,
Thou shalt hae erldomes three !”

“It’s ne’er be said in France, nor e’er
 In Scotland, when I’m hame,
 That Edward once lay under me,
 And e’er gat up again!”

He pierced him through and through the heart;
 He maul’d him cruellie;
 Then hung him ower the draw-brigg,
 Beside the other three.

“Now, take frae me that feather-bed!
 Make me a bed o’ strae!
 I wish I hadna lived this day,
 To mak my heart sae wae.

“If I were ance at London tower,
 Where I was wont to be,
 I never mair suld gang frae hame,
 Till borne on a bier tree.”

YOUNG JOHNSTONE.

[“Young Johnstone,” as given by Messrs. Motherwell, Finlay, and Gilchrist, is evidently a more modern version of “The Cruel Knight,” which was first printed in Herd’s collection. The latter is printed next in order. The following is the result of a collation of the versions mentioned above, with a stanza added and an emendation or two from Mr. Buchan’s version of the same story—very nearly identical with Mr. Herd’s—which he calls “Lord John’s Murder.” Neither history nor tradition throw any light upon the story.]

Young Johnstone and the young Cornel,
 Sat drinking at the wine;
 “O gin ye wad marry my sister,
 It’s I wad marry thine.”

“I wadna marry your sister,
 For a’ your houses and land;
 But I’ll keep her for my leman,
 When I come o’er the strand.

“I wadna marry your sister,
 For a’ your gowd and fee;
 But I’ll keep her for my leman,
 When I come o’er the sea.”

Young Johnstone had a nut-brown sword,
Hung low down by his gair;
And he ritted it through the young Cornel,
That word he ne'er spak mair.

But he's awa' to his sister's bower,
And he's tirlèd at the pin;
"Whare hae ye been, my dear brither,
Sae late in coming in?"

"Whare hae ye been, my dear brither,
Sae late o' coming in?"

"I hae been at the schule, sister,
Learning young clerks to sing."

"I've dreamed a dream this night," she says,
"I wish it may be for good;
They were seeking you wi' hawks and hounds,
And the young Cornel was dead."

"They are seeking me wi' hawks and hounds,
As I trow that weel may be,
For I hae kill'd the young Cornel,
And thy ain true-love was he."

"If ye hae kill'd the young Cornel,
O dule and woe is me!
I wish ye may be hang'd on a hie gallows,
And hae nae power to flee!"

And he's awa to his true-love's door
And he's tirlèd at the pin;
"Whare hae ye been, my dear Johnstone,
Sae late o' coming in?"

"Whare hae ye been, my dear Johnstone,
Sae late o' coming in?"

"O I hae been at the schule," he says,
"Learning young clerks to sing."

"I hae dream'd a dreary dream," she says,
"I wish it may be for good;
They were seeking you wi' hawks and hounds,
And my ae brither was dead."

“It’s seeking me wi’ hawks and hounds,
I trow that weel may be;
For I hae killed the young Cornel,
And thy ae brother was he.”

“If ye hae kill’d my ae brither,
O dule and wae is me!
But I care the less for the young Cornel,
If thy ain body be free.

“Come in, come in, my dear Johnstone,
Come in and tak’ a sleep,
And I will go to my casement,
And carefully will thee keep.”

She hadna well gane up the stair,
And entered in her tower,
Till four-and-twenty belted knights
Cam riding to the door.

“O did you see a bloody squire,
A bloody squire was he;
O did you see a bloody squire
Come riding o’er the lea?”

“What colour were his hawks?” she cried,
“What colour were his hounds?
What colour was the gallant steed,
That bore him frae the bounds?”

“Bloody, bloody were his hawks,
And bloody were his hounds,
And milk-white was the gallant steed,
That bore him frae the bounds.”

“Yes, bloody, bloody were his hawks,
And bloody were his hounds,
And milk-white was the gallant steed,
That bore him frae the bounds.

“But light ye down, now, gentlemen,
And take some bread and wine;
An the steed be swift that he rides on,
He’s past the brig o’ Tyne.”

“We thank you for your bread, lady,
We thank you for your wine;
But I wad gie thrice three thousand pounds,
That bloody squire were ta'en!”

“Lie still, lie still, my dear Johnstone,
Lie still and tak' a sleep,
For thine enemies are past and gone,
And carefully I'll thee keep.”

But Johnstone had a little wee sword,
Hung low down by his gair,
And he's ritted it through his dear lady,
And wounded her sae sair.

“What aileth thee now, dear Johnstone?
What aileth thee at me?
Hast thou not got my father's gowd,
But and my mother's fee?”

“Ohon, alas! my lady dear,
To come sae hastilie!
I thocht it was my deidly fae,
Ye had trysted unto me!

“Now live, now live, my dear lady,
The space o' ae half-hour!
And there's no a leech in a' Scotland,
But shall be in thy bower.”

“How can I live, my dear Johnstone?
How can I live for thee?
O do ye na see my red heart's blood,
Run trickling down my knee?

“But go thy way, my dear Johnstone,
And ride alang the plain,
And ne'er think mair o' thy true love,
Than she had never been.”

He hadna weel been out o' the stable,
And on his saddle set,
Till four-and-twenty broad arrows
Were thrilling in his heart.

THE CRUEL KNIGHT.

[The following is Herd's version of the same tragic story, with a few emendations from Pinkerton's.]

THE knight stands in the stable-door,
As he was bound to ride,
When out there cam his fair lady,
Desiring him to bide.

"How can I bide, how daur I bide,
How can I bide wi' thee?
Have I not killed thy ae brither?
Thou hadst nae mair but he."

"If thou hast killed my ae brither,
Alas, and woe is me!
But if I save thee from the pain,
The better you'll like me."

She's ta'en him to her secret bower,
Steik'd* wi' a siller-pin,
And she's up to the highest tower,
To watch that nane come in.

She hadna well gane up the stair,
And entered in the tower,
When four-and-twenty armed knights
Cam riding to the door.

"Now God you save, my fair lady,
Declare to me, I pray,
Did you not see a wounded knight
Come riding by this way?"

"Yes; bluidy, bluidy was his sword,
And bluidy were his hands;
But if the steed he rides be gude,
He's past fair Scotland's strands.

"Light down, light down then, gentlemen,
And tak' some bread and wine:
The better you will him pursue,
When you shall lightly dine."

“ We thank you for your bread, lady,
 We thank you for your wine :
 I would gie thrice three thousand pounds
 Your fair body was mine !”

Then she's gane to her secret bower,
 Her husband dear to meet ;
 But out he drew his bluidy sword,
 And wounded her fu' deep.

“ What harm, my lord, provokes thine ire,
 To wreak itself on me ?
 Have I not saved thy life from foes,
 And saved for sic a fee ?”

“ Now live, now live, my fair lady,
 O live but half an hour,
 There's ne'er a leech in all Scotland
 But shall be at thy bower.”

“ How can I live, how shall I live,
 How can I live for thee ?
 See ye not where my red heart's blude
 Runs trickling doun my knee ?”

* * * * *



THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

[This ballad was first printed in Mr. Herd's collection. Another version appeared in Johnson's "Museum," with two additional verses, which are printed first in the present version. The remainder of the version in the "Museum" differs very slightly from the ballad as printed by Mr. Herd.]

“ THE love that I hae chosen, I'll therewith be content,
 The saut sea shall be frozen, before that I repent ;
 Repent it shall I never, until the day I dee,
 But the lowlands of Holland has twined my love and me.

“ My love lies in the saut sea, and I am on the side,
 Enough to break a young thing's heart, wha lately was a bride ;
 Wha lately was a bonnie bride, and pleasure in her ee ;
 But the lowlands of Holland has twined my love and me.

"My love hae built a bonny ship, and set her on the sea,
Wi' seven-score good mariners to bear her companie;
There's three-score is sunk, and three-score dead at sea,
And the lowlands of Holland has twined my love and me.

"My love, he built another ship, and set her on the main,
And nane but twenty mariners for to bring her hame;
But the weary wind began to rise, and the sea began to rout,
My love then and his bonny ship turn'd withershins about.

"There shall neither coif come on my head, nor kaim come in my
hair,
There shall neither coal nor candle light shine in my bower mair;
Nor will I love another ane, until the day I dee,
For I never lov'd a love but ane, and he's drown'd in the sea!"

"O haud your tongue, my daughter dear, be still, and be content,
There are mair lads in Galloway, ye needna sair lament."
"O there is nane in Galloway, there's nane at a' for me,
For I never lov'd a love but ane, and he's drown'd in the sea!"

JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

[In the year 1532, King James V., who did so much to suppress the turbulent spirit of the Border freebooters, visited the Borders on the pretext of hunting, but really to execute justice on delinquents. Acting on the evil counsel of some false friends, Johnie was tempted to present himself before James, arrayed and attended in all the pomp of Border chivalry. Lindesay of Pitcottie, the historian, gives the following graphic account of the meeting and its consequences:—

"After this hunting he hanged John Armstrong, Laird of Gilnockie, and his complices to the number of thirty-six persons. For the which many Scottishmen heavily lamented, for he was the most redoubted chieftain that had been, for a long time, on the Borders either of Scotland or England. He rode ever with twenty-four able gentlemen well horsed; yet he never molested any Scottishman. But it is said that, from the Borders to Newcastle, every man, of whatsoever estate, paid him tribute to be free of his trouble. He came before the king with his foresaid number richly apparelled, trusting that, in respect of the free offer of his person, he should obtain the king's favour. But the king, seeing him and his men so gorgeous in their apparel, with so many brave men under a tyrant's commandment, frowardly turning him about, he bade take the tyrant out of his sight, saying, 'What wants that knave that a king should have?' But John Armstrong made great offers to the king. That he would sustain himself, with forty gentlemen, ever ready at his service, on their own cost, without wronging any Scottishman; secondly, that there was not a subject in England, duke, earl, or baron, but, within a certain day, he should bring him to his majesty, either quick or dead. At length he, seeing no hope of favour, said, very proudly: 'It is folly

to seek grace at a graceless face. But, had I known this, I should have lived on the Borders in despite of king Harry and you both; for I know that king Harry would downweigh my best horse with gold to know that I were condemned to die this day.”

[There are two versions of this ballad, but the following is the most historically accurate.]

SOME speik of lords, some speik of lairds,
And sic-like men of high degree,
I sing a sang of a gentleman,
Some time call'd laird of Gilnockie.

The king he writes a luving letter,
Wi' his ain hand sae tenderlie;
And he has sent it to Johnie Armstrang,
To come and speik with him speedilie.

The Elliots and Armstrangs did convene;
They were a gallant cumpanie:
“We'll ride and meet our lawful king,
And bring him safe to Gilnockie.”

“Make kinnen* and capon ready then,
And venison in great plentie;
We'll welcome hame our royal king,
I hope he'll dine at Gilnockie!”

They ran their horse on the Langholm howm,
And brak their speirs wi' mickle main;
The ladies lukit frae their loft windows:
“God bring our men weel back again!”

When Johnie cam before the king,
Wi' a' his men sae brave to see;
The king he moved his bonnet to him,
He ween'd he was a king as weel as he.

“May I find grace, my sovereign liege,
Grace for my loyal men and me?
For my name it is Johnie Armstrang,
And subject of yours, my liege,” said he.

“Awa, awa, thou traitor strang!
Out of my sight soon mayst thou be!
I granted nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee!”

"Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
And a bonnie gift I'll gie to thee;
Full four-and-twenty milk-white steids,
Were a' foal'd in a yeir to me.

"I'll gie thee all these milk-white steids,
That prance and nicher* at a speir;
With as meikle gude English gilt†
As four o' their braid backs dow‡ bear."

"Awa, awa, thou traitor strang!
Out o' my sicht soon mayst thou be!
I granted nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee!"

"Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
And a bonnie gift I'll gie to thee;
Gude four-and-twenty ganging§ mills,
That gang through a' the yeir to me.

"These four-and-twenty mills complete,
Shall gang for thee through a' the year;
And as meikle of gude red wheat
As a' their happers dow to bear."

"Awa, awa, thou traitor strang!
Out o' my sicht soon mayst thou be!
I granted nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee!"

"Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
And a great gift I'll gie to thee;
Bauld four-and-twenty sisters' sons
Shall for thee fecht, though a' should flee!"

"Awa, awa, thou traitor strang!
Out o' my sicht soon mayst thou be!
I granted nevir a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee!"

"Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
And a brave gift I'll gie to thee;
All between here and Newcastle town
Shall pay their yeirly rent to thee."

* Neigh.

† Gold.

‡ Able to.

§ Going.

“Awa, awa, thou traitor strang!
Out o’ my sicht soon mayst thou be!
I granted nevir a traitor’s life,
And now I’ll not begin wi’ thee!”

“Ye lee, ye lee, now, king!” he says,
“Although a king and prince ye be;
For I’ve lo’ed naething in a’ my life,
I weel daur say’t, but honestie:—

“Save a fleet horse, and a fair woman,
Twa bonnie dogs to kill a deir;
But England should have found me meal and maut,
Gif I had lived this hundred year.

“She should have found me meal and maut,
And beef and mutton in a’ plentie;
But nevir a Scots wife could have said
That e’er I skaith’d her a poor flee.

“To seek het water beneith cauld ice,
Surely it is a greit follie?
I have asked grace at a graceless face,
But there is nane for my men and me.

“But had I kenn’d, ere I cam frae hame,
How thou unkind wadst been to me,
I would have keepit the Border-side,
In spite of all thy peers and thee.

“Wist England’s king that I was ta’en,
O gin a blythe man he wad be!
For ance I slew his sister’s son,
And on his breist-bane brak a tree!”

Johnie wore a girdle about his middle,
Embroider’d owre wi’ burning gold,
Bespangled wi’ the same metal,
Maist beautiful was to behold.

There hung nine targats* at Johnie’s hat,
And ilk ane worth three hundred pound—
“What wants that knave a king should have,
But the sword of honour and the crown?”

"O whaur gat thou these targats, Johnie,
That blink sae brawly* abune thy bree?"

"I gat them in the field fechtin,
Whaur, cruel king, thou durstna† be!

"Had I my horse, and my harness gude,
And ridin as I wont to be,
It should have been tauld this hundred year,
The meeting o' my king and me!

"God be with thee, Christy,‡ my brother!
Lang live thou laird of Mangertoun!
Lang mayst thou live on the Border-side,
Ere thou see thy brother ride up and down.

"And God be with thee, Christy, my son,
Where thou sits on thy nurse's knee!
But an' thou live this hundred year,
Thy father's better thou'lt never be.

"Fareweel, my bonnie Gilnock-ha',
Where on Esk side thou standest stout;
Gif I had lived but seven years mair,
I wad hae gilt thee round about."

Johnie murder'd was at Carlinrigg,
And all his gallant companie;
But Scotland's heart was ne'er so wae,
To see sae mony brave men dee.

Because they saved their countrie dear
Frae Englishmen: nane were sae bauld;
While Johnie lived on the Border-side,
Nane of them durst come near his hauld.

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID

[Mr. Child reprints this ballad, and gives the following introductory note:—

"From Richard Johnson's 'Crowne-Garland of Goulden Roses' (1612), as reprinted by the Percy Society, vi. 45. It is there simply entitled 'A Song of a Beggar and a King.' Given in Percy's 'Reliques,' i. 202, 'corrected by another copy.'

"This story, and it would appear this very ballad, is alluded to by Shakespeare and others of the dramatists.

"Thus, the 13th verse is partly quoted in 'Romeo and Juliet,' A. ii. sc. 1:—

* Glance so bravely.

† Dare not.

‡ Christopher.

'Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid.'

"Again in 'Love's Labour's Lost' (printed in 1598), A. i. sc. 2 :

"'Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

"'Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found.'

"See also 'Henry Fourth,' p. ii. A. v. sc. 3, 'Richard Second,' A. v. sc. 3, and Ben Jonson's 'Every Man in his Humour,' act iii. sc. 4,—all these cited by Percy.

"In 'A Collection of Old Ballads,' i. 138, is a *rifacimento* of this piece, in a different stanza, but following the story closely and preserving much of the diction. It is also printed in Evans's 'Old Ballads,' ii. 361."]

I READ that once in Africa,
A prince that there did reign,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did feign.
From Nature's works he did incline,
For sure he was not of my mind,
He cared not for women-kind,
But did them all disdain.
But mark what happen'd by the way ;
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a beggar all in grey,
Which did increase his pain.

The blinded boy that shoots so trim
From heaven down so high,
He drew a dart and shot at him,
In place where he did lie :
Which soon did pierce him to the quick,
For when he felt the arrow prick,
Which in his tender heart did stick,
He looketh as he would die.
"What sudden change is this," quoth he,
"That I to love must subject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
But still did it defy?"

Then from his window he did come,
And laid him on his bed ;
A thousand heaps of care did run
Within his troubled head.
For now he means to crave her love,
And now he seeks which way to prove
How he his fancy might remove,

And not this beggar wed.
But Cupid had him so in snare,
That this poor beggar must prepare
A salve to cure him of his care,
Or else he would be dead.

And as he musing thus did lie,
He thought for to devise
How he might have her company,
That so did maze his eyes.
“In thee,” quoth he, “doth rest my life;
For surely thou shalt be my wife,
Or else this hand with bloody knife,
The gods shall sure suffice.”
Then from his bed he “soon” arose,
And to his palace gate he goes;
Full little then this beggar knows
When she the king espies.*

“The gods preserve your majesty,”
The beggars all gan cry;
“Vouchsafe to give your charity,
Our children’s food to buy!”
The king to them his purse did cast,
And they to part it made great haste;
This silly woman was the last
That after them did hie.
The king he called her back again,
And unto her he gave his chain;
And said, “With us you shall remain
Till such time as we die.

“For thou,” quoth he, “shalt be my wife,
And honoured like the queen;
With thee I mean to lead my life,
As shortly shall be seen:
Our wedding day shall appointed be,
And everything in their degree;
Come on,” quoth he, “and follow me,
Thou shalt go shift thee clean.
What is thy name?—go on,” quoth he.
“Penelophon, O King,” quoth she;
With that she made a low curtsy;
A trim one as I ween.

* Espied.

Thus hand in hand along they walk
Unto the king's palace!
The king with courteous, comely talk
This beggar doth embrace.
The beggar blusheth scarlet red,
And straight again as pale as lead,
But not a word at all she said,
She was in such amaze.
At last she spake with trembling voice,
And said, "O King, I do rejoice
That you will take me for your choice,
And my degree so base!"

And when the wedding day was come,
The king commanded straight
The noblemen, both all and some,
Upon the queen to wait.
And she behaved herself that day
As if she had never walkt the way;
She had forgot her gown of gray,
Which she did wear of late.
The proverb old is come to pass,
The priest, when he begins the mass,
Forgets that ever clark he was;
He knowth not his estate.

Here you may read Cophetua,
Through fancy long time fed,
Compelled by the blinded boy
The beggar for to wed;
He did that lover's looks disdain,
To do the same was glad and fain,
Or else he would himself have slain,
In stories as we read.
Disdain no whit, O lady dear,
But pity now thy servant here,
Lest that it hap to thee this year
As to the king it did,

And thus they lead a quiet life
During their princely reign,
And in a tomb were buried both,
As writers show us plain.

The lords they took it grievously,
 The ladies took it heavily,
 The commons cried piteously,
 Their death to them was pain.
 Their fame did sound so passingly,
 That it did pierce the starry sky,
 And throughout all the world did flie
 To every prince's realm.

SIR ANDREW BARTON.

[From Guthrie's "Peerage," as quoted by Percy, we have the following account of the incident on which this ballad is founded :—

"The transaction which did the greatest honour to the Earl of Surrey and his family at this time [A.D. 1511], was their behaviour in the case of Barton, a Scotch sea-officer. This gentleman's father having suffered by sea from the Portuguese, he had obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the subjects of Portugal. It is extremely probable, that the court of Scotland granted these letters with no very honest intention. The council-board of England, at which the Earl of Surrey held the chief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants, that Barton, who was called Sir Andrew Barton, under pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, interrupted the English navigation. Henry's situation at that time rendered him backward from breaking with Scotland, so that their complaints were but coldly received. The Earl of Surrey, however, could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council-board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested.

"Sir Andrew Barton, who commanded the two Scotch ships, had the reputation of being one of the ablest sea officers of his time. By his depredations, he had amassed great wealth, and his ships were very richly laden. Henry, notwithstanding his situation, could not refuse the generous offer made by the Earl of Surrey. Two ships were immediately fitted out, and put to sea with letters of marque, under his two sons, Sir Thomas and Sir Edward Howard. After encountering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas came up with the *Lion*, which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person; and Sir Edward came up with the *Union*, Barton's other ship [called by Hall the *Bark of Scotland*.] The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed. Sir Andrew was killed, fighting bravely, and encouraging his men with his whistle, to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships, with their crews, were carried into the River Thames (Aug. 2nd, 1511.)"]

THE FIRST PART

WHEN Flora with her fragrant flowers
 Bedeckt the earth so trim and gay,
 And Neptune with his dainty showers
 Came to present the month of May,
 King Henry rode to take the air,
 Over the river of Thames past he;
 When eighty merchants of London came,
 And down they knelt upon their knee.

"O ye are welcome, rich merchànts,
Good sailors, welcome unto me :"
They swore by the rood, they were sailors good,
But rich merchànts they could not be.
"To France nor Flanders dare we pass,
Nor Bordeaux voyage dare we fare ;
And all for a robber that lies on the seas,
Who robs us of our merchant ware."

King Henry frowned, and turned him round,
And swore by the Lord that was mickle of might,
"I thought he had not been in the world,
Durst have wrought England such unright."
The merchants sighed, and said, "Alas !"
And thus they did their answer frame ;
"He is a proud Scott, that robs on the seas,
And Sir Andrewe Barton is his name."

The king looked over his left shoulder,
And an angry look then looked he ;
"Have I never a lord in all my realm,
Will fetch yond traitor unto me ?"
"Yea, that dare I," Lord Charles Howard says ;
"Yea, that dare I, with heart and hand ;
If it please your grace to give me leave,
Myself will be the only man."

"Thou art but young," the king replied,
"Yond Scott hath numbered many a year :"
"Trust me, my liege, I'll make him quail,
Or before my prince I will never appear."
"Then bowmen and gunners thou shalt have,
And chuse them over my realm so free ;
Besides good mariners, and ship-boys,
To guide the great ship on the sea."

The first man that Lord Howard chose,
Was the ablest gunner in all the realm,
Though he was threescore years and ten ;
Good Peter Simon was his name.
"Peter," says he, "I must to the sea,
To bring home a traitor live or dead ;
Before all others I have chosen thee,
Of a hundred gunners to be the head."

"If you, my lord, have chosen me
Of a hundred gunners to be the head,
Then hang me up on your main-mast tree,
If I miss my mark one shilling bread."*
My lord then chose a bowman rare,
Whose active hands had gained fame;†
In Yorkshire was this gentleman born,
And William Horsley was his name.

"Horsley," said he, "I must with speed
Go seek a traitor on the sea,
And now of a hundred bowmen brave
To be the head I have chosen thee."
"If you," quoth he, "have chosen me
Of a hundred bowmen to be the head,
On your main-mast I'll hanged be,
If I miss twelvescore one penny bread."

With pikes, and guns, and bowmen bold,
This noble Howard is gone to the sea;
With a valiant heart and a pleasant cheer,
Out at Thames mouth sailed he.
And days he scant had sailed three,
Upon the journey he took in hand,
But there he met with a noble ship,
And stoutly made it stay and stand.

"Thou must tell me," Lord Howard said,
"Now who thou art, and what's thy name;
And shew me where thy dwelling is,
And whither bound, and whence thou came."
"My name is Henry Hunt," quoth he,
"With a heavy heart, and a careful mind;
"I and my ship do both belong
To the Newcastle that stands upon Tyne."

"Hast thou not heard, now, Henry Hunt,
As thou hast sailed by day and by night,
Of a Scottish robber on the seas;
Men call him Sir Andrew Barton, knight?"

* If he missed his mark by the breadth of a shilling.

† From the printed copy.